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Calvin College

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH;

A COLLECTION OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO

PUBLICK AND SOCIAL WORSHIP,

SEASONS OF REVIVAL,

MONTHLY CONCERTS OF PRAYER,

AND

VARIOUS SIMILAR OCCASIONS.

SELECTED FROM WATTS AND OTHER AUTHORS.

ACCOMPANIED BY

APPROPRIATE MUSICK:

WITH

DIRECTIONS FOR MUSICAL ELOCUTION.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF SACRED PSALMODY.

BY ABNER JONES.

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—*St. Paul.*

NEW YORK:

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PREFACE.

To sing the praises of the Creator and Redeemer, is the most delightful and the most noble employment of which man is capable. It forms the sublime and blissful exercise of the exalted spirits who surround the throne above; and in proportion as the will of God is done upon earth as it is in heaven, will this holy work rise in the estimation of men, and more fully occupy the affections of their hearts. Singing is the most natural, and consequently was the most early expression of powerful and exalted feeling, especially in devotion; and therefore was appointed by God from the beginning of the world as an ordinance of religious worship, to be perpetuated through every age to the end of time. Its primary design is, to excite and express holy and devout emotions; and by this means, to warm, soften, purify, and exalt the affections and feelings,—to regulate the passions,—to confine the roving thoughts,—and thus prepare the heart to receive the distinct and indelible impressions of divine truth.

These, are briefly the great objects contemplated in the institution of sacred psalmody. But in order fully to secure these grand results, it is important in the first place, that the subjects of song should correspond with its design—they should be such as are calculated to inspire the feelings of devotion. They should consist in ascriptions of praise addressed to the Supreme Being, or be composed of such narrations of divine truth, exhortations, and appeals to the heart, as bring his glorious attributes and perfections directly before the contemplation. They may comprehend any form that the word and works of God present to the mind—they may embrace every class of emotions which it is proper for creatures to express to the Creator, Redeemer, and Judge of the universe. But historical narrations, argumentative debates, didactic expositions, and the like, are unfitted for the purposes of sacred song. They may be thrown into verse, and be made to come in contact with the notes of a tune,—but they cannot be sung with any adequate effect:—they may inform the understanding; but they do not come within the sphere of lyrical effect.

In the second place, the language in which lyrical subjects are presented to the mind, should be simple and impassioned. It should be such as will have the tendency to excite emotion, or become a proper vehicle through which emotion can be expressed. The imagery should be grave, dignified, and impressive—the figures free and unincumbered, and be characterized by their unity of design—the sentences short and comprehensive—and the whole subject so arranged, as to present one single group, that the mind may comprehend the meaning at once.

In the third place, poetry, that is intended for the purpose of sacred song, should be arranged with special reference to musical effect. It should not be forgotten, that we are to look to the music, as well as the sentiments of the poetry, for the exciting causes; both may be considered as acting together in exerting an influence upon the mind. Neither music nor poetry, taken separately, can possibly answer the great designs for which psalmody was instituted. They must go hand in hand; language, in some shape or other, forms one part, and music another; these are to be united and used together. Hence, on the one hand, music which is to become the medium through which holy emotions are to be expressed, should be so simple in its character that it may be readily performed, and not have the tendency of drawing off the mind from the subject immediately before it. So, on the other hand, the sentiments contained in a psalm or hymn should be so arranged, that its several pauses, accents, and inflections, may correspond with similar principles in the music. The words ought to be such as are easy of enunciation, and are capable of being dwelt upon without becoming harsh and unpleasant. In a word, the fundamental principles upon which music and poetry depend, should, as far as possible, be made to harmonize, so that the effect of neither may be marred. From these brief hints may be gathered some of the most important features that ought to characterize a book of psalmody; and so far as the general selection of matter is concerned, they may also serve to show what has been the leading object of the present work.

But in the fourth place, in order fully to secure the great objects and the happy results contemplated in the art of psalmody, it must be properly executed and performed. The style must be impassioned, and be made in some good degree to correspond with known and acknowledged principles of the art. What effect other than pity could that orator hope to produce upon the minds of his audience, who should constantly put every principle of rhetoric at defiance? Or what effect could the best psalm or hymn produce, better than to disturb and extinguish the feelings of devotion, if it were read to an audience in a monotonous manner, without accent or emphasis, or even an observance of the pauses? The use of language, in the same manner in singing, cannot fail to produce similar effects, especially upon an individual possessing a cultivated taste.

But there seems to be still something more implied in the proper performance of sacred psalmody, than merely to sound the several notes of a tune correctly: an organ may be made to do this, and when placed in skillful hands, and employed as an accompaniment, may become a powerful auxiliary in promoting the purposes of devotion; but an instrument cannot express language, neither can it feel the import of sentiment, however much it may aid in enforcing it. So, in like manner, the human voice may be made mechanically correct; it may touch every note with exactness;—but if the heart remains cold and languid, and the affections unmoved—if the feelings do not rise and kindle with holy emotions—the soul is not fired with intense and lively interest upon the theme of the song,—and if the language is not distinctly and properly expressed, with suitable variation in the accent and emphasis,—it is not reasonable to suppose that the great purposes of psalmody will be fully answered. If we would come up to what is required in reference to this subject, we must endeavour to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also; we are called upon to exert our best faculties and talents, and all our powers, in celebrating His praises, whose service is perfect freedom. In order to the proper discharge of this duty, it is evidently necessary to have, at least, some acquaintance with the art of sacred music. No person, who is ignorant of the very elements of language, can possibly be supposed to possess the necessary qualifications to unite, with edification, in singing a hymn that he cannot read! And it is easy to see, if there were a majority of such persons in any congregation, and they were to persist in singing on every occasion, catching what of the words they could from the lips of their fellow-worshippers, omitting the rest, or substituting others in their stead, that confusion must inevitably ensue, and the effort be greatly paralyzed, and the object of the song entirely lost. Nor is it reasonable to suppose, that this part of worship can be properly conducted without the use of hymn-books; for, although a congregation should take pains to commit their hymns to memory, and confine them to a very limited number, still it would be found difficult to retain them in the mind without constant effort, and frequent recurrence to the printed letter. Hymns that are to be used in singing, ought undoubtedly to be studied until they are familiar; but to commit them, so as to depend wholly upon the memory, and lay entirely aside the use of books in the time of worship, would be unreasonable in the extreme. If, then, psalm and hymn-books are useful in aiding the purposes of devotion; and if it is necessary for persons to have a sufficient acquaintance with language to read, before they can be properly qualified to unite in this service; why may not books containing the appropriate music be useful in the same manner? And why is it not as necessary to have some knowledge of music, in order to sing understandingly and to edification, as it is to be acquainted with language in order to edify in reading? If a choir, who have paid some attention to the cultivation of this art, can sing their several parts with more ease and freedom by having the music before them, why may not, and why ought not, every individual in a congregation to avail themselves of the same advantage? Is it not the privilege of the church to combine all her energies in exalting the praises of her King? But again, it is found necessary in order to retain the use of language, after it is acquired, to have the elements of composition brought frequently before the eye. The most eloquent reader will very soon find his skill impaired if he neglects the use of books. So it is in sacred music;—the best qualified singer finds it necessary to make constant applications to the principles of his art, and to bring his voice frequently to the test of a musical scale, or it will soon become like an old instrument—out of tune, and unfit for use. It is not intended by these remarks to lay an undue stress upon the ability of merely understanding and reading music from a printed sheet; for, as above suggested, a person may do this with great ease and accuracy, and still fall far short of the spirituality of this delightful employment. But if the individual, who has an abundance of correct, holy, and as reasonably exact and permanent improvement to take place in singing, without bringing the elements of the art directly into requisition, not only for a few evenings during a short season of cultivation, then to be laid aside as a thing of no value, but to be kept in constant use for the same purpose that the elements of language are employed? Neither reading, nor music, nor any other art, can exert its proper influence, unless the individuals who practise that art possess some adequate knowledge of its elementary principles. Let the Christian community once be able to understand and read music in some measure as we do language, and the great inlet of all the evils that have been so long experienced on this important but neglected subject, will be stopped. Then will Christians find, by their happy experience, that it is as good to give thanks and give thanks unto the Lord, and to come into his presence with the voice of melody; and then, in all our churches will the songs of Zion be sung with an elevation and interest heretofore unknown. The apostle exhorts Christians to engage daily in the singing of psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, as a means of their mutual edification and instruction; and could this be carried more generally into practice, with a reasonable share of attention to elementary instruction, the work would be soon accomplished.

To facilitate the important objects that have now been mentioned, has been another primary design of the present work; and it is hoped that the plan of having the music interspersed through the book, in such a manner, that the margin of tunes may be applied to the same psalm or hymn, and still be placed conveniently before the eye, will be found highly useful in sustaining this important part of Christian worship; and present new facilities and inducements for a more extensive cultivation of the art, and exert the happy tendency of rooting it deeply in the mind. It is not to be doubted but there are

hundreds of persons at the present time among our several congregations, who would be greatly aided in their devotions by having the tune placed conveniently before them, so as to refresh the memory with it, as well as with the words to which it is to be applied. But in order to accomplish this object with the least possible confusion, it would seem desirable to have the tune as well as the hymn given out from the pulpit; this would afford the opportunity to all of quietly turning to both, and thus be the better prepared for lifting up their voices to each other. And why may not this be done by a general and mutual understanding? The minister and chorister, with very little apparent trouble, might so arrange it, as to have a short interview a little previous to the opening of divine service; and by their co-operation, more appropriate tunes might often be selected; the whole congregation, as well as the choir, would have the opportunity of refreshing their minds with them; and thus every possible facility for uniting in this part of the service would be equally distributed to all. The writer does not wish to be understood, in these remarks, as wishing to dictate as to the mode of conducting this part of worship; and he hopes the importance of the subject will serve as a sufficient apology for introducing it at the present time: every individual has duties and responsibilities to discharge in relation to it, that cannot be shaken off; and talents given, for the use or abuse of which he must give account. And hence, in every aim at improvement, the interests and privileges of the whole Christian community should be taken into the account. Because Christians have not heretofore availed themselves of all the advantages within their reach, it is no reason that they should still continue to neglect them.

THE GENERAL ARRANGEMENT.—Utility, convenience, and economy, have been kept constantly in view in the general arrangement of this work. The psalms and hymns, for several reasons, have been kept separate; but in order to accommodate the purposes of music, the several metres in each have been brought together. The psalms are numbered on in succession; and each of the several pieces is referred to that particular psalm in the sacred scriptures, from which it was paraphrased. The hymns are numbered in the same manner. This arrangement was preferred from its being the most simple, and particularly as it would bring into the nearest possible connexion the greatest number of hymns and tunes of corresponding metres. Thus, for example, the tune Dedham on the first page may be applied, if necessary, with tolerable convenience, to any of the common metre psalms that stand on the opposite or right hand pages; and in the same manner, any tune placed on odd, or odd folios, may be applied to any psalm or hymn standing on the right hand, or even folios, and still be situated conveniently before the eye. To understand this more perfectly, let the reader try the experiment, by turning to Barby, on the 39th page, and trying it to the 146th psalm on the 50th page; and it will at once be seen, that those two pieces are brought as conveniently before the eye, by keeping the book open in those two places, as can be wished, or as they could be if sung from two separate books. To facilitate this object, the work has been so arranged as never to have a page to turn over in finishing any given psalm or hymn; so that the only thing necessary to be borne in mind, in order to sing different hymns and tunes conveniently together, is, to always select tunes from the right hand, or even pages, for poetry on the left; and vice versa. And, for the same purpose, tunes of different characters, which may be appropriate on different occasions to the same psalm or hymn, have been so distributed as to be easily come at by turning a few pages either to the right or left.

It may also be noticed, that tunes of similar keys, but otherwise different in character, have been placed upon opposite pages. The principal object of this, was to facilitate the method of learning them in primary schools, for cultivation. For example, if the object of a school was to learn the tunes of Appleton and Stoughton, these two tunes might be made to succeed each other upon the same pitch, without stopping; and in this way both might be learned nearly as quick as one. Another object of this arrangement, in a few instances, was to secure the more appropriate expression of certain sentiments contained in the same psalm or hymn, as in the case of Blendon, major and minor; Rothwell and Benson; Munich and Milnor. But, although the habit of changing the tune in the time of worship is practised to a considerable extent in some places, it certainly ought to be confined within restricted limits, and never be attempted but under favourable circumstances, and when it is done with good taste. A few instances of this kind of change, however, may be necessary in different movements to facilitate similar purposes, which method will be found more easily reduced to practice, than that of changing the tune.

THE TUNES.—The whole selection of music contained in this work will be found to present a very extensive and pleasing variety; embracing nearly all of the older standard psalm tunes, of known and approved excellence, that have been long in use, interspersed with others of a more recent date; together with a still smaller number, that have been composed by different persons, especially for this work. It is not supposed, that so great a number of tunes as this work contains, are indispensably necessary to be employed in conducting this part of worship. But while the taste of the public has varied at variance in regard to tunes that have been long in use, some admiring pieces that others again cannot like, it seems desirable, as far as possible, without exceeding the limits of proper associations, that the different views of all parties should be accommodated. Some of the pieces in this work are intended only for private use, in families and small circles; others again are intended for that portion of the community who have paid considerable attention to the cultivation of the art, and will be found too difficult of execution for common use, though they may occasionally be given out under favourable circumstances; and a considerable number of pieces have been inserted with special reference to seasons of revival.

THE SEVERAL PARTS.—The air, or leading melody, is placed next above the bass, and the other parts follow in their usual order, as may be seen by referring to the first tune, (Dedham;) which system is uniformly pursued throughout the work. In tunes of double tones, the second treble is placed below the air, and the tenor above the bass. To persons unaccustomed to this method, it may not, at first view, be altogether convenient; but a little practice and familiarity will soon overcome every difficulty. The compiler has taken great pains, and bestowed much labour, upon this part of the work. In arranging the harmonies, the object has been to have them chaste, simple, and correct; and promote, as far as practicable, uniformity among the standard works of the day already in use; which is a thing much to be desired. To prevent mistakes, as well as typographical errors, the proof sheets from the stereotype plates have all been carefully examined by Mr. William Blondell, organist of St. Paul's church. But, after all the pains that have been taken, doubtless a few errors will have escaped observation. Imperfection is a natural characteristic of all human productions.

THE POETRY.—In reference to the psalms and hymns, the aim has been to make a selection thoroughly evangelical, possessing sufficient public utility, and variety of character, to render them suitable for public, social, and family worship; and to be employed in public worship, in the most judicious manner, and to be used in seasons of revival; monthly concerts for prayer; meetings for praise and thanksgiving; missionary meetings; and other similar occasions of special interest. Some of the materials of which this part of the work is composed, have been gradually accumulating in the hands of the compiler for some years; and a few pieces have been received from different sources, that have never before been published; and, in addition to the various collections of psalms and hymns that have appeared in this country, access has been had to several copious works that have recently been published in England. From these different books, including the compositions of Dr. Watts, such extracts have been made as seemed best to accord with the general design of this work, without regard to the form in which the several pieces were originally composed. There are but few pieces of lyric poetry in use at the present day, that have not been more or less altered at different times and by different persons; and often, in the same piece, are changes to be found that have evidently been made by different individuals; every compiler availing himself of the labours and talents of those who have preceded him; and while the compiler of this work, in this respect, has followed the path which others have marked out, he has not, on this account, neglected to labour for himself. And he hopes, that in connexion with the kind assistance he has received from several of the clergy, something of his labours has been contributed towards the improvement of the art, which will gradually increase until it shall approach to its ideal standard.

To avoid prosaic and unimpassioned passages—low, and otherwise exceptionable imagery—to get rid of cumbrous, unmeaning, and unmusical words—to preserve uniformity in the accent, and unity in the figures; various alterations and omissions have been made, and a considerable number of stanzas have been entirely remodelled. For the most of these, the compiler is indebted to the Rev. Robert McCutcheon, pastor of the Canal street Church. Thanks are also due to the Rev. Gantner Spring, pastor of the Brick Church; Rev. William D. Snodgrass, late pastor of the Murray street Church; Rev. E. W. Baldwin, pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church; and John M. Krebs, pastor of the Rutgers street Church, for the assistance they have severally contributed, in examining various parts of the work as it was in progress.

In judging of the lyrical character of each of the several psalms and hymns, the time, place, and occasion for which they were supposed to be useful, have been taken into the account; and while some of the pieces in this respect fall below what could be desired, it is believed they all may be made to subserve the great objects of psalmody. The whole selection is supposed to embrace nearly three hundred hymns, suitable to be employed in seasons of revival; about two hundred have been inserted in public schools, and to facilitate the study of the sacred art by the most extensively favoured families; private individuals, a very concise and brief view of the rudiments has been subjoined. The compiler will only add his devout wish, that his humble labours may, by the blessing of God, prove useful in advancing the improvement of this sacred art, and of promoting his glory, and the interests of his kingdom. With these general remarks and explanations, this work is respectfully committed to the hands of the Christian public.

EDITOR.

RUDIMENTS OF SACRED MUSIC.

LESSON 1.—Of the Primary Sounds.

1. How many Primary sounds are there in Music?
Seven.
2. How are they named?
From the seven first letters of the alphabet? A B C D E F and G.
3. How are these letters made to represent a Musical Scale?
By inverting their natural order—and by repeating the first letter, thus, A B C D E F G—and A if placed in a perpendicular line, will represent what is called the Diatonic or Natural Scale.
4. What is the first and eighth letter of the Scale called?
The first letter of the Scale is called the Key Note—the eighth is called its Octave.
5. How many scales can be formed from these seven letters?
Seven—that is, each letter may be taken as a Key Note—thus A B C D E F G A—
B C D E F G A B—C D E F G A B C—D E F G A B C D—E F G A B C D E—
F G A B C D E F and G A B C D E F G.—
6. What are the particular qualities of the notes contained in the Scale?
They consist of six Tones and two Semitones.
7. Which of the letters are the Tones, and which the Semitones?
They vary according to the Mode.
8. How many Modes are there?
Two—Major and Minor.
9. What constitutes the most peculiar features of the two Modes?
The different arrangement of the two Semitones,
10. In what part of the Scale will the Semitones be found in the Major Mode?
Between the *third* and *fourth*, and *seventh* and *eighth* letters, counting upwards from the Key Note.
11. Where in the Minor?
Naturally, between the *second* and *third*, and *fifth* and *sixth* letters, counting upwards from the Key Note;—but in the ascending series, the Semitone between the *fifth* and *sixth* letters, is artificially removed to come between the *seventh* and *eighth*.
12. In singing the Notes of the Scale in the Major Mode, what syllables are employed?
Faw, Sol, Law, Faw, Sol, Law, Mi, Faw ascending—and Faw, Mi, Law, Sol, Faw, Law, Sol, Faw descending.
13. What syllables are employed in singing the Minor?
Law, Mi, Faw, Sol, Law, Faw, Sol, Law ascending—and Law, Sol, Faw, Law, Sol, Faw, Mi, Law descending.
14. Between which of these syllables do the Semitones occur?
Between, Law, Faw and Mi, Faw, excepting the ascending series of the Minor Mode, where the Semitone between Law,—Faw is artificially removed to come between Sol, Law.
15. What difference should always be observed in relation to the Major and Minor Modes?
That the three first Degrees or letters of the Major Mode, Faw, Sol, Law, are always Tones—and that one of the three first in the Minor Mode Law, Mi, Faw, is always a Semitone: which circumstance renders the Major Mode more or less cheerful and vigorous, and imparts an opposite character to that of the Minor.

EXAMPLE.

N. B. These examples may serve to illustrate the manner in which every scale is tuned, both in the Major and Minor modes. The Pupil ought distinctly to understand this lesson before he proceeds to another.

Major Mode.				Minor Mode.			
Octave.	8 Faw, ABCDEFGA Faw.	8 Octave.	8 Faw, ABCDEFGA Faw.	Octave.	8 Law, ABCDEFGA Law.	8 Octave.	8 Law, ABCDEFGA Law.
Semitone.	7 Mi, GABCEFG Mi.	7 Semitone.	7 Mi, GABCEFG Mi.	Semitone.	7 Sol, GABCEFG Sol.	7 Semitone.	7 Sol, GABCEFG Sol.
	6 Law, FGABCDEF Law.		6 Law, FGABCDEF Law.		6 Faw, FGABCDEF Faw.		6 Faw, FGABCDEF Faw.
	5 Sol, EFGABCE Sol.		5 Sol, EFGABCE Sol.		5 Law, EFGABCDE Law.		5 Law, EFGABCDE Law.
	4 Faw, DEFGABCD Faw.		4 Faw, DEFGABCD Faw.		4 Sol, DEFGABCD Sol.		4 Sol, DEFGABCD Sol.
Semitone.	3 Law, CDEFGABC Law.	3 Semitone.	3 Law, CDEFGABC Law.		3 Faw, CDEFGABC Faw.		3 Faw, CDEFGABC Faw.
	2 Sol, BCDEFGAB Sol.		2 Sol, BCDEFGAB Sol.	Semitone.	2 Mi, BCDEFGAB Mi.	2 Semitone.	2 Mi, BCDEFGAB Mi.
Key Note.	1 Faw, ABCDEFGA Faw.	1 Key Note.	1 Faw, ABCDEFGA Faw.	Key Note.	1 Law, ABCDEFGA Law.	1 Key Note.	1 Law, ABCDEFGA Law.

LESSON II.—Of the Pitch of sounds.

1. How is the pitch of sounds determined?

By certain characters called the Staff, the Treble or G Clef, the Bass or F Clef, and by Flats, Sharps, and Naturals.

EXAMPLE.

Staff.	Treble or G Clef.	Bass or F Clef.	Flats.	Sharps.	Naturals.

2. What are the lines and spaces of the Staff called, and how are they counted?

Each line and space is called a Degree—thus the Staff includes nine Degrees, there being five lines and four spaces—they are counted upwards from the lowest.

3. How are the letters placed upon the Staff, with the Bass or F Clef?

F is placed upon the fourth line of the Staff, from which the Clef takes its name, and the other letters follow above and below in their regular order, thus: the first ledger line below the Staff is E; space below F; first line G; first space A; second line B; second space C; third line D; third space E; fourth line F; fourth space G; fifth line A; space above B; first ledger line above C.

4. How are the letters placed upon the Staff, with the Treble or G Clef?

G is placed upon the second line of the Staff, from which the Clef takes its name, and the other letters follow above and below, in their regular order: thus, the first ledger line below the Staff is C; space below is D; first line E; first space F; second line G; second space A; third line B; third space C; fourth line D; fourth space E; fifth line F; space above G; first ledger line above A.

5. What is the relative connexion between the letters in the Bass and Treble?

C, the first ledger line above in the Bass, is in unison, that is, of the same pitch with C, the first ledger line below in the Treble.

6. What Clef is used for Tenor?

In modern music the Treble Clef is substituted for the Tenor, and when thus employed it represents G, eight letters below the second line, which will be in unison with G, the fourth space in the Bass.

7. How are the several parts connected together?

By a certain character called the Brace.

EXAMPLE.

8. How do Flats, Sharps and Naturals, affect the pitch of sounds?

A Flat set before a note requires its pitch to be made a semitone lower; a Sharp set before a note, requires its pitch to be made a semitone higher; a Natural set before a note, previously made flat or sharp, restores it to its original sound.

9. What are flats, sharps, or naturals called, where they occur in the midst of a tune?

Accidentals.

10. When accidentals thus occur, how many notes are affected by them?

All the notes in a measure, coming upon the same degree or letter with the Accidental; and when one measure ends, and another begins with the same letter, its effect continues, unless contradicted.

11. What accidentals are used in the ascending series of the Minor Mode, and what in the descending, and for what purpose?

The sixth and seventh degrees of the Minor Mode are always raised a semitone each, by accidental sharps or naturals, in order to prepare the seventh of the scale, as a proper leading note to the Octave: and for similar reasons it becomes necessary to depress the corresponding degrees in the descending series a semitone each, by accidental flats or naturals.

12. What are flats and sharps called if set at the beginning of a tune?

The Signature.

13. What is shown by the signature?

The place of the Key Note.

14. When is the signature said to be natural, when flat, and when sharp?

When there is neither flats nor sharps set at the beginning of a tune, the signature is said to be natural; but if there is one or more flats set at the beginning, the signature is said to be flat; or if one or more sharps, it is then said to be sharp.

15. What effect has a flat or sharp signature?

A signature of flats depresses all the notes a semitone that come on the same letter upon which they are placed; sharps, on the contrary, elevate all the notes a semitone that come on the same letter upon which they are placed, and by this means all the Tones and Semitones in the scale, both in the Major and Minor Modes are preserved precisely in the same relation to the key note as when the signature is natural.

16. When the Key is thus transferred by signatures to different letters, what is such change called?

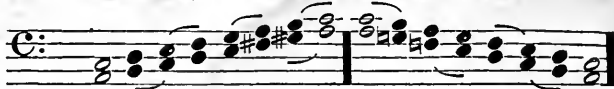
Transposition.

17. Into how many keys may the scale be transposed?

Twelve: either of which may be in the Major or Minor Mode, as follows:—

When the Signature is Natural, the scale begins upon C, as a key note in the Major Mode, and upon A in the Minor.

Key of C Major and A Minor, ascending and descending.



When the Signature is one Flat, the scale begins upon F as a key note in the Major Mode, and upon D in the Minor.

Key of F Major and D Minor, ascending and descending.



When the Signature is two Flats, the scale begins upon B flat, in the Major Mode, and upon G in the Minor.

Key of B Flat Major, and G Minor, ascending and descending.



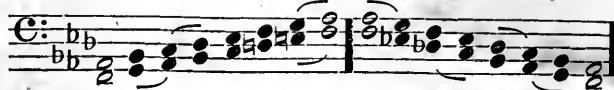
When the Signature is three Flats, the scale begins upon E flat as a key note in the Major Mode, and upon C in the Minor.

Key of E Flat Major, and C Minor, ascending and descending.



When the Signature is four flats, the scale begins upon A flat in the Major Mode, and upon F in the Minor.

Key of A Flat Major, and F Minor, ascending and descending.



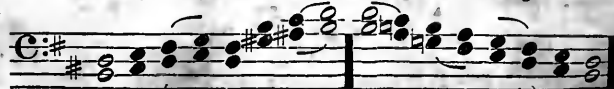
When the Signature is one sharp, the scale begins upon G in the Major Mode, and upon E in the Minor.

Key of G Major, and E Minor, ascending and descending.



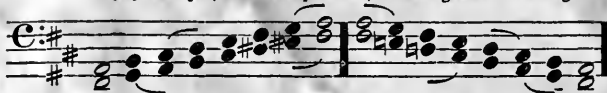
When the Signature is two sharps, the scale begins upon D in the Major Mode, and upon B in the Minor.

Key of D Major, and B Minor, ascending and descending.



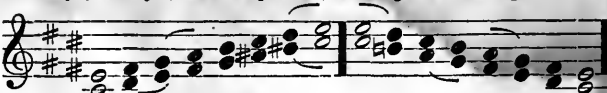
Key of A Major, and F sharp Minor, ascending and descending.

When the Signature is three sharps, the scale begins upon A in the Major Mode, and F sharp in the Minor.



Key of E Major, and C sharp Minor, ascending and descending.

When the Signature is four sharps, the scale begins upon E in the Major Mode, and upon C sharp in the Minor.



18. How are the several Key Notes, &c. pointed out in the preceeding examples?

The Key Notes are pointed out by a character resembling the letter O—the black dots represent the intervening notes of the scale, the curved lines show the place of the Semitones.

19. In forming the voice to the several scales what syllables are employed?

The same as given in answering the twelfth and thirteenth questions of lesson first.—

20. What other method may be adopted to ascertain the place of the Key Note, &c.

As the syllable Mi occurs but once in the scale, we have only to find its situation, and determine by this, the place of the Key Note, and of the other syllables.

21. How may the place of the Mi be known?

By the Signature.—

When the Signature is Natural Mi is on B: But,

If B be flat, Mi is on E,

If F be sharp, Mi is on F,

If B and E be flat, Mi is on A,

If F and C be sharp, Mi is on C,

If B, E and A be flat, Mi is on . . . D,

If F, C and G be sharp, Mi is on . . . G,

If B, E, A and D be flat, Mi is on . . G,

If F, C, G and D be sharp, Mi is on . . D,

If B, E, A, D, and G be flat, Mi is on C,

If F, C, G, A and D be sharp, Mi is on A,

The place of the Mi being found, the other syllables follow it above and below, in their natural order.

NOTE.—It may be observed that the Key in the Major mode is always situated the first degree above the last sharp, or the third degree below the last flat of the signature. In the Minor mode the Key will be found the first degree below the last sharp, or the second degree above the last flat of the signature. Or if the last note in the bass which is always the Key note be the next degree above the mi, the mode is Major, if the next below it is Minor. The seventh of the Minor scale is always raised a Semitone by an accidental sharp or natural. See also the answer to the last question of the first lesson.

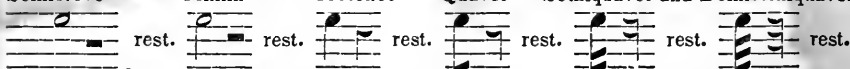
NOTE.—Some teachers prefer the application of the ayllables *do, ri, mi, fa, sol, la, si*, in which case *si* becomes the leading note, *do*, the principal Major Key, and *la*, the principal Minor. The table of signatures after this plan, would read thus:—"In the Natural Scale, *si* is in B; but if B be flat, *si* is in E," &c. *Si* thus taking the place of *mi*, and the other syllables named accordingly. Those who choose to adopt this plan, can pursue on the principle thus explained, with very little inconvenience. The French and Italian use the seven syllables to denote, like the letters, the lines and spaces of the Staff: but in this way they afford very small facilities to the *vocalist*.

LESSON III.—Of the duration of sounds.

1. How is the duration of sounds determined?

By six different characters called Notes, and each note has a rest of corresponding name and duration, which is a mark of silence, as follows—The

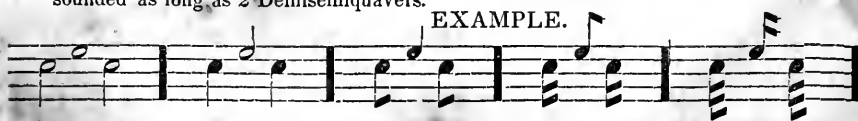
Semibreve—Minim—Crotchet—Quaver—Semiquaver and Demisemiquaver.



2. What proportion do the notes bear to each other?

The same as one to two, two to four, &c. A Semibreve is sounded as long as 2 Minims. A Minim is sounded as long as 2 Crotchets. A Crotchet is sounded as long as 2 Quavers. A Quaver is sounded as long as 2 Semiquavers. A Semiquaver is sounded as long as 2 Demisemiquavers.

EXAMPLE.



Consequently one-semibreve is equal to 2 minims, 4 crotchets, 8 quavers, 16 semiquavers, or 32 demisemiquavers, and the same may be said of the Rests.

3. What effect has a Dot set to the right of a note?

It adds one half to its original length, as in the following Example: a dotted Semibreve is equal to three Minims, a dotted Minim is equal to three Crotchets, &c.



4. What effect has a figure 3, a Hold, and Staccato Marks, when placed over musical notes?

A Figure 3, placed over or under any three notes, reduces them to the time of two notes of the same kind, without the figure. A Hold placed over or under any note implies that it should be sounded longer than its natural time: When placed over a rest, it lengthens it, and when placed over a bar, or double bar, it denotes an impressive suspension. A Staccato Mark placed over a note implies that it should be sung in a short articulate style. Notes thus marked, lose about one half of their nominal length.



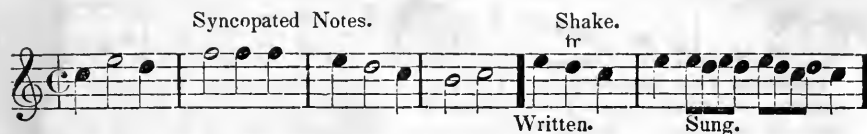
5. What is shown by the Crescendo, Diminuendo, Swell, Slur, Repeat, Appoggiatura, and After Note?

A Crescendo signifies a gradual increase of sound. A Diminuendo signifies a gradual decrease of sound. A Swell signifies a gradual increase and decrease of sound. A Slur is a curved line drawn over or under as many notes as are sung to one syllable. A Repeat shows what part of a tune is to be sung twice. An Appoggiatura is a small note which takes its time from the note which immediately succeeds it. It always occurs on the first or accented part of the measure. An After Note is a small note which takes its time from the note which immediately precedes it, and always occurs on an unaccented part of a measure.



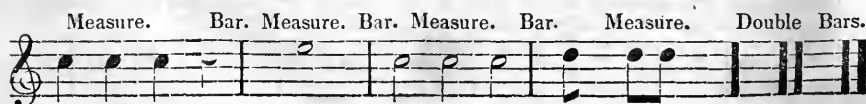
6. What is understood by Syncopated Notes, and the Shake or Trill?

Syncopated Notes are those which commence on an accented, and are continued on an unaccented part of the measure. A Shake or Trill, consists in an alternate reiteration of the note above, with that over which the note is placed, and usually ends with a turn from the note below.



7. What is the use of a Bar and Double Bar?

A Bar is a thin line drawn across the Staff, to divide the notes and rests into equal portions or measures. A Measure is all the notes and rests contained between two single bars. A double Bar is a thick line drawn across the Staff to show the end of a strain, or line of the poetry, and has nothing to do with the time of the notes.



LESSON IV.—*Of Time.*

1. What is to be understood by Time in music ?

Time relates to the measure and movement of sounds. It is of two kinds, Common and equal, or Triple and unequal, either of which may be simple or compound.

2. What is Common Time ?

Common Time contains two equal notes in a measure, as two minims, two crotchets, two dotted crotchets, &c.

3. What is Triple Time ?

Triple Time contains three equal notes in a measure, as three minims, three crotchets, three dotted crotchets, &c.

4. What is Compound Common Time ?

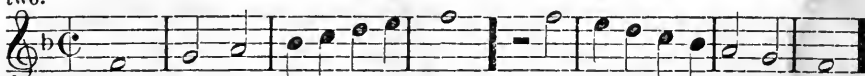
Compound Common Time is formed, by uniting two measures of either Common or Triple Time.

5. How are the several varieties of Common, Triple and Compound Time, designated ?

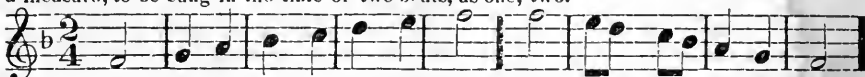
Common Time has three signs. The first variety is designated by the letter C, and contains the value of a semibreve in a measure, to be sung in the time of four beats, as one, two, three, four.



The second variety is designated by the letter C with a line drawn through it, and contains the value of a semibreve in a measure, to be sung in the time of two beats as one, two.



The third variety is designated by the figures 2—4, and contains the value of a minim in a measure, to be sung in the time of two beats, as one, two.



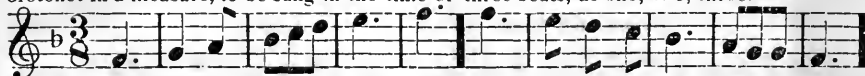
Triple Time has three signs. The first variety is designated by the figures 3—2, and contains the value of a dotted Semibreve in a measure, to be sung in the time of three beats, as one, two, three.



The second variety is designated by the figures 3—4, and contains the value of a dotted minim in a measure, to be sung in the time of three beats, as one, two, three.



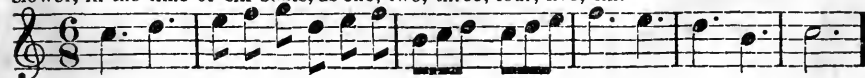
The third variety is designated by the figures 3—8, and contains the value of a dotted crotchet in a measure, to be sung in the time of three beats, as one, two, three.



Compound Time has two signs. The first variety is designated by the figures 6—4, and contains the value of two dotted minims in a measure, usually sung in the time of two beats, as one, two ; or it may be sung much slower in the time of six beats, as one, two, three, four, five, six.



The second variety is designated by the figures 6—8, and contains the value of two dotted crotchets in a measure, usually sung in the time of two beats, but may be sung much slower, in the time of six beats, as one, two, three, four, five, six.



LESSON V.—OF ACCENT, EMPHASIS, &c.

1. What is understood by accent?

Accent consists in laying a forcible stress of voice upon certain syllables or notes.

2. Upon what notes does the accent naturally fall in all the varieties of Common, Triple and Compound Time?

In every variety of time, the first note of each measure should be distinguished by a particular stress and loudness; and when there is but one note in a measure, there should be but one accent: when there are two notes in it, that is, when a measure is divided into two parts, the first note only is accented: when it is divided into four parts or notes, the first and third are to be accented: when a measure is divided into six parts or notes, the first, third and fifth are to be accented: and when a measure is divided into eight parts or notes, the first, third, fifth, and seventh are to be accented: or, in other words, every other syllable or note is naturally accented.

3. When should deviations be made from the natural accent?

When notes of syncopation occur, and whenever the accent of the tune and that of the words are at variance, the musical accent must be so varied as to correspond with the sentiments: hence, as a general rule, the singer should distinguish all the accented syllables he sings, by giving them a peculiar stress or tone of voice.

4. What is emphasis?

Emphasis relates to the words of a sentence, as accent does to the syllables of a word: and it consists in placing a peculiar stress on those words upon which the sense of the sentence more particularly depends.

5. How may accent and emphasis be varied to suit subjects of different kinds, both in form and intensity?

To express fear, horror or dismay, the sound may be begun, continued and ended with an equal stress,* [Thus =====] To express sentiments which are very pointed, the sound should be commenced gently, increased rapidly, and stopped abruptly, [Thus <] To express emotions which are joyous, the sound should commence loud and abrupt, and be rapidly diminished, [Thus >] To express emotions which are more or less pathetic, the sound should commence gently, and be gradually increased, and diminished, [Thus <=>] All of these again may be widely varied by the quantity and intensity of voice: they may, and should sometimes be made with great energy and spirit, and at others, soft and gentle.

6. What are modulations?

Temporary digressions from the original key, by the introduction of an accidental Flat, Sharp, or Natural in the midst of a tune or movement.

7. How may passages of modulation be treated in order to secure a good intonation?

They may be treated like changes of key in transposition, and the notes named accordingly: or the names of the notes immediately affected in the change may be altered. As when Faw, Sol, Law, are to be elevated, they may be called, Fi, Si, Li; and when a syllable is to be depressed, it may be called Faw.

8. What is implied in the execution of music?

A proper knowledge of the characters by which musical sounds are represented, with respect to their proper Pitch, Duration, Time or Movement, Accent and Emphasis; and a correct intonation of voice, by which is meant its adjustment to a musical scale.

9. How is a good intonation of voice to be acquired?

By singing with constant reference to a Key Note.

10. What qualities of the voice are considered agreeable, and what disagreeable?

Agreeable qualities may be included in softness and sweetness of tone, flexibility and strength; the disagreeable proceed in general from forcing the sound too much through the nose, lips, teeth or throat, and are hence called Nasal, Labial, Dental, or Guttural: and to attain the former and avoid the latter, every note and syllable should be pronounced full, clear and distinct, beginning with open vowel sounds, such as—Ha, or Faw, Sol, Law, &c., applied to the several notes of the scale, pronounced with a firm and dense volume of tone. Afterwards trying to a single note, such syllables as lands, could, which, life, save, hope, them, world, &c., endeavouring to articulate the consonants with distinctness just at the instant the sound of the note begins and ends, as the case may require.

NOTE.—The several examples on the 6th & 7th, pages, as also on the 10th, may very properly be taken as lessons for the exercise of the voice.

* Mr. Hastings.

DIRECTIONS FOR MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

p. *Piano*—soft
 pp. *Pianissimo*—very soft.
 f. *Forte*—loud.
 ff. *Fortissimo*—very loud.
 < *Crescendo*—gradually increasing louder and louder.
 > *Diminuendo*—gradually diminishing softer and softer.
 <> *Swell*—increasing and then diminishing
 >< *Swell Inverted*—diminishing and then increasing.

aff. *Affetuoso*—with deep and tender emotion.
 dol. *Dolce*—in a gentle, soothing and melodious style.
 len. *Lento*—gradually becoming slower and softer to the end.
 ' ' or ' *Staccato*—with peculiar distinctness of enunciation.
 a. f. *Adagio Forte*—slow and loud.
 a. p. *Adagio Piano*—slow and soft.
 v. *Vivace*,—in an animated and cheerful style.

NOTE.—It should be observed in relation to marks for musical expression, that they should never be considered as absolute in their application; the time and place, the degree of present feeling, the skill, number, and talents of the performers, and many such circumstances, must be taken into the account, and serve in some measure, to direct as to the appropriate style of execution. The same Psalm or Hymn, upon different occasions, and by being applied to different tunes, will require corresponding variations in style. And hence, directions for expression should be considered merely as hints, by which the general character of the expression to be given is indicated. While on the one hand, it would evidently destroy the force and meaning of language, to express joy and mourning hope and fear, or other sentiments equally diverse, in the same style and tone; still on the other hand, it should not be forgotten, that mere mechanical variations in style, while the feelings of the heart are unmoved, is only presenting the shadow without the substance. The singer should endeavour on all occasions, to be prepared, to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice.

Other Directive Terms.

Adagio—signifies the slowest time.
Ad libitum, or *Ad Lib.*—at pleasure,
Allegro—a brisk and sprightly movement.
Allegretto—less quick than Allegro.
Amoroso—in a soft, delicate style of expression.
Andante.—with distinctness; as a mark of time, it implies a medium between the *Adagio* and *Allegro* movements.
Andantino.—quicker than *Andante*.
Anthem—a musical composition set to sacred prose.
Ardito—with spirit and energy.
Cantabile—in a graceful, elegant, and melodious style.
Chorus, or *Cho.*—a composition, or passage designed for a full choir.
Da Capo or *D. C.*—close with the first strain.
Dirge—a piece composed for funeral occasions.
Divoto—in a solemn manner.
Duetto, or *Duo.*—a composition or passage in two parts.
Expressivo, or *Exp.*—with expression.
Grazioso—in a smooth gentle style of execution, approaching to *Piano*.

Grave—rather slow, and with deep emotion.
Largo—somewhat quicker than grave.
Larghetto—not so slow as *Largo*.
Legato—in a close gliding manner, the opposite of *Staccato*.
Moderato—between *Andante* and *Allegro*.
Pastorale—in a soothing, tender and delicate style.
Pomposo—In a sublime style.
Presto—quick,
Prestissimo—very quick.
Recitative.—a sort of style resembling speaking.
Sostenuto—sustaining the notes to the utmost of their nominal length.
Spirituoso—with spirit and life.
Solo—a composition designed for a single voice or instrument.
Soli—Plural of *Solo*. One voice to each part.
Symphony, or *Sym.*—a passage for instruments.
Tasto—a passage to be performed with no other chords than Octaves and Unisons.
Trio—a composition or passage in three parts, and designed for three voices.
Tutti All—all the voices.
Vigorous, or *Vig.*—with energy.

PSALMS

FOR

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

DEDHAM, C. M.

TENOR.

2d. TREBLE.

TREBLE.

BASS.

Bless'd are the men that keep thy word, And practise thy commands;

With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord, And serve thee with their hands.

1 C. M. *The Righteous and Wicked, Ps. 1.*

1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the
Where sinners love to meet, [place,
Among their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's seat.

2 But makes the statutes of the Lord
His study and delight,
Amid the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

f 3 He, like a living tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.

p 4 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like chaff,
Before the rising storm.

5 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of Grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand,
Appoints his saints a place.

2 C. M. *The blessedness of fearing, God Ps. 119.*

1 **B**LESS'D are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Bless'd are the men, that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord
And serve thee with their hands.

f 3 Great is their peace, who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

3 C. M. *Blessedness of the merciful, Ps. 41.*

1 **H**APPY the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor distressed!
When troubles compass him around,
a p The Lord shall give him rest.

2 If he in languishing estate,
Oppressed with sickness lie,
The Lord shall inward strength impart,
And every want supply.

f 3 Let, therefore, Israel's Lord and God
Have everlasting praise;
Let all the people's glad applause,
In loud hosannas raise.

PERCIVAL, C. M.

Blest is the man who shuns the place, Where sin-ners love to meet;

A-mong their coun - cils ne - ver stands, Nor takes the scorn-er's seat.

4 C. M. *Blessedness of fearing and obeying God,*
Ps. 112.

- 1 **HAPPY** is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.
- p 3 In times of danger and distress,
< A ray of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
> And give him peace divine.
- 4 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

5 C. M. *God resorted to in trouble,* Ps. 27.

- 1 **SOON** as I heard my Father say,
“Ye children seek my grace,”
My heart replied, without delay,
“I’ll seek my Father’s face.”
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
< God of my life, I fly to thee
> In each distressing day.

- 3 Should friends and kindred, near and
> Leave me to want or die, [dear,
< My God will make my life his care,
— And all my need supply.

- f 4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He’ll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

6 C. M. *Praise for signal deliverance,* Ps. 34.

- !! 1 **Oh** bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come help my lips to praise.

- 2 Sing to the honour of his name,
p In deep distress I cried,
— Nor was my hope exposed to shame,
Nor was my suit denied.

- 3 O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

- f 4 O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just:
How richly blessed their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
GERMAN C. M.

Who shall in - ha - bit in thy hill, O God of ho - li - ness ?

Whom will the Lord ad - mit to dwell, So near his throne of grace ?

7 C. M. *The citizen of Zion, Ps. 15.*

1 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heavenly hill,
O God of holiness ?

Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace ?

2 The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands ;
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands ;—

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue ;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong ;—

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all who fear the Lord ;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word ;—

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor :

f This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

8 C. M. *The citizen of Zion, Ps. 24.*

1 1 **L**ORD, who, among the sons of men,
May visit thine abode ?—

He, who has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

2 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace ;
This is the lot of those who seek
The God of Jacob's face.

f 3 Now let our soul's immortal powers,
To meet the Lord prepare ;
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of glory's near.

4 The King of glory !—who can tell
The wonders of his might ?
He rules the nations—but to dwell
With saints in his delight.

9 C. M. *Prayer for divine aid, Ps. 70.*

aff 1 **G**RREAT God, attend my humble call,
Nor hear my cries in vain ;
Oh let thy grace prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.

2 Be thou my help in time of need,
To thee, O Lord, I pray ;
In mercy hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

f 3 Let all who love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.

DENTON, C. M.

Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates, Un - fold to en - ter - tain,
The King of glo - ry;—see he comes, With his ce - les - tial train.

10 C. M. *Triumphal ascension of Christ, Ps. 24.*

1 **L**IFT up you heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory;—see he comes,
With his celestial train.

2 Who is this king of glory?—who?
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty,—o'er his foes
f Eternal victor crowned.

— **3** Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory;—see he comes
With all his shining train.

4 Who is this King of glory?—who?
The Lord of hosts renowned:
Of glory he alone is king,
f Who is with glory crowned.

11 C. M. *The divine blessing necessary to success, Ps. 127.*

1 **I**F God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns without his wakeful eye,
A useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and cease your fare,
In vain, till God has blest;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

12 C. M. *Blessedness of obeying and serving God, Ps. 128.*

1 **O** HAPPY man, whose soul is filled,
With zeal and reverend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard his head,
Shall on the labours of his hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 The Lord shall his best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come:
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

4 This is the man whose happy eyes,
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
len. Then leave the world in peace.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
BEDFORD, C. M.

Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am for ev - er thine :

I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with four staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef, key of B-flat, 3/2 time) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef, key of B-flat, 3/2 time). The second system follows the same format. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

13C. M. *Communion with God, Ps. 5.*

1 **B**EHOOLD us, Lord, with humble fear
Approach thy temple gate ;
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait.

< 2 But, trusting in thy boundless grace,
To all so freely given,

— We worship in thy holy place,
And lift our souls to heaven.

3 Lead us in all thy righteous ways
Nor let our footsteps slide :
Make straight thy path before our face,
Our guardian, still, and guide.

4 No more to sin, Lord, let us yield,
Defended from above,
< Preserved, and covered with the shield
Of thy almighty love.

14C. M. *Rest and peace in God, Ps. 4.*

1 **L**ORD thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
I am for ever thine :
I fear before thee all the day,
> Nor would I dare to sin.

p 2 And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With mine own heart and thee.

— 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
a Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
a p 4 Thus with my thoughts composed to
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ; [peace,
— Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

15C. M. *Communion with God, Ps. 5.*

1 **L**ORD, hear the voice of my complaint ;
Accept my secret prayer ;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou, in the morn, my voice shalt hear,
And with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

< 3 Let all thy saints, who trust in thee,
With shouts their joy proclaim ;
— By thee preserved, let them rejoice,
f And magnify thy name.

4 To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessings will extend ;
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

HULL, C. M.

Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear, My voice as - cend - ing high;

To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye—

16 C. M. *Communion with God, Ps. 5.*

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye—
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- p 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
— Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- f 4 But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
> And worship in thy fear.
- aff 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

17 C. M. *Jehovah the shepherd of his people, Ps. 23.*

- 1 **M**Y shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

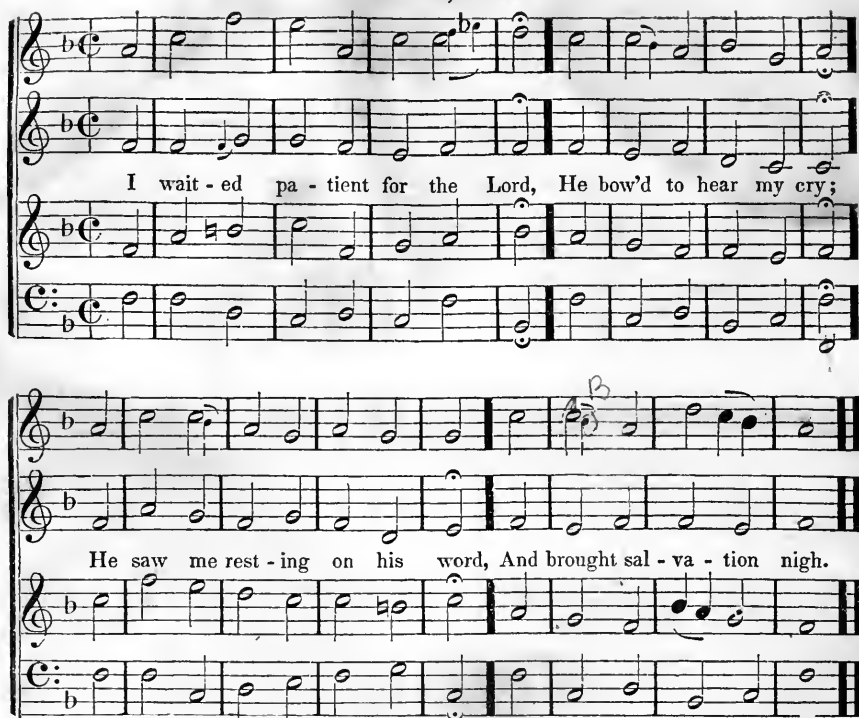
- p 3 When passing through the shades of
— Thy presence is my stay; [death,
One word of thy supporting breath
< Drives all my fears away.

- 4 'The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
< O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

18 C. M. *Hope of the resurrection, Ps. 16.*

- 1 **I** SET the Lord before my face,
He hears my courage up;
My heart, my tongue, their joy express;
My flesh shall rest in hope.
- p 2 My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave,
Where souls departed are;
Nor quit my body in the grave
> To see corruption there.
- < 3 Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
- f Thy courts immortal pleasure give;
Thy presence joys unknown.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
DUNDEE, C. M.



I wait-ed pa-tient for the Lord, He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me rest-ing on his word, And brought sal-va-tion nigh.

19 C. M. *Complaint under the hiding of God's countenance, Ps. 13.*

- 1** HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face,
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays,
That chase my fears away?
- p 2** How long shall my poor labouring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.
- f 3** Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
— My soul in safety keep;
O hast, before mine eyes are sealed
— In death's eternal sleep.
- > 4** Thou wilt display thy sovereign grace,
Whence all my comforts spring;
- f 1** I shall employ my lips in praise,
And thy salvation sing.

20 C. M. *God glorious as a judge and deliverer, Ps. 9.*

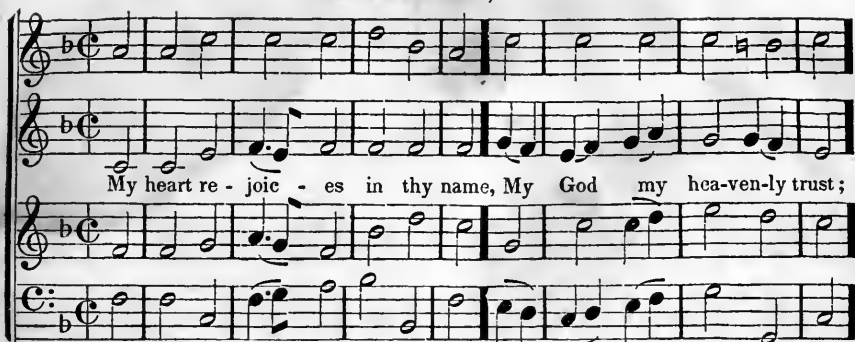
- 1** WHEN the great Judge, supreme and
Shall once inquire for blood, [just,
The humble souls, that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.
- p 2** Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
They shall confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.

- 3** Though saints to sore distress are
And wait, and long complain; [brought,
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

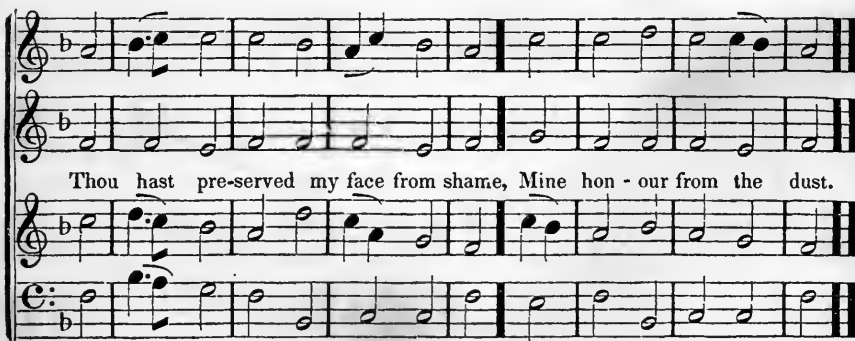
- f 4** Rise Great Redeemer from thy throne,
To judge and save the poor;
Thy justice let the nations own,
And man prevail no more.

21 C. M. *God, the avenger of the oppressed, Ps. 10.*

- p 1** WHY doth the Lord depart so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?
- 2** Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy laws?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And slight the righteous cause?
- f 3** Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
> Attend our humble cry;
— No enemy shall dare to stand
< When God, our help, is nigh.
- 4** Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
Accept the vows thy children pay,
> And free thy saints from fear.



My heart re-joic-es in thy name, My God my hea-ven-ly trust;



Thou hast pre-served my face from shame, Mine hon-our from the dust.

22 C. M. *God praised for his merciful protection,*
Ps. 31.

- 1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my heavenly trust;
Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.
- 2 How great deliverance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men?
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain!
- 6 Thy children from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.
- 4 Within thy sacred presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city, walled and barred,
f Secures a saint so well.

23 C. M. *God praised for his merciful protection*
Ps. 31.

- 1 TO thee, O God of truth and love,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
And saved me from the pit.
- 2 My times are in thy hand, I cried,
Though I draw near the dust:
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

- 3 O let the beauty of the Lord
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me, for thy mercy's sake,
For I am wholly thine.
- 4 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How sweet thy smiling face
To those who fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promised grace!
- < 5 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

24 C. M. *Trust in God and deliverance,* Ps. 40.

- p 1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- f 2 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In new and thankful song.
- f 3 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

ST. JOHNS, C. M.

O for a shout of sa - cred joy, To God the sove-reign King;

Let ev' - ry land their tongues em - ploy, And hymns of tri-umph sing.

25 C. M. *Praise to the Saviour, Ps. 71.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
< And march, with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.
- p 4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- f 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King;
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
— His death has brought my foes to shame,
And saved me by his blood.
- f ' 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song

I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

26 C. M. *Praise to the exalted Redeemer, Ps. 47.*

- f ' 1 **O**H for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains,
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- p 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
< But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The Gentile nations fear the Lord,
And Abram's God is known;
- f While pow'rs and princes, shields and
Submit before his throne. [swords,

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
WINTER C. M.

10

A-wake ye saints to praise your King, Your sweet-est pas - sions raise ;

Your pi - ous plea - sure, while you sing, In - creas - ing with the praise.

27 C. M. *Exhortation to praise, Ps. 135.*

1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise ;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord and works unknown
Are his divine employ ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure, and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand,
He bids the vapours rise ;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All power, that gods or kings have
Is found with him alone ; [claimed,
But heathen gods should ne'er be named
Where our Jehovah's known.

5 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear ;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

28 C. M. *Worship of God in his temple, Ps. 65.*

1 **P**RAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid ;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

aff 2 O Lord our guilt and fears prevail ;

But pardoning grace is thine,
— And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men, whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

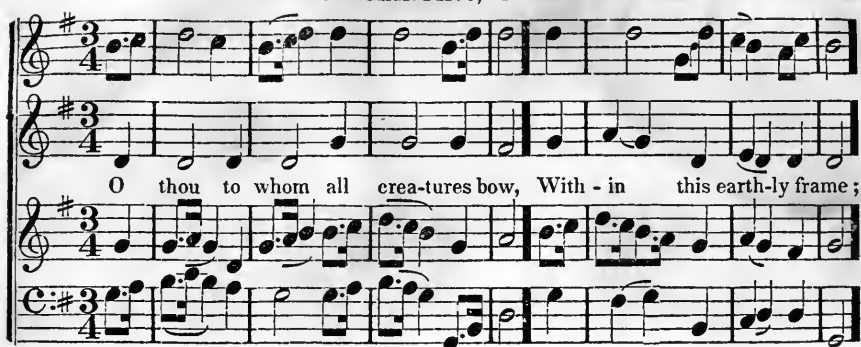
5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just ;
< And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

29 C. M. *An exhortation to universal praise, Ps. 117.*

f 1 **W**ITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise ;
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

p 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound ;
< His truth shall ne'er decay ;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ST. MARTINS, C. M.



30 C. M. *The condescending Grace of God, Ps. 8.*

- v 1 **O** LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.
- p 2 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace
And love his nature so!—
- 3 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm;
- < 4 Let him be crowned with majesty,
> Who bowed his head to death;
f And be his honours sounded high
By all things that have breath.
- 5 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
ff Let all the earth proclaim.

31 C.M. *The condescending Grace of God, Ps. 8.*

- p 1 **O** THOU, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
< Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

- 2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feeble light;—

- p 3 Lord, what is man! that thou shouldst
To keep him in thy mind! [choose
Or what his race! that thou shouldst prove
— To them so wondrous kind!

- p 4 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame;
< Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

32 C. M. *Delight in praising God, Ps. 9.*

- v 1 **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world, thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring;
While to thy name, O thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

- 3 Thou art, O Lord, a sure defence
Against oppressing rage;
f 3 When troubles rise, thy needful aid
In our behalf engage.

GUARDNER, C. M.

O thou, to whom all crea-tures bow, With-in this earth-ly frame;
Through all the world how great art thou, How glori-ous is thy name.

f 4 To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world, thy works,
ff Thy wondrous works, declare.

33 C. M. *God our preserver and hope, Ps. 139.*

1 **JEHOVAH**, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
aff Oh may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

— 2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our journey lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.

< 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age—in every clime,
Our Father and our friend.

34 C. M. *Exhortation to praise, Ps. 105.*

11 **OH** render thanks, and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

f 2 In lofty hymns exalt his praise,
His wondrous works rehearse;
And be his great and glorious ways,
The subjects of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be adored;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
Who humbly seek the Lord.

35 C. M. *Safety in trusting in God, Ps. 125.*

1 **UNSHAKEN** as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand;
Firm as a rock—the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' almighty hand.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Fair Salem's happy ground,
< As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

dol 3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere.
And lead us safely on;
< O may we reach the blest abode,
Where Christ our Lord is gone.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
LUTZEN, C. M.

Why did the na-tions join to slay The Lord's a - noint - ed Son?

Why did they cast his laws a - way, And tread his gos - pel down?

36 C. M. *God glorious to judge and deliver, Ps. 9.*

- v 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my
Thy wonders I'll proclaim; [song,
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put thy foes to shame.
- f 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his justice known.
- p 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.
- f 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

37 C. M. *Christ exalted and his enemies warned, Ps. 2.*

- 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

- 2 The Lord, that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks, with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 "I call him my eternal Son,
And raise him from the dead;
I make my holy hill his throne,
And wide his kingdom spread."
- 4 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Th' anointed Lord obey;
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And own his sovereign sway.

38 C. M. *Rejoicing in the perfections of God, Ps. 33.*

- f 1 **L**ET all the just, to God with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
The righteous soul it well becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves—and all the earth
Is with his goodness crowned.
- af 3 What'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart,
To ages shall endure.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
RESIGNATION, C. M.

14

With my whole heart I'll raise my song, Thy won - ders I'll pro - claim ;

Thou, sove-reign Judge of right and wrong, Wilt put thy foes to shame.

— 4 Our soul on God with patience waits;
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

f 5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

39 C. M. *Praise to the Creator, Ps. 66.*

f! 1 **L**ET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

p 2 And let them say—How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou!
To thy great power thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forced to bow.

— 3 Through all the earth, the nations round
Shall thee, their God, confess;
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great name express.

< 4 Oh come, behold the works of God;
And then with me you'll own,
That he, to all the sons of men,
Has wondrous judgments shown.

f! 5 Let all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Exalt the honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

40 C. M. *The worship of God in his temple, Ps. 84.*

1 **O** GOD of hosts—the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place.
Where, in thy glory, we behold
The brightness of thy face!

aff 2 My fainting soul with longing waits
To view thy blest abode:
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

— 3 Thrice happy they, whose choice has
Their sure protection made; [thee
Who long to tread the sacred ways,
Which to thy dwelling lead.

! 4 For God—who is our sun and shield—
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

— 5 O Lord of hosts—my king, my God,
How highly blest are they,
< Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
COLCHESTER, C. M.

O, 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear, Our tribes de - vout-ly say,

Up, Is - r'el, to the tem - ple haste, And keep the fes - tal day!

41 C. M. *The Creator only worthy to be worshipped, Ps. 86.*

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
f For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.
- p 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet,
Teach me thine heavenly ways,
< And all my wandering thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

42 C. M. *Thankful acknowledgment of divine aid, Ps. 118.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast heard thy servants cry,
And rescued from the grave;
Now shall we live—for none can die,
Whom God resolves to save.
- 2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill our daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastised us sore,
Defends us still from death.
- v 3 Unfold the gates of Zion now,
For we will worship there;
f To thine own house, with joy we'll go,
Thy mercy to declare.—

- 4 Here, with th' assembly of thy saints,
Our cheerful voice we raise;—
Here we have told thee our complaints—
f And here we speak thy praise.

43 C. M. *Delight in the Sabbath and the temple of God, Ps. 122.*

- f' 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!'
- 2 I love her gates—I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
> To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair:
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- p 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
— And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts, and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

ADDISON, C. M.

O 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear, Our tribes de - vout-ly say,

Up, Is-r'el, to the tem - ple haste, And keep the fes - tal day!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life, or breath remains;
f Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

44 C. M. *Delight in the Sabbath and the temple of God, Ps. 122.*

v 1 OH 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
'Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day!

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,

< With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

p 3 Oh pray we then for Salem's peace—
— For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

p 4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest he found;
< With plenty and prosperity
f Thy palaces be crowned.

45 C. M. *All praise due to God, Ps. 145.*

af 1 GREAT is the Lord!—our souls adore!
We wonder whi e we praise;
p Thy power, O God, who can explore,
— Or equal honour raise? 3

2 How large thy tender mercies are!
How wide thy grace extends!—
On thy beneficence and care
af The universe depends.

f' 2 Thy praise shall be my constant theme;
How wondrous is thy power!
I'll speak the honours of thy name,
And bid the world adore.

4 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise;
And tune my everlasting song
ff In realms beyond the skies.

46 C. M. *The faithfulness of God, Ps. 89.*

f 1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

— 3 Lord God of hosts,—thy wondrous ways
Arc sung by saints above:
f And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
BRAINTREE, C. M.

In God's own house pro - nounce his praise, His grace he there re-veals;

To heav'n your joy and won - der raise, For there his glo - ry dwells.

47 C. M. *Worship of God in his temple, Ps. 150.*

- 1** IN God's own house pronounce his
His grace he there reveals; [praise,
< To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
< But still the work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life or breath,
Proclaim your Maker's praise;
His saving power exalt in death,—
His love through endless days.

48 C. M. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence, Ps. 147.*

- f** **1** WITH songs and honours sounding
Address the Lord on high; [loud,
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- a f** 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of each revolving year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

- 4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

- < 5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
p He calls the warmer gales to blow,
— And bids the spring return.

- 6 The changing wind—the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
< With songs and honours sounding loud,
f Praise ye the sovereign Lord,

49 C. M. *Praise to God for his mercies, Ps. 145.*

- 1** LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy powerful hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 3 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

BETHEL, C. M.

The musical score for 'Bethel, C. M.' is written for four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The last two staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: 'In God's own house pro-nounce his praise, His grace he there re-veals; To heav'n your joy and won-der raise, For there his glo-ry dwells'.

- 4 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
f Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

50 C. M. *Praise to God for his mercies, Ps. 145.*

- 1 **L**ONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In brighter worlds above.
- 2 Great is the Lord—his power unknown,
Oh let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall tell thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 The world is governed by thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
f And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

51 C. M. *God's guardian care of his people, Ps. 121.*

- a p 1 **T**O heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
— The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep:
His ear attends their humble call,
His eyes can never sleep.
- f 3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.
- 4 He guards thy soul—he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God shall call thee home.

52 C. M. *Exhortation to general praise, Ps. 117*

- f 1 **O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
His glorious deeds proclaim;
The wonders of his grace record,
And magnify his name.
- 2 His love is great—his mercy sure—
And faithful is his word;
His truth for ever shall endure;
For ever praise the Lord!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
OVERTON, C. M.

This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own;

Let heav'n re-joyce, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round his throne.

53 C. M. *Rejoicing in God, Ps. 89.*

1 **BLESSED** are the souls who hear and
The gospel's joyful sound: [know
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

< 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with shame.

f 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;

ff Israel, thy king for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

54 C. M. *Praise to the Creator, Ps. 66.*

f **1** **SING**, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.

— 2 Say to the power that rules the sky,

p "How terrible art thou!

— Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy feet they bow."

f **3** Oh bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life,—maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

55 C. M. *Thankful acknowledgment of God's goodness, Ps. 116.*

1 **WHAT** shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?—
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints, that fill thine house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

aff 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!

How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!—

< My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

aff 5 Now I am thine,—for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
f And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

When shall I ren-der to my God, For all his kind-ness shown; My feet shall vis-it

thine a-bode, My songs, &c. My songs &c, My songs, ad-dress thy throne.

56 C. M. *The works and grace of God celebrated,*
Ps. 111.

- 1** **SONGS** of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart,—and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2** How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3** When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
a f To endless years endure.

57 C. M. *Christ exalted as a King and Sa-
viour, Ps. 110.*

- 1** **JESUS**, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.
- 2** What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.
- f 3** Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love

- 4** God shall exalt his glorious head,
His glorious throne maintain,
— Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

58 C. M. *Celebration of Christ's resurrection,*
Ps. 118.

- 1** **THIS** is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice,—let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.
- 2** To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- < 3** Hosanna to th' annointed King,
To David's holy Son;
p Help us, O Lord,—descend and bring
— Salvation from thy throne.
- 4** Blest be the Lord—who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- f 5** Hosanna in the highest strains,
The Church on earth can raise,
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ADVENT, C. M.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King;
Let eve - ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

59 C. M. *Rejoicing in Christ as Sovereign and Judge, Ps. 97.*

- 1** LET earth, with every isle and sea,
Rejoice—The Saviour reigns!
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
< > And mountains melt to plains.
2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
< > And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles—
> The haughty sinner dies.
3 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Made the Redeemer known;
> Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
— And angels guard his throne.

60 C. M. *Glorious reign of God the Saviour, Ps. 98.*

- 1** TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.
2 He spake the word to Abraham first,
His truth fulfils the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.
3 Let all the earth his love proclaim,
With all her different tongues,
And spread the honour of his name,
In sweet melodious songs.

61 C. M. *Glorious reign of God the Saviour, Ps. 98.*

- 1** JOY to the world—the Lord is come!—
Let earth receive her King;
2 Let every heart prepare him room,
f And heaven and nature sing.
3 Joy to the world—the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ; [plains
— **1** While fields and floods—rocks, hills and
f Repeat the sounding joy.
— **3** No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
< He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
f And wonders of his love.

62 C. M. *Glorious reign of God the Saviour, Ps. 98.*

- 1** SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous deeds has done;
Whose own right hand, and holy arm,
The victory has won.
2 The Lord has through th' astonished world
Displayed his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathens' sight.

Let Zi-on and her sons re-joyce— Be-hold the pro-mised hour:

Her God hath heard her mourn-ing voice, And comes t'ex-alt his pow'r.

3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
And earth's remotest tribes the power
Of Is'rael's God have seen.

f 4 Let all the people of the earth
Their cheerful voices raise;
Let all, with universal joy,
Resound their Maker's praise.

— 5 He frees the soul condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
< Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

— 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
f That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

63 C. M. *Prayer heard and Zion restored, or divine Immutability, Ps. 102.*

' 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t'exalt his power.

— 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in his eyes:
< Those ruins shall be built again,
f And all that dust shall rise.

— 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there:
< Nations shall bow before his name,
> And kings attend with fear.

— 4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
p With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying prisoner groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

64 C. M. *The faithfulness of God celebrated, Ps. 105.*

' 1 GIVE thanks to God—invoke his
And tell the world his grace; [name,
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His covenant, which he kept in mind,
For numerous ages past,
> To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He swore to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

f' 4 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel shall live through every age,
And praise th' Almighty's care.

When God re-veal'd his gra-cious name, And chang'd my mourn - ful state,
My rap-ture seem'd a pleas-ing dream, The grace ap - pear'd so great.

65 C. M. *Safety of trusting in God, Ps. 126.*

- 1 **W**HEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
f My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 Great is the work!—my neighbours cried,
And owned thy power divine;
Great is the work!—my heart replied,
And be the glory thine.
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- p 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
— They shall confess their sheaves are great,
f And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Then praise the mercy of the Lord,
In him the weary rest;—
His saints securely trust his word,
And live for ever blest.

66 C. M. *The majesty of God, Ps. 89.*

- p 1 **W**ITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands devoutly hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 2 Great God, how high thy glories rise;
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth, compared with thine!
- 3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day—from east to west,
Move round at thy command.
- <> 4 Thy word the raging winds control,
< And rule the boisterous deep;
>< Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
> The rolling billows sleep.
- f! 5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are
> And the dark world of hell; {thine,
< How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel.
- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace!
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

ARCHDALE, C. M. Continued.

The world be-held a glo - rious change, And did thy hand con - fess,

My tongue broke out in un-known strains And sung sur - pris - ing grace.

67 C. M. *General praise to God, Ps. 108.*

1 **A**WAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
 Awake, my harp, to sing;
 Join, all my powers, the song to raise,
 And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
 And through the nations round,
 Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
 And there his name resound.

a f 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the starry frame;
 — Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
 And teach the world thy name.

4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
 And throng thy courts above;
 While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
 And taste redeeming love.

68 C. M. *General praise to God, Ps. 108.*

f 1 **O** GOD, my heart is fully bent
 'To magnify thy name;
 My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
 Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
 To distant nations sound thy praise,
 The glories of thy name.

— **3** Thy mercy, in its boundless height,
 The highest heaven transcends;
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
 Thy faithful truth extends.

a f 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high
 Above the starry frame;
 And let the world, with one consent,
 Confess thy glorious name,

69 C. M. *Christ the foundation of the Church, Ps. 118.*

1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation stone,
 Which God in Zion lays,
 To build our heavenly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God—to sinners dear—
 Let saints adore the name;
 They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain;
 Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise:
 'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
DEVOTION, C. M.

When mid-night dark-ness veils the skies, I call thy works to mind ;

My thoughts in warm de - vo - tion rise, And sweet ac - cept-ance find.

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass. It is in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 3/4 time. The first system contains the first two lines of the hymn, and the second system contains the next two lines. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding musical staves.

70 C. M. *God the Portion of the Soul, Ps. 73.*

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter, and my hope,
My help for ever near,
< Thine arm of-mercy held me up,
> When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven, without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while the earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
f Thou art my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Then to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

71 C. M. *Communion with God, Ps. 119.*

- aff 1 **T**O thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

- > 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace—
< Thy promise bears me up;
— And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

- p 3 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
< My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
— And sweet acceptance find.

72 C. M. *Delight in God and his Word, Ps. 119.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
< There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever new delight.
- 3 'Tis a land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
< Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
< Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
len. And our eternal rest.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ROCHESTER, C. M.

26

God, my sup - port - er, and my hope, My help for ev - er near,
Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, When sink - ing in des - pair.

73 C. M. *Delight in God and his worship, Ps. 63,*

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
< Long for a cooling stream at hand,
> And they must drink—or die.

— **3** I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine—
< My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

— **4** Not life itself—with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
< Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
— As thy forgiving love.

f **5** Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and king;
— Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
f And tune my lips to sing.

74 C. M. *Christ exalted and his Enemies warned, Ps. 2.*

1 ATTEND, O earth, when God declares
His uncontrolled decree:—
“Thou art my Son—this day, my heir,
Have I begotten thee.

2 “Ask—and receive thy full demands—
Thine shall the heathen be;
The utmost limits of the lands
f Shall be possessed by thee.”

p **3** Learn, then, ye princes—and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worship the Lord with holy fear,
< Rejoice with pious mirth.

75 C. M. *Delight in God, Ps. 63.*

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night,
I thought upon thy power;
I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amid the darkest hour.

2 While I lay resting on my bed,
< My soul arose on high;
—My God, my life, my hope, I said,
Bring thy salvation nigh

3 I strive to mount thy holy hill,
To walk the heavenly road;
Thy glories all my spirit fill,
While I commune with God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wing;
f My heart rejoices in thine aid,
And I thy praises sing.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
DUANE, C. M.

Through all the chang-ing scenes of life, In trou - ble and in joy,
The prais - es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em - ploy.

76 C. M. *Trusting in God in times of despon-*
dency, Ps. 42.

- p 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
< So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
—2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
< Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine!
! 3 Why restless—why cast down, my soul?
Trust God—and he'll employ
His aid for thee—and change these sighs
f To thankful hymns of joy.
—4 Why restless—why cast down, my soul?
Hope still—and thou shalt sing
f The praise of him, who is thy God,
And heaven's eternal King.

77 C. M. *Trusting in God in times of despon-*
dency, Ps. 43.

- p 1 **J**UDGE me, O God, and plead my cause
Against a sinful race;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure me by thy grace.
< 2 On thee my steadfast hope depends,
> And am I left to mourn?
p To sink in sorrow—and in vain
Implore thy kind return?

aff 3 Oh send thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear;
Conduct me to thy holy hill,
'To taste thy mercies there.

< 4 Then to thine altar, O my God,
My joyful feet shall rise,
f And my triumphant song shall praise
The God that rules the skies.

78 C. M. *Trusting in God in times of despon-*
dency, Ps. 42.

- p 1 **W**HEN shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
< So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.
p 2 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days:
< Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.
— 3 But why, my soul, sink down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
My spirit, why indulge despair,
And sin against my God?
< 4 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
f And sing restoring love.

EUSTIS, C. M.

As pants the heart for cool-ing streams, When heat-ed in the chase,

So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace.

79 C. M. *Divine Aid implored in Times of Ex-
tremity, Ps. 102.*

- 1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die :
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry ?
- p 2 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan—
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.
- 3 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God !
< Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.
- v 1 4 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.
- 5 He hears his saints—he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways,
< Redeems the prisoner, doomed to die,
And fills their lips with praise.

80 C. M. *Trusting and praising God, Ps. 34.*

- v 1 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes
In trouble, and in joy, [of life,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 Oh ! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress, on him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succour trust.
- 4 Oh ! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
' Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

81 C. M. *Trusting and praising God, Ps. 34.*

- v 1 1 **T**HEE will I bless, O Lord, my God,
To thee my voice I'll raise,
For ever spread thy fame abroad,
And daily sing thy praise.
- 2 Oh taste and see the Lord is good
Ye, who on him rely ;
He shall your souls with heavenly food
And strengthening aid supply.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
STADE, C. M.

Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my heav'n-ly King;

Let age to age thy righte-ous-ness In songs of glo-ry sing.

82 C. M. *Praise to God for his care of his people, Ps. 149.*

1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, who lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed:
And with the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all his friends,
Who humbly loved him here.

83 C. M. *All praise due to God, Ps. 145.*

dol 1 **S**WEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
< Let age to age thy righteousness
f In songs of glory sing.

12 God reigns on high—but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through all the earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

p 3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!—
< But soon he sends his pardoning word,
f To cheer the souls he loves.

dol 4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
< Let age to age thy righteousness
f In songs of glory sing.

84 C. M. *Praise for spiritual light and comfort, Ps. 144.*

f 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour, and my shield;
He sends his spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine,
My fainting hope shall raise,
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

Chorus.

STADE, C. M.

Continued.

Hal - le lu - jah, Hal - le lu - jah, Hal - le lu - jah, Praise the Lord.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise O praise the Lord.

85 C. M. *God resorted to in trouble and desolation, Ps. 27.*

- 1** THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
f God is my strength—nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
— **2** One privilege my heart desires—
aff Oh! grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temple of my God!
— **3** There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
dol Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.
— **4** When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
< **5** Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
ff And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

- 2** Much he revealed his Father's grace,
And much his truth he showed,
He preached the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.
3 His Father's honour touched his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries;
And to fulfil a Saviour's part
Was made a sacrifice.
4 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
f But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

87 C. M. *Breathing after Heaven, Ps. 90.*

- aff* **1** RETURN, O God of love—return
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?
2 Let heaven succeed our painful years;
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.
— **3** Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete;
f Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

86 C. M. *Incarnation and Atonement of Christ, Ps. 40.*

- 1** BEHOLD the blest Redeemer comes,
The eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares,

A-rise! O King of grace, a-rise, And en-ter to thy rest;

Lo! thy church waits with long-ing eyes Thus to be own'd and blest.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with four staves. The first system is for the hymn 'A-rise! O King of grace' and the second is for 'Lo! thy church waits'. Each system includes a vocal melody (treble clef), a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs), and a basso continuo line (bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/2.

89 C. M. *The Church the dwelling place of God,*
Ps. 132.

- 1 **ARISE!** O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.
- p 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
— Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
< Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.
- f 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

90 C. M. *Omniscience and Omnipresence of*
God, Ps. 139.

- aff 1 **IN** all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks—my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- < 4 Oh! wondrous knowledge—deep and
> Where can a creature hide? [high!
— Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
< And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

91 M. C. *Omniscience and Omnipresence of*
God, Ps. 139.

- 1 **LORD**, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire
In heaven thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine;
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

When I with pleas-ing won - der stand, And all my frame sur - vey;

Lord, 'tis thy work—I own thy hand That built my hum-ble clay.

3 If, winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west;
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

4 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night;
The flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon—the midnight hour,
Are both alike thee:
Oh may I ne'er provoke that power,
From which I cannot flee.

—4 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
Oh! may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee!

93 C. M. *All praise due to God, Ps. 145.*

1 **T**O thee, my righteous King and Lord,
My grateful soul I'll raise;
From day to day thy works record,
And ever sing thy praise.

p 2 Thy greatness human thought exceeds;
— Thy glory knows no end;
a f— The lasting record of thy deeds
Through ages shall descend.

— 3 Thy wondrous works thy power, and
My constant theme shall be; [might,
< That song shall be my soul's delight,
Which breathes in praise to thee.

— 4 From all thy works, O Lord, shall spring
The sound of joy and praise;
Thy saints shall of thy glory sing,
And show the world thy ways.

a f 5 Throughout all ages shall endure
Thine everlasting reign;
Thy high dominion, firm and sure,
For ever shall remain.

92 C. M. *God our Creator and Preserver, Ps. 139.*

1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey;
Lord, 'tis thy work—I own thy hand
That built my humble clay.

p 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
— The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 Lord when I count thy mercies o'er,
They fill me with surprise;
< Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
DEVIZES, C. M.



94 C. M. *Excellence of Christian unity and love,*
Ps. 133.

- 1 SPIRIT of peace! celestial Dove!
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.
- dol 2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills;—
- 3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
< Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

95 C. M. *Excellence of Christian unity and love,*
Ps. 133.

- 1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite,
Of harmony and love!
- 2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the
Descend to every soul; [spring
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

96 C. M. *Prayer for the enlargement of the*
Church, Ps. 67.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Thro' earth reveal thy power divine,
And show thy smiling face.
- 2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations all adore
Their Saviour and their God?
- f 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

97 C. M. *Relief from national calamities implor-*
ed, Ps. 60.

- 1 LORD, thou has scourged our guilty
Behold thy people mourn; [land,
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?
- 2 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted rod;
aff Oh heal the people thou hast broke,
Spare us thou gracious God.
- f 3 Then shall our loud and grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

Spir-it of peace! ce - les - tial Dove! How ex - cel - lant thy praise!

No rich-er gift than chris-tian love, Thy gra-cious pow'r dis-plays.

98 C. M. *Blessedness of worshipping God in his Temple, Ps. 84.*

aff 1 **O** LORD, my heart cries out for thee,
While far from thine abode;

When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour, and my God?

2 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employed in carnal joys.

— 3 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or dwell in tents of sin.

< 4 Could I command the spacious land,
Or the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

99 C. M. *Safety of trusting in God, Ps. 91.*

p ' 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
< Come, make the Lord your dwelling-
And trust his gracious care. [place,

— 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell:
Or, if the plague come nigh,
> And sweep the wicked down to hell,
< 'Twill raise the saints on high.

— 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet, in all their ways;
To watch your pillow, while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

p ' 4 Ye sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
< Come, make the Lord your dwelling-
And trust his gracious care. place,

100 C. M. *Safety of trusting in God, Ps. 94.*

1 **H**AD not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul among the dead.

p 2 "Alas, my sliding feet!" I cried—
— Thy promise was my hope;
Thy grace stood constant at my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

p 3 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
— Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

4 The powers of earth and sin may rise,
And frame oppressive laws;

f But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

Oh praise the Lord with one consent, And magnify his name; Let all the ser-vants

of the Lord His worthy praise pro-claim. His wor - thy praise pro-claim.

101 C. M. Exhortation to praise, Ps. 135.

v 1 **OH** praise the Lord with one con-
And magnify his name; [sent,
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Exalt his power in songs of praise,
And heartfelt homage bring;
Ye ransomed souls, his wondrous grace,
In hymns of triumph sing.

3 Great is the Lord—his sovereign power,
Above all god's is crowned;
To all his saints in every age,
His works of love abound.

f 4 Oh praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

102 C. M. Divine goodness celebrated, Ps. 136.

v 1 **GIVE** thanks to God, the sovereign
His mercies still endure: [Lord,
And be the King of kings adored;
His truth is ever sure.

2 Proclaim the wonders of his name,
How mighty is his hand!
Nature with all her moving frame,
Arose at his command!

3 He saw the nations sunk in wo,
And felt his pity move;
His arm defends from every foe,
How boundless is his love!

4 His bounteous hand provides our food,
And guards us all the day;
He fills our hearts with every good,
His mercies ne'er decay.

f 5 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure:
Let all the earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

103 C. M. Delight in God and his word, Ps. 119.

1 **THY** mercies fill the earth, O Lord;
How good thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 Since I'm a stranger here below
Thy path O do not hide;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

aff 3 When I confessed my wandering ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Thy mer - cies fill the earth, O Lord ; How good thy works ap - pear !

Open my eyes to read thy word, And see thy won - ders there.

— 4 If God to me his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
< His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

104 C. M. *Delight in God and his word, Ps. 119.*

1 MY hiding-place, my refuge-tower,
And shield art thou—O Lord !
f I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.
— 2 According to thy gracious word,
From dangers set me free ;
Nor make me of those hopes ashamed,
That I repose on thee.
3 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine ;
Thy statutes both to know and keep
My heart with zeal incline.
4 My hiding-place, my refuge-tower,
And shield art thou—O Lord !
f I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

105 C. M. *Delight in God and his word, Ps. 119.*

1 LORD, I am thine—thy truth I own,
Thy righteous precepts love :
In mercy to my soul, send down
Salvation from above.

2 The wicked stand on every side,
And my destruction seek ;
But in thy laws will I abide,
And of thy judgments speak.

3 I love the company of those
Who worship thee in fear,
Obey thy word—observe thy laws,
And hold thy precepts dear.

4 At morn—at noon—at night, I'll praise,
O Lord, thy sacred name ;
f With joy my thankful voice I'll raise,
Thy goodness to proclaim.

106 C. M. *Thankful acknowledgement of divine goodness, Ps. 116.*

aff 1 I LOVE the Lord—he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan ;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord—he bowed his ear,
And chased my fears away :
Oh let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove ;
< Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

My God, my e-ver - last - ing hope, I live up - on thy truth ;

Thy hands have led my child - hood up, And strength-en'd all my youth.

107 C. M. *Divine Interposition acknowledged,*
Ps. 28.

- 1** **B**LEST be the Lord, who heard my prayer,
The Lord—my shield—my song;
Who saved my soul from sin and fear,
And tuned with praise my tongue.
- p** 2 When in the hour of deep distress,
Of foes and death afraid,
— My spirit trusted in his grace,
And sought, and found his aid.
- f** 3 O blest Redeemer—glorious Lord!
My shield—thy strength shall be
The shield—the saving strength of all
Who love, and trust in thee.
- p** 4 Remember, Lord, thy chosen seed;
Oh save from guilt and wo;
— Thy flocks in richest pastures feed,
And guard from every foe.
- f** 5 Zion exalt—her cause defend;
With joy her courts surround;
Let showers of heavenly grace descend,
And saints thy praise resound.

108 C. M. *Providential goodness of God celebrated,* Ps. 107.

- f** 1 **H**OW are thy servants blest! O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- < 3 When, by the dreadful tempest, borne
f High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- p** 4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
< The sea, that roars at thy command,
> At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of danger, fear, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
f We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
p And humbly hope for more.

109 C. M. *Exhortation to trust in the Lord,*
Ps. 55.

- 1** **S**TILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain:
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.
- 2** Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny,
To those who trust his love:
The men, who on his grace rely,
Nor earth, nor hell, shall move.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
SAXONY, C. M.

38

Through end-less years, thou art the same, O thou e - ter - nal God!

A - ges to come shall know thy name, And tell thy works a - broad.

110 C. M. *Divine immutability and human frailty, Ps. 102.*

af 1 **THRO'** endless years, thou art the
O thou eternal God! [same,

Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

— 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

p 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

— 4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,

< Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

111 C. M. *Pardon through the sufferings of Christ, Ps. 69.*

1 **FATHER**, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has raised us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law, which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will.

3 Zion is thine, most holy God;

Thy Son shall bless her gates:
And glory, purchased by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

< 4 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;

f While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

112 C. M. *Sustaining grace implored, Ps. 71.*

1 **MY** God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

f 4 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

Be-hold thy wait-ing ser-vant, Lord, De-vo-ted to thy fear;

Re-mem-ber and con-firm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

113 C. M. Pleading the promises, Ps. 119.

- aff 1 **BEHOLD** thy waiting servant, Lord,
 Devoted to thy fear;
 Remember and confirm thy word,
 For all my hopes are there.
- 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
 And promised quickening grace?
 Doth not my heart address thy throne?
 > And yet thy love delays.
- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
 Oh! bear thy servant up;
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
 Who dare reproach my hope.
- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
 Then let thy truth appear:
 < Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
 And trust as well as fear.

114 C. M. Breathing after holiness, Ps. 119.

- aff 1 **OH** that the Lord would guide my
 To keep his statutes still! [ways
 Oh that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will!
- 2 Oh send thy Spirit down, to write
 Thy law upon my heart;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;

Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desire arise
 Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,

And make my heart sincere:
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

p 5 My soul hath gone too far astray—

My feet too often slip:
 — Yet since I keep in mind thy way,
 Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands—

< 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
 Offend against my God.

115 C. M. Pleading for Spiritual light and knowledge, Ps. 119.

- 1 **OH** that thy statutes every hour
 Might dwell upon my mind!
 < Thence I derive a quickening power,
 > And daily peace I find.
- p 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
 Shall be my sweet employ;
 < My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
 Thy word is all my joy.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
CANTERBURY, C. M.

40

With my whole heart I've sought thy face; Oh let me nev-er stray,

From thy com-mands, O God of grace; Nor tread the sin-ner's way.

—3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

< 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
f I'll speak thy word, though kings shall
Nor yield to sinful shame. [hear,

116 C. M. *Holy fear and reverence, Ps. 119.*

1 **WITH** my whole heart I've sought thy
Oh let me never stray [face;
aff From thy commands, O God of grace;
Nor run the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

— 3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise—my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

p 4 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

— 5 My God, I long—I hope—I wait
For thy salvation still;
< Thy holy law is my delight,
— And I obey thy will.

117 M. C. *Prayer for quickening grace, Ps. 119.*

aff 1 **MY** soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Least I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet, how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

< 5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
f When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
WARWICK, C. M.

The Lord of glo-ry is my light, And my sal - va - tion too ;

God is my strength—nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system corresponds to the lyrics 'The Lord of glory is my light, And my salvation too ;' and the second system to 'God is my strength—nor will I fear What all my foes can do.'

118 C. M. *God resorted to in trouble and desertion, Ps. 27.*

- 1** THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
f God is my strength—nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
— 2 One privilege my heart desires—
aff Oh ! grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God !
— 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still ;
dol Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.
— 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
< 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
ff And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

119 C. M. *Delight in public worship, Ps. 26.*

- 1** WE love thy holy temple, Lord,
For there thou deign'st to dwell ;
And there the heralds of thy word
Of all thy mercies tell.

- p 2 There, in thy pure and cleansing fount,
Washed from each guilty stain,
< Our souls on wings of faith shall mount
f To heaven's eternal fane.
aff 3 Around thine altar will we kneel
In penitence sincere,
A Saviour's mercy deeply feel,
And words of pardon hear ;—
< 4 Or, mingling with the choral throng,
f Our joyful voices raise,
ff And pour the full, melodious song,
In notes of grateful praise.

120 M. C. *God the guardian of the pious, Ps. 37*

- 1** NOW let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good :
< So shall I dwell among the just,
— And he'll provide me food.
— 2 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will ;
< Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.
— 3 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
< Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

O all ye na - tions praise the Lord, Each with a differ - ent tongue ;

In eve - ry lan - guage learn his word, And let his name be sung.

— 4 The meek, at last, the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven ;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

121 C. M. Praise for Redemption, Ps. 66.

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty power,
Who heard the urgent cry I made
In my distressful hour.

f 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known ;
Come, ye who fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

— **3** When mighty sorrows on me fell,
I sought his heavenly aid ;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay covered in my heart,
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

f 5 But God—his name be ever blest—
Has set my spirit free ;
He ne'er rejected my request,
Nor turned his heart from me.

122 C. M. The works of God recounted to posterity, Ps. 73.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

123 C. M. Exhortation to universal praise, Ps. 117.

f 1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue ;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land—
Proclaim his grace abroad :
For ever firm his truth shall stand—
ff Praise ye the faithful God

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
PETERBOROUGH, C. M

Sing to the Lord ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of eve - ry tongue;
His new dis-co-ver'd grace de-mands A new and no - ble song.

124 C. M. *Exhortation to praise Jehovah, Ps. 95.*

- f** 1 **SING** to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks, approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
- p** 3 Come—and with humble souls, adore;
Come—kneel before his face:
< Oh may the creatures of his power
> Be children of his grace !
- 4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
> And waits for your request;
< Come—lest he rouse his wrath—and swear,
len “Ye shall not see my rest.”

125 C. M. *Rejoicing in view of God's universal reign, Ps. 96.*

- f** 1 **SING** to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and noble song.
- 2 Say to the nations—Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

- 3 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;—
Ye mountains, sink—ye valleys, rise—
Prepare the Lord his way.

- 4 Behold he comes—he comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

- p** 5 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
p p To see their Judge appear !

126 C. M. *Victory and exaltation of Christ, Ps. 45.*

- f** 1 **GIRD** on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
p Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
<> And make the world obey.

- f** 2 Thy throne, O God, shall ever stand
Thy word of grace shall prove
p A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
<> To rule thy saints by love.

- f** 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
p Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
<> And make the world obey.

WALNEY, C. M.

O all ye lands, in God re-joice, To him your thanks be-long;

In strains of glad-ness, raise your voice. In loud and joy-ful song.

127 C. M. *The works and grace of God celebrated, Ps. 111.*

GREAT is the Lord—his works of
Demand our noblest songs; [might

Oh let th' assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord!

He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure;

p Holy and reverend is his name,
— His ways are just and pure.

f **4** Great is the Lord—his works of might

Demand our noblest songs;
Oh let th' assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

128 M. C. *Delight in God and his people, Ps. 16.*

1 **L**ET heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God known.

2 His hand provides my constant food;
He fills my daily cup:
Much am I pleased with present good,
But more rejoice in hope,

< **3** God is my portion and my joy;

— His counsels are my light;

< He gives me sweet advice by day,

— And guards me safe by night.

p **4** My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;—

— Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence leads

< Where pleasure dwells without alloy,
And joy that never fades;

129 C. M. *Exhortation to universal praise Ps. 100.*

f **1** **O** ALL ye lands' in God rejoice,
To him your thanks belong;

In strains of gladness, raise your voice,
In loud and joyful song.

2 Oh, enter ye his courts with praise,
His love to all proclaim;
To God the song of triumph raise,
And magnify his name.

3 For he is gracious, just, and good;
His mercy ever sure,
His truth through ages past has stood,
And ever shall endure,

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
CLARENDON, C. M.

Thou art my por - tion, O my God; Soon as I know thy way,

My heart makes haste t' obey thy word, And suf - fers no de - lay.

130 C. M. *Delight in God and his Word,*
Ps. 119.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
< Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
— To keep the conscience clean.
2 'Tis like the sun—a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
> And, through the dangers of the night,
< A lamp to lead our way.
— 3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinners' road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.
4 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!—
< That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

131 C. M. *Delight in God and his word,*
Ps. 119.

- 1 **O**H how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
p And thence my meditations draw
— Divine advice by night.
2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word:
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

- 3 Thy holy words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
> And through my weary pilgrimage,
< Yield me a heavenly song.
> 4 When nature sinks—and spirits droop—
< Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
f On them I write thy praise.

132 C. M. *Delight in God and his word,*
Ps. 119.

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God,
Soon as I know thy way,
< My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.
— 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
< Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.
— 3 Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace
I set before mine eyes;
< Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
p 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
— Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
GREENFIELD, C. M.

46

The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bowed the heavens most high,

And un - der - neath his feet he cast, The dark-ness of the sky.

5 Now I am thine—forever thine—
p Oh save thy servant, Lord!
f Thou art my shield—my hiding place—
My hope is in thy word.

133 C. M. *Sustaining grace implored, Ps. 71.*

1 **G**OD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

aff 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim,
That men may thee adore;
And leave a savour of thy name,
When I am seen no more.

p 4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
< Oh may these poor remains of breath
Teach all the world thy love!

134 C. M. *God our refuge and protection in trouble, Ps. 62.*

1 **H**AIL, gracious Source of every good,
Our Saviour and defence,
< Thou art our glory, and our shield,
Our help and confidence.

p 2 When anxious fears disturb the breast,
When threatening foes are nigh,
To thee we pour our deep complaint,
To thee for succor fly.

> — 3 Jesus, our Lord—our only hope,
Before thy throne we bow:
f Thou art our strength—and thou our Rock
Whence living waters flow.

4 Thou art O Lord our sure defence,
Our everlasting stay!
ff Not all our foes shall pluck us thence,
Nor fright our souls away.

135 C. M. *Jehovah coming to reign, Ps. 18.*

1 **T**HE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
p And on the wings of mighty winds,
— Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
<> Their fury to restrain;
— And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
f For ever more shall reign.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
DUNGENESS, C. M.

My God, the steps of pi - ous men, Are or - der'd by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise a - gain, Thy hand sup - ports them still.

136 C. M. *God the guardian of the pious, Ps. 37.*

- 1 **MY** God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will;
Though they should fall—they rise again;
Thy hand supports them still.
< 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
f Nor leave the men he loves.
— 3 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
< Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
> When justice casts them down.
p 4 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend—
— True pleasure runs through all his ways,
ap And peaceful is his end.

137 C. M. *Goodness of God in the seasons, Ps. 65.*

- 1 **THE** Lord is good, the heavenly king,
He makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.
2 The times and seasons—days and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
p When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
— The author is divine.

- 3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
< The valleys rich provision yield,
The hills with gladness ring.

- 4 The various months thy mercies crown,
How bounteous are thy ways;
The bleating flocks thy goodness own,
The shepherds shout thy praise.

138 C. M. *Blessedness of worshipping God in his temple. Ps. 84.*

- dol 1 **MY** soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
< 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
— Though in his earthly courts.
2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
< And light breaks in upon our eyes,
— With kind and quickening rays.
3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will:
— And still we seek thy mercies there,
f And sing thy praises still.

DUNGENESS, C. M. Continued.

The Lord de-lights to see their ways, Their vir - tue he ap-proves;
He'll ne'er de-priv'e them of his grace, Nor leave the man he loves.

139 C. M. *Thankful acknowledgment of divine Aid, Ps. 118.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
Of what the sons of earth can do,
Since he affords me aid.
- p 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to trust in thee,
And have my God my friend,
— Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.
- f 3 'Tis through the Lord, my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!
- > 4 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs—
— The Lord protects their days:
- f Let Zion tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

140 C. M. *Jehovah the shepherd of his people, Ps. 23.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 He does my wandering soul reclaim.
And, to his endless praise,
Instructs with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

3 I pass the gloomy vale of death,

- From fear and danger free;
< For there his aiding rod and staff
<> Defend and comfort me.
- 4 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
< That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

141 C. M. *Praise for national Blessings, Ps. 21.*

- 1 **I**N thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favoured realms rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.
- p 2 In deep distress, our injured land
Implored thy power to save;
< For life we prayed—thy bounteous hand
f The timely blessing gave.
- 3 On thee, in want, in wo, or pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.
- 4 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
f While we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
YORK, C. M.

My God, how many are my fears! How fast my foes in-crease!

Their num-ber, how it mul - ti - plies! How fa - tal to my peace!

142 C. M. *God our defence, Ps. 3.*

p 1 **MY** God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Their number—how it multiplies!
How fatal to my peace!

f 2 But thou, my glory and my strength,
On all my foes shalt tread;
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

p 3 I cried, and from his holy hill,
He bowed a listening ear:
< I called my Father, and my God,
> And he subdued my fear.

f 4 What though the hosts of death and hell
All armed against me stood?
No terrors now shall shake my soul:
My refuge is my God.

143 C. M. *God our defence, Ps. 3.*

1 **THOU**, gracious Lord, art my defence;
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and thy grace
Shall raise my head on high.

2 Guarded by thee I laid me down,

p My sweet repose to take;
— For I through thee securely sleep,
Through thee in safety wake.

f 3 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend;
His blessing he extends to all,
That on his power depend.

144 C. M. *Communion with God, Ps. 5.*

aff 1 **LORD**, hear me, when without dis-
aff My words to thee ascend; [guise
And when my meditations rise,
Oh graciously attend.

2 Before thy throne I humbly fall,
And all my troubles bring;
On thee alone for help I call,
My righteous God and King

— 3 In righteousness thy strength display,
And my protection be;
Teach me to know that only way,
Which leads to heaven and thee.

145 M. C. *Prayer for divine guidance, Ps. 21*

1 **WHEN** troubles fill my soul with grief,
Hide not, O Lord, thy face;
For I can hope for no relief,
Unaided by thy grace.

2 Show me, O Lord, thy sacred way
Thy truths to me relate;
Thou art the God, whom I obey,
On thee I daily wait.

Whom have we, Lord, in heav'n but thee, And whom on earth be-side?

Where else for suc-cour can we flee, Or in whose strength con-fide?

3 So to the world will I declare,
The greatness of thy name ;
Assembled saints my voice shall hear,
f As I thy praise proclaim.

146 M. C. *God our portion, Ps. 73.*

1 **WHOM** have we, Lord, in heaven but
And whom on earth beside ? [thee,
Where else for succour can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide.

2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised bliss above ;
Ne'er may our souls and object know,
So precious as thy love.

3 Lord, be thou then our guide through life,
And help and strength supply ;
<> Sustain us in death's fearful strife,—
< And welcome us on high.

147 C. M. *Resignation and contentment, Ps. 131.*

1 **IS** there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see :
p Or do I act a haughty part ?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

— 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild ;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
p And peaceful as a child.

— 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward :
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

148 C. M. *Resignation and contentment, Ps. 131.*

1 **MY** times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God are in thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit
> I'll bless the good—and to the ill
> Contentedly submit.

< 3 Let not despair nor fell revenge
> Be to my bosom known ;
aff Oh give me tears for others' wo,
> And patience for my own.

— 5 Feed me, O Lord, with needful food :
I ask not wealth, or fame ;
But give me eyes to view thy works,
f A heart to praise thy name.

— 5 Oh may my days serenely pass,
Without remorse or care ;
aff And let me for my parting hour
From day to day prepare.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ARLINGTON, C. M.

A - rise ye peo-ple and a - dore, Ex-ult - ing strike the chord ;

Let all the earth—from shore to shore, Con-fess th' al - mighty Lord.

149 C. M. *Incarnation and ascension of Christ,*
Ps. 40.

- 1** **O** LORD, how infinite thy love!
How wondrous are thy ways!
Let all below—and all above,
Combine to sing thy praise.
- 2** Man in immortal beauty shone,
Thy noblest work below;—
Too soon by sin made heir alone,
To death—and endless wo!
- 3** Then, Lo! "I come" the Saviour said,—
O be his name adored!—
Who with his blood our ransom paid,
And life, and bliss restored.
- f** **4** All glory be to God above,
— Who formed the wondrous plan ;
f **1** All glory to the Saviour's love,
— Who died for fallen man.

150 C. M. *The glorious reign of God our Sa-*
vour, Ps. 98.

- f** **1** **T**O God address the joyful psalm,
Who wondrous things hath done ;
Whose own right hand, and holy arm,
The victory have won.
- 2** He, to the Gentile nations round,
Hath made his mercy known ;
And to the world's remotest bound
His justice shall be shown.

- p** **2** The promised Saviour meekly came,
And man's full ransom paid ;
Again he comes, his own to claim,
In awful pomp arrayed.
- f** **4** He comes with power—he bows the skies,
To punish and reward ;
- f** **1** Oh! let one general chorus rise
To praise the sovereign Lord.

151 S. M. *Praise to the exalted Redeemer, Ps. 47.*

- 1** **A**RISE, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord ;
Let all the earth—from shore to shore,
Confess th' almighty Lord.
- 2** Glad shouts aloud—wide echoing round,
Th' ascending God proclaim ;
Th' angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.
- 3** They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour ;
And God exalts his conquering Son
To his right hand of power.
- 4** O shout, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord ;
Let all the earth—from shore to shore,
Confess th' almighty Lord.

MADISON, C. M.

Glad shouts a-loud—wide echo-ing round, Th' ascend - ing God pro-claim;

Th' an - ge - lic choir re - spond the sound, And shake cre-a - tion's frame.

152 C. M. *Victory and exaltation of Christ,*
Ps. 45.

- 1** JESUS, the mighty conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
- 3** Ye dying sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart—lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.
- 3** Extol his high and kingly power,
Adore th' exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.
- 4** He is our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

153 C. M. [*God's guardian care of his people,*
Ps. 121.

- 1** TO Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
Whom heaven and earth has made.
- 2** Now may my soul in safety rest,
My keeper is the Lord;
The watchful eyes that never sleep,
Are my eternal guard.

- 3** Through all the varying scenes of life,
His care shall guide me still,—
Shall bring me safe to his abode,
To Zion's sacred hill.

154 C. M. *Praise for divine protection,* Ps. 135.

- v1** With my whole heart, my God and King;
Thy praise I will proclaim,
With thankful lips, O Lord, I'll sing,
And bless thy holy name.
- 2** For thou didst bow thy gracious ear,
To hear my humble cry;
And when my soul was pressed with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.
- 3** The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state;
And mindful of his favours past,
Will his own work complete.

155 C. M. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence,* Ps. 147.

- 1** O PRAISE the Lord, and thou my soul,
For ever bless his name;
His love,—while life or being last
My constant praise shall claim.
- 2** God who in Zion loves to dwell,
Is our eternal King;
From age to age, his reign endures;
Let all his praises sing.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
LEBANON, C. M.

Lord what is man—poor fee - ble man, Born of the earth at first ?

His life a shadow—light and vain, Still hastening to the dust.

156 C. M. *God's condescending goodness to man, Ps. 144.*

- aff 1 **L**ORD, what is man—poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first ?
His life a shadow—light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust.
- 2 Oh ! what is feeble, dying man,
Or all his sinful race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace !—
- 3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
While terrors wait his awful frown—
f How wondrous is his love !

157 C. M. *Mercy and pardon implored, Ps. 130.*

- aff 1 **O**UT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear,
- 2 Great God ! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Be strict to mark iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
- f 3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree ;
Thy Son has bought us with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

- p 4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord ;—
With strong desires I wait ;
— My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

- 5 In God the Lord let Israel trust,
O sinners, seek his face ;
The Lord is good, as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

158 C. M. *Divine immutability and human frailty, Ps. 102.*

- aff 1 **W**HEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do thou, great God ! attend ;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Oh let my cry ascend.
- 2 Hide not, O Lord, thy gracious face,
In times of deep distress ;
Incline thine ear, and when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.
- p 3 My days, are hastening to their end,
Swift as an evening shade ;
My beauty does, like withered grass,
With waning lustre fade.
- < 4 But thy eternal state, O Lord !
No length of time shall waste ;
- f The memory of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

Blest is the man, whom thou, O Lord, In kind-ness dost chas-tise,
And by thy sa-cred rules to walk, In mer-cy dost ad-vise.

159 C. M. *Trusting in God, Ps. 94.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk,
In mercy dost advise.
- 2 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take :
His own possession, and his lot
He will not quite forsake.
- 3 The world shall then confess thee just,
In all that thou has done :
And those, who choose thy upright path,
Shall in that path go on.
- 4 My sure defence is firmly placed
In thee, O Lord most high :
f Thou art my rock—to thee, I may
For refuge always fly.

160 C. M. *Divine immutability and human frailty, Ps. 90.*

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home ;—
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
< Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From ever lasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- p 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
“Return, ye sons of men ;”
— All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 5 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard, while troubles last,
len And our eternal home.

161 C. M. *Unbelief arising from depravity, Ps. 14.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, from his celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.
- p 2 By nature, all are gone astray ;
Their practice all the same ;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.
- aff 3 Oh that salvation might proceed
From Zion's sacred place,
< Till Israel's captives all are freed,
And sing recovering grace.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
HASELTON, C. M.

Con-sid - er all my sor-rows, Lord, And thy de - liverance send;

My soul for thy sal - va - tion faints; When will my trou-bles end?

162 C. M. *Pardon and justification implored,*
Ps. 51.

- aff 1 **L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!
- 2 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O, make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.
- 3 Let not thy spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.
- < 4 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

163 C. M. *Pardon and justification implored,*
Ps. 51.

- aff 1 **O** GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan—a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

- 4 Give me the presence of thy grace;
< Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
f And make thy praise my song.

164 C. M. *Pardon and justification implored,*
Ps. 53.

- aff 1 **O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.
- 2 By morning light I'll seek thy face,
At noon repeat my cry
The night shall hear me ask thy grace,
Nor wilt thou long deny.
- 3 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.
- 4 I cast my burdens on the Lord;
< The Lord sustains them all:
My courage rests upon his word,
And I shall never fall.

A-mid thy wrath re-mem-ber love, Re-store thy ser-vant, Lord:

Nor let a Father's chaste-ning prove, Like an a-ven-ger's sword.

165 C. M. *Trusting in God in the midst of enemies, Ps. 56.*

- aff 1 **O** THOU, whose justice reigns on high
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.
2 In God, most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
< Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.
— 3 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
< I'll sing, how faithful is thy word!
How righteous all thy ways!
— 4 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death;
O set thy servant free,
< That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

166 C. M. *Severe chastisement deprecated, Ps. 38.*

- aff 1 **A**MID thy wrath, remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord:
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.
p 2 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
The burden, Lord, I cannot bear,
Nor e'er their guilt atone.

8

- p 3 But I'll confess my guilty ways,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak the seeds of grace
And beg support divine.
< 4 Thou art my God—my only hope;
— My God will hear my cry;
Thou Lord wilt bear my spirit up
Nor let thy servant die.

167 M. C. *Support under affliction, Ps. 119.*

- aff 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation fain'ts,
When will my troubles end?
2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.
3 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.
4 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
— Nor wander from thy way.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
BURFORD, C. M.

The Lord, the judge, be- fore his throne Bids all the earth draw nigh;

The na- tions near the ris- ing sun, And near the west- ern sky.

163 C. M. *Severe chastisement deprecated, Ps. 6.*

- aff 1** IN mercy, nor in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, my God;
My spirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.
- 2** Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak;
Regard my humble cry:
Oh let thy voice of comfort speak,
And bring salvation nigh.
- 3** Oh come, and show thy power to save,
And spare my fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?
- 4** Satan, my cruel, envious foe,
Insults me in my pain;
He smiles to see me brought so low,
And tells me hope is vain:—
- < 5** But hence, thou enemy, depart,
— Nor tempt me to despair;
< My Saviour comes to cheer my heart;
f The Lord has heard my prayer.

169 C. M. *Severe chastisement deprecated, Ps. 6.*

- 1** IN anger, Lord, do not chastise,
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thine awful wrath arise
Against a feeble worm

p 2 My soul's bowed down with sorrows sore
My eyes consume with grief:
How long, my God, how long before
Thou wilt afford relief

— 3 He hears his mourning children speak,
> He pities all our groans,
— He saves us for his mercy's sake
And heals our broken bones.

4 The virtue of his sovereign word
< Restores our fainting breath;
a p For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

170 C. M. *Christ coming to judgment, Ps. 50.*

- 1** THE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids all the earth draw nigh;
< The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
- 2** No more shall bold blasphemers say,
“Judgment will ne’er begin;”
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.
- 3** Throned on a cloud, our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
p Thunder, and darkness—fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day

CROWLE, C. M.

Teach me the mea- sure of my days, Thou mak - er of my frame ;

I would sur-vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

— 4 Heaven, from above, his call shall hear ;
Attending angels come ;
pp And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

171 C. M *Brevity of human life, Ps. 39.*

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast
An inch or two of time :
p Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
> And disappoint our trust.

aff 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;—
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

172 C. M. *Divine immutability and human frailty, Ps. 90.*

- 1 **O** LORD, the saviour and defence
Of all thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.
- 2 Before the lofty mountains rose,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
When thou dost speak the word, Return—
'Tis instantly obeyed.
- 4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past ;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.
- aff 5 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That unto wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
BANGOR, C. M.

Lord, if thine eyes sur - vey our faults, And jus - tice grows se-vere,

Thy dread - ful wrath ex - ceeds our thoughts, And burns be-yond our fear.

173 C. M. *Divine immutability and human frailty, Ps. 90.*

- 1 **L**ORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust ;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons, have lost
Their immortality.
- 3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song ;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.
- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten ;
And all beyond that short account,
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- aff 5 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone ;
Oh let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

174 C. M. *Divine aid invoked in times of great wickedness, Ps. 12.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is rarely to be found,
And love is waxing cold,—

< 2 Is not thy chariot hastening on ?
Hast thou not given the sign ?
— May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine ?

f 3 Yes—saith the Lord—now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee ;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free.

175 C. M. *Despondency forbidden, Ps. 77.*

- 1 **T**O God I cried, with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when trouble rose,
And filled my heart with fear.
- 2 Will he for ever cast me off ?
His promise ever fail ?
Has he forgot his tender love ?
Shall anger still prevail ?
- 3 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame,
Remembering what thy hand has wrought—
Thy hand is still the same.
- 4 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er—
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When I could hope no more ;

ST. MARY'S, C. M. *no quaver*

In thee, O Lord, I place my trust, Pre-serve my soul from shame ;

Thou art the re-fuge of the just, And righte-ous is thy name.

5 Grace dwells with justice on the throne ;
And men who love thy word
Have in thy holy temple known
The councils of the Lord.

176 C. M. *Suffering and exaltation of Christ, Ps. 22.*

1 **NOW**, in the hour of deep distress,
My God, support thy Son,
Nor leave me friendless to engage.
The powers of hell alone.

2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears ;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chased away his fears.

3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted stands ;
And all the nations of the earth
Shall bow to his commands.

177 C. M. *Trusting in God, Ps. 56.*

aff 1 **I**N thee, O Lord, I place my trust,
Preserve my soul from shame ;
Thou art the refuge of the just,
And righteous is thy name.

< 2 Of grace, how boundless is the store
— Thy children shall receive,
They love thy word—thy name adore,
And in thy service live.

3 To thee my solemn vows I'll pay,
And show thy righteous ways ;
< With grateful heart thy will obey,
And lift my voice in praise.

— 4 Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
Do thou my fears alay ;
Then in thy praise I'll spend my breath,
I'll walk thy perfect way.

178 C. M. *The righteous and the wicked, Ps. 52.*

1 **WHY** should the wicked make their
And heavenly grace despise ? [boast
In their own arm they put their trust,
And fill their mouth with lies.

2 Our God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face ;
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.

3 But like a cultured olive grove,
Clothed in immortal green,
Thy children, blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.

f 4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy saints shall rest secure,
And all who trust thy holy word,
Shall find salvation sure.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
VICTORY, L. M.

With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my mak-er in my song;
An-gels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap-prove the song, and join the praise.

179 L. M. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence, Ps. 146.*

- 1 **PRAISE** ye the Lord—my heart shall
In work so pleasant, so divine; [join
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.
- 2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed—he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 4 He loves the saints—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;—
f Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

180 L. M. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence, Ps. 147.*

- v 1 **LET** Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite;
His sovereign wisdom knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned.

- 3 His saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And finds and loves his image there.

181 L. M. *Praise for divine protection, Ps. 138.*

- 1 **WITH** all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- p 2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- f 4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

182 L. M. *God's guardian care of his people, Ps. 121.*

- f 1 **UP** to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty refuge lives.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, Th' e-ter - nal hills be-yond the skies;

Thence all her help my soul de-rives, There my al - migh - ty re - fuge lives.

2 He lives—the everlasting God,
That built the world—that spread the flood;
The heavens, with all their host he made,
a p And the dark regions of the dead.

1 3 He guides our feet—he guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day:
He spreads the evening vail—and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

< 4 Israel—a name divinely blest,
May rise secure—securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
f Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 Long as I live I'll trust his power;
a p Then in my last departing hour
< Angels, that trace the airy road,
—Shall bear me homeward to my God.

183 L. M. *Exhortation to praise Jehovah for his
condescension and mercy, Ps. 113.*

1 YE servants of th' almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun's bright glories shine,
Ye nations praise his name divine.

2 Above the earth—beyond the sky,
His throne of glory stands on high;
Nor time—nor place—his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Behold his love!—he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

< 4 Ye servants of the living God,
Spread wide your maker's name abroad:
> Exalt his love—his power adore,
f From age to age from shore to shore.

184 L. M. *Praise to Jehovah, Ps. 108.*

1 1 A GAIN my tongue, thy silence break,
My heart, and all my powers, awake;
My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Awake and sing Jehovah's name.

2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God,
Thy sacred truth I'll spread abroad;
My soul shall rest on thee alone,
And make thy lovingkindness known.

a 3 High on his everlasting throne,
He reigns almighty and alone;—
Beyond the clouds his truth ascends;
Through all the earth his grace extends.

f 4 Let all the saints with one accord,
Combine to spread thy praise abroad;
Till every laud with thankful voice,
Shall in thy glorious name rejoice.

BATH, L. M.

Pre-serve me, Lord, in time of need, For suc - cour to thy throne I flee,

But have no me-rits there to plead: My good-ness can-not reach to thee.

185 L. M. *God our refuge, Ps. 3.*

- 1 **O** Lord, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood;
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.
- p 2 Tired with the burdens of the day.
To thee I raised an evening cry;
— Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
> I laid me down and slept secure:
f Not death should make my heart afraid,
> Though I should wake and rise no more.
- f 4 But God sustained me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
ff He raised my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

186 L. M. *Humility of a good man, Ps. 16.*

- 1 **PRESERVE** me, Lord in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- p 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confessed,
How empty and how poor I am;
— My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name

- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good I do;
These are the company I keep.
These are the choicest friends I know.

- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
And give their hours to noise wine;
< I love the men of heav'nly birth,
— Whose thoughts and language are divine.

187 L. M. *Delight in God and his people, Ps. 16-*

- 1 **HOW** fast their guilt and sorrows rise.
Who haste to seek some idol-god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.
- 2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
p He for my life hath offered up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.
- f 3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right;
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.
- 4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepared
f To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PORTUGAL, L. M.

Al-migh-ty rul - er of the skies, Through all the earth thy name is spread,
And thine e - ter - nal glo-ries rise A-bove the heavens thy hands have made.

188 L. M. *Immutable perfections and glory of God, Ps. 36.*

- 1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading skies extends.
- 2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains;
How deep, great God, thy judgments
Thy providence the world sustains; [are]:
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 With thee the springs of life remain,
< Thy presence is eternal day;—
aff Oh let thy saints thy favour gain!
To upright hearts—thy truth display.

- 4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
< And glory in his pardoning grace.

- 5 What though the unthinking many say,
p “Who will bestow some earthly good?”
— Oh, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

- f 6 Then shall our cheerful powers rejoice
At grace divine and love so great;
Nor will we change our happy choice,
For all their wealth and boasted state.

189 L. M. *God our hope and portion, Ps. 4.*

- 1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear thou my cry when I complain:
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 See how the powers of darkness try
To turn my glory into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?
- 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
p He hears and pities their complaints,
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

190 L. M. *Divine glory celebrated, Ps. 8.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through all the earth thy name is
And thine eternal glories rise [spread,
Above the heavens thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honour raise;
And babes, with un instructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- f 3 Amid thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face,
< The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ALFRETON, L. M.

O Lord, our Lord, in pow'r di-vine, How great is thy il-lus-trious name !

Through all the earth thy glo - ries shine, Plac'd high above the heaven-ly frame.

The musical score consists of two systems of four staves each. The first system is for the vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

191 L. M. *The condescending grace of God, Ps. 8.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our Lord, in power divine,
How great is thy illustrious name !
< Through all the earth thy glories shine,
Placed high above the heavenly frame.
- p 2 Down from his throne thy Son descends,
A little time our form to wear :
Beneath th' angelic host he bends,
Our sufferings and our guilt to bear.
- < ' 3 But, lo ! thy power exalts him high,
In glorious dignity enthroned ;
He bears our nature to the sky,
O'er all thy works the Ruler crowned.
- f — 4 O Lord, our Lord, in power divine,
How great is thy illustrious name !
< Through all the earth thy glories shine—
Let all the earth resound thy fame.

192 L. M. *God present to save his people, Ps. 11.*

- 1 **MY** refuge is the God of love :
Why do my foes insult and cry,
"Fly, like a timorous, trembling dove,
To distant woods, or mountains fly?"
- 2 The Lord in heaven has fixed his throne,
His eyes survey the world below :
To him all mortal things are known,
> His eyelids search our spirits through.

- 3 If he afflict his saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their grace,
What must the bold transgressors fear !—
His very soul abhors their ways
- 4 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere ;
< And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

193 L. M. *The citizen of Zion, Ps. 15.*

- 1 **WHO** shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy
' The man who loves religion now, [face ?—
And humbly walks with God below :—
- 2 Whose hands are pure—whose heart is clean ;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 He loves his enemies—and prays
For those who curse him to his face ;
And does to all men still the same
That he could hope or wish from them.
- 4 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
p His soul depends on grace alone :
— This is the man thy face shall see,
f And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

My re - fuge is the God of love, Why do my foes in - sult and cry,

Fly like a tim'rous trem-bling dove, To dis-tant woods or moun-tains fly.

194 M. L. *Prayer and hope in time of trouble,*
Ps. 20.

- aff 1** NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
> Jehovah hears, when Israel prays,—
< And sends deliverance from on high.
— 2 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His Grace exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
> Of humble groans and broken hearts.
— 3 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,—
< And let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
ff And joy and triumph raise the song.

aff 4 Let not my soul be joined, at last,
With men of treachery and blood;
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints—and near my God.

196 L. M. *The citizens of Zion, Ps. 24.*

- 1** LORD, who shall reach thy holy place,
Or who, O Lord, ascend thy hill?
The pure in heart shall see thy face,
The perfect man, that doth thy will.
2 He, who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee,
Nor sworn in falsehood;—he shall stand
< Redeemed, and owned, and kept by thee.

197 L. M. *Blessedness of the penitent and pardoned, Ps. 32.*

- 1** **1** BLEST is the man—for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.
2 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy—his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
< **3** How glorious is that righteousness,
That hides and cancels all his sins!
The brightest evidence of grace
Through all his life appears and shines.

195 L. M. *Conscious integrity, Ps. 26.*

- 1** JUDGE me, O Lord—and prove my ways;
And try my reins—and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.
2 Among thy saints will I appear
Arrayed in robes of innocence;
But, when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.
< **3** I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple, where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
f And there thy works of wonder tell.

LUTON, L. M.

Great God, whose u-ni-ver-sal sway. The known and un-known worlds o-bey,
Now give the king-dom to my Son, Ex-tend his pow'r—ex-alt his throne.

198 L. M. *Universal reign of Christ, Ps. 72.*

- 1** GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
< Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power—exalt his throne.
— **2** Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
dol **3** As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
> **4** The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
> Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
— **5** The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
p < Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

199 L. M. *Rejoicing in Christ as sovereign and Judge, Ps. 97.*

- 1** TH' ALMIGHTY reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky,
p ! Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
— His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

- 2** Oh ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
< Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
f ! **4** Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

200 L. M. *Trusting God for protection, Ps. 62.*

- 1** MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne
> < In all my fears,—in all my straits,
f My soul on his salvation waits.
— **2** For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.
3 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
> < When helpers fail,—and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

BREWER, L. M.

Je-sus, the Lord, as - cends on high! He reigns in glo - ry o'er the sky!

Let all the earth its of - fer - ings bring, Ex - alt his name—pro - claim him king!

201 L. M. *Worship of God in his temple, Ps. 65.*

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house;
< 1 1 There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

p 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray;
f All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.

3 Soon shall the willing nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
ff The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

202 L. M. *Praise to the Redeemer, Ps. 47.*

1 JESUS, the Lord, ascends on high!
He reigns enthroned above the sky
f Let all the earth its offerings bring,
Exalt his name—proclaim him king!
— 2 Wide—thro' the world—he spreads his
He bids the heathen lands obey, [sway;
His church with willing offerings greet,
And bow submissive at his feet.

3 His reign the heathen lands shall own:
His holiness secures his throne;
And earthly princes gather round,
Where Christ—the mighty God, is found. f

4 Princes by him their power extend,
Earth's mightiest kings to Jesus bend:
<> He bids them rule—he bids them die,
— Himself o'er all exalted high!

203 L. M. *Blessedness of fearing and obeying God, Ps. 112.*

1 1 **1** THAT man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renowned,
And with successive honours crowned.

2 His spirit filled with heavenly light,
<> Shines brightest in affliction's night;
— His conscience bears his courage up,
< He sees in darkness beams of hope.

— 3 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground
The sweet remembrance of the just
<> Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

204 L. M. *Blessedness of the penitent and pardoned, Ps. 32.*

aff 1 **I** SPREAD my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

dol 2 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
— When days grow dark, and storms appear!
And when I walk—thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
NEW SABBATH, L. M.

For thee O Lord our constant praise In Zi - on waits—thy chosen seat;

Our promised altars there we'll raise, And there our zealous vows complete.

205 L. M. *Worship of God in his temple, Ps. 65.*

- v **1** FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits—thy chosen seat :
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And there our zealous vows complete.
- p **2** O thou, who to our humble prayer
Dost always bend thy listening ear,
— To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3** How blest the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy heavenly dwelling lives;
While we, at humbler distance, taste
f The sweet delight thy temple gives.

206 L. M. *Rejoicing in Christ as sovereign and judge, Ps. 97.*

- 1** THE Lord is come—the heavens proclaim
His birth—the nations learn his name :
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2** All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies :
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.
- 3** Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound,
ff Zion shall still his glories sing,
And earth confess her sovereign king.

207 L. M. *The blessing of God necessary to success, Ps. 127.*

- 1** IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost,
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2** What though we rise before the sun,
And work, and toil, till day is done,
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread ;—
- 3** 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest ;
He can make rich, yet give us rest ;
On God, our sovereign, still depends
Our joy in children and in friends.
- 4** Happy the man, to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends ;
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
Bestowed by his paternal love !

208 L. M. *The Church the dwelling-place of God, Ps. 132.*

- 1** WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God ?
A dwelling for the eternal mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood ?
- 2** The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest ;
And Zion is his dwelling still ;
His church is with his presence blest

ARNHEIM, L. M.

All ye bright ar-mies of the skies, Go wor-ship where the Sa-viour lies;

An-gels and kings be-fore him bow, Those gods on high and gods be-low.

3 Here will he meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners, that wait before his door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

4 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever—saith the Lord:
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

209 L. M. *Praise to the Redeemer, Ps. 66.*

f 1 **J**ESUS demands the voice of joy,
Loud through the land let triumph
His honors should your songs employ, [ring;
Let glorious praises hail the king.

2 Shout to the Lord—adoring own,
The works his wondrous might disclose;
His arm victorious power has shown;
His cross confounded all his foes.

3 Low, at that cross, the world shall bow,
All nations shall its blessings prove;
While grateful strains in concert flow,
To sing his power, and praise his love,

f 4 Oh bless our God, ye nations round;
People and lands, rehearse his name:
Let shouts of joy through earth resound,
Let every tongue his praise proclaim.

210 L. M. *Jehovah the universal King, Ps. 29.*

f 1 **S**ONS of the mighty! rise, and bring
Your offerings to th' eternal King:
Own 'tis Jehovah, while you rise,
Your glory and your strength supplies.
a 2 His word all powerful to fulfil
Th' eternal counsels of his will,
With awful majesty arrayed,
Subdues the world his hand has made.
< 3 Jesus is king!—enthroned on high,
He reigns through all eternity!
f His glory shall his church increase,
With strength divine, and endless peace

211 L. M. *Praise to the great Jehovah, Ps. 57.*

1 **E**TERNAL God—celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim,
2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God,
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.
p 3 Eternal God, celestial King,
< Exalted be thy glorious name;
f Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
MONMOUTH, L. M.

In robes of judgment, lo! he comes, Shake the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs: Before him
burns devouring fire, the mountains melt, the seas retire—The mountains melt, &c.

212 L. M. *Rejoicing in Christ as Sovereign and Judge, Ps. 97.*

1 HE reigns!—the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Sing to his name in lofty strains,

f Let all the earth in songs rejoice,
And in his praise exalt their voice.

2 Deep are his councils, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

—**3** In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth—and cleaves the
p Before him burns devouring fire— [tombs,
len The mountains melt—the seas retire.

p **4** His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight—and shun the day:
f Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And shout for your redemption's nigh.

213 L. M. *God the universal King, Ps. 29.*

f **1** **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and
Ascribe due honours to his name, [power,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Through every ocean, every land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings flash at his command.

3 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood;
O'er all the earth he reigns as king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

p **4** In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts;
< Amid the raging storm, his word
> Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts.

214 L. M. *God the universal King, Ps. 29.*

p **1** **Y**E mighty rulers of the land,
Give praise and glory to the Lord;
And while before his throne ye stand,
His great and powerful deeds record.

2 Oh render unto God above
The honours which to him belong;
And in the temple of his love,
Let worship flow from every tongue.

3 His voice is heard the earth around,
p When through the heavens his thunders
— The troubled ocean hears the sound, [roll;
<> And yields itself to his control.

4 God on the floods has fixed his throne,
af For ever shall his reign endure;
His chosen ones his praise make known,
His peace shall bless them evermore.

ST. PETER'S, L. M.

To God the great, the ever blest, Let songs of hon - our be ad-drest ;

His mer-cy firm for-ev-er stands, Give him the thanks his love de-mands.

215 L. M. *The Majesty and dominion of God,*
Ps. 93.

1 WITH glory clad—with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations firmly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 Established firmly is thy throne,
a Which shall no change or period see ;
p For thou, O Lord—and thou alone,
— Art God, from all eternity.

f 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high ;
> But thou O God can still their noise,
<> And make the angry sea comply.

a f 4 Through endless ages stands thy throne ;
Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
— p The pure in heart—and they alone,
f Shall find their hope of heaven secure.

216 L. M. *God praised for his goodness and*
mercy, Ps. 106.

1 TO God the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be addressed ;
His mercy firm for ever stands ;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

— 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?—
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

10

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed ;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 Oh may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with thy voice :
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

217 L. M. *Immutable perfections and glory of*
God, Ps. 36.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils thy just and wise designs.

a 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

— 3 O God, how excellent thy grace !
Whence all our hope and comfort
> The sons of Adam, in distress, [springs ;
— Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

< 4 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
— And in thy light our souls shall see
f The glories promised in thy word.

ANTIGUA, L. M.

Great God, at-tend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy pre-sence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth Ex-ceeds a thou-sand days of mirth.

218 L. M. *Blessedness of worshipping God in his temple, Ps. 84.*

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
< To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

— 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place,
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease—nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

f 3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

— 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
< The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace—exalt thy power,
f Till all on earth thy name adore.

219 L. M. *The Church the dwelling-place of God, Ps. 87.*

1 1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

p 2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

f 3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall all the nations know.

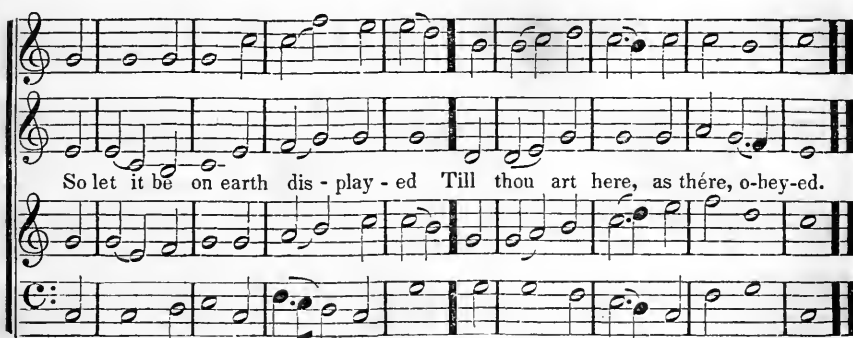
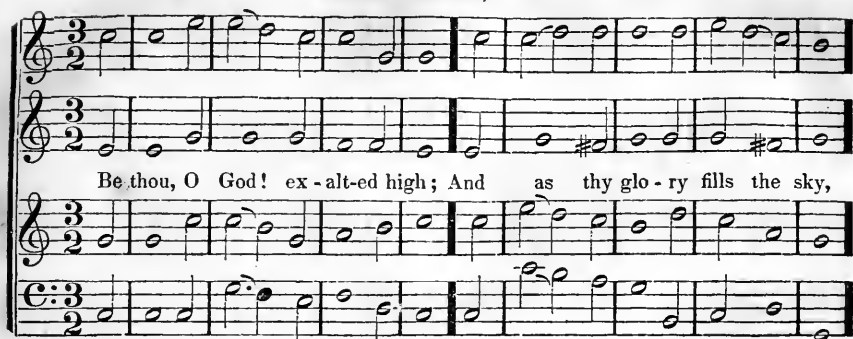
! 4 The heathen tribes—the Greek, and Jew,
Shall here begin their lives anew,
f And every tongue shall join to sing,
The hill where living waters spring.

— 5 When God makes up his last account,
Of natives in his holy mount,
’Twill be an honour to appear,
As one new born and nourished there.

220 L. M. *God only worthy to be worshipped, Ps. 86.*

a 1 ETERNAL God—almighty cause
Of earth, and sea, and worlds un-
All things are subject to thy laws, [known;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all, within itself, possessed;
Controlled by none are thy commands;
’Thou, from thyself alone, art blest.



3 To thee alone, ourselves we owe,
To thee alone, our homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims—renounce their sway.

f 4 Spread thy great name through heathen
Their idol deities dethrone; [lands,
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art—God alone.

221 L. M. Praise to the great Jehovah, Ps. 57.

1 **BE** thou, O God! exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God! my heart is fixed—'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God! in songs of praise.

f 3 Thy praises, shall O Lord resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy love the highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

222 L. M. Praise to the great Jehovah, Ps. 57.

1 **MY** God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
p Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
— Till the dark cloud is over blown.

2 Up to the heavens I raise my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
< He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

f 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
— Thy power on earth be known abroad,
< And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fixed—my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue—the glory of my frame.

a 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
While lower worlds dissolve and die.

< 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens; where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
ff And land to land thy wonders tell.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
OLD HUNDRED, L. M.

With one consent, let all the earth, To God their cheerful voices raise ;

Glad homage pay, with awful mirth, And sing before him songs of praise.

223 L. M. *Exhortation to universal praise, Ps. 100.*

- f** 1 **W**ITH one consent, let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
- 1 Glad homage pay, with solemn mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed :
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.
- f** 3 Oh enter then his temple gate,
In to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
- a** 4 He is the Lord—supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

224 L. M. *Exhortation to universal praise, Ps. 100.*

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King ;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- p** 2 The Lord is God—'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give :
We are his work—and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

- f** 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- p** 4 The Lord is good—the Lord is kind ;
< Great is his grace—his mercy sure ;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

225 L. M. *Exhortation to universal praise, Ps. 100.*

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create—and he destroy.
- p** 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay—and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray—
He brought us to his fold again. [ed,
- 3 We are his people—we his care—
< Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
f Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
ff High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
1 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

O come loud an-thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al-migh-ty King!

For we our voi-ces loud should raise, When our sal-va-tion's rock we praise.

5 Wide—as the world—is thy command,
Vast—as eternity—thy love ;
Firm—as a rock—thy truth shall stand,
<> When rolling years shall cease to move.

226 L. M. *Rejoicing in the reign of Jehovah, Ps. 47.*

1 O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And shout with triumph while you
Of God—who all the earth commands—[sing,
Of God—the dreadful, mighty King.

2 The trumpet swells along the sky ;
We hear the joyful, solemn sound ;
< The righteous God ascends on high,
f 1 And shouts of gladness echo round.

— 3 The Lord, who o'er the earth bears sway,
Sits on his throne of holiness ;
The heathen shall his laws obey :
< Let all the earth his praise express.

ff 1 4 Loud praises to Jehovah sing,
In hymns of joy his love proclaim ;
Sing praises to the heavenly King,
Adore and bless his sacred name.

227 L. M. *Exhortation to praise Jehovah, Ps. 95.*

f 1 1 O H come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise,

d 1 2 Into his presence let us haste,
< To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address, in joyful song,
f Praises which to his name belong.

3 Oh let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees, devoutly, all
> Before the Lord our Maker fall.

228 L. M. *Exhortation to praise Jehovah, Ps. 95.*

f 1 1 TO God our voices let us raise,
And loudly chant the joyful strain ;
Our rock of strength—oh let us praise,
Whence free salvation we obtain.

2 Let all who now his goodness feel,
Come near, and worship at his throne ;
Before the Lord, their Maker, kneel,
a > And bow in adoration down.

229 L. M. *Exhortation to universal praise, Ps. 117*

f 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land—by every tongue.

< 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
f Eternal truth attends thy word ;
ff Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
LEYDEN, L. M.

Sal-va-tion is for - ev - er nigh, The souls who fear and love the Lord;

And grace de-scend - ing from on high, Fresh hopes of glo - ry shall afford.

230 L. M. *Delight in God and his worship.* Ps. 63.

- 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope—my joy—my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good—thou just and wise,
Thou art my father, and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son—thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- < 4 I'll lift my hands—I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
- f This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

231 L. M. *Resorting to God in trouble.* Ps. 43.

- p 1 **G**REAT God—our strength—to thee we
Oh let us not forgotten lie; [cry,
Oppressed with sorrows and with care,
To thy protection we repair.
- 2 Oh let thy light attend our way,
Thy truth afford its steady ray;
To Zion's hill direct our feet,
To worship at thy sacred seat.

- f 3 Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre,
Thy love our joyful song inspire;
To thee our cordial thanks be paid,
Our sure defence—our constant aid.

- 4 Why, then, cast down—and why distressed?
And whence the grief, that fills our breast?
In God we'll hope—to God we'll raise
Our songs of gratitude and praise.

232 L. M. *Salvation through Christ.* Ps. 85.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the
And grace descending from on high [Lord;
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ, the Lord, came down from
By his obedience, so complete, [heaven;
Justice is pleased—and peace is given.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again;
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentler reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

ST. ALBANS, L. M.

The Lord! how won-drous are his ways! How firm his truth!—how large his grace!
He takes his mer-cy for his throne, And thence he makes his glories known.

233 L. M. *The goodness and mercy of God celebrated, Ps. 103.*

- 1** THE Lord! how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2** Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3** Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.
- 4** How slowly does his wrath arise—
On swifter wings salvation flies—
Or, if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!
- 5** His everlasting love is sure
To all his saints—and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

234 L. M. *The goodness and mercy of God celebrated, Ps. 103.*

- 1** HIGH o'er the heavens—supreme—alone,
Th' eternal Lord prepares his throne:
O'er all his kingdom he'll extend,
Beyond a limit or an end.

- 2** O praise the Lord—his glories tell,
Ye angels, who in might excel,
Who do his will—who hear his voice,
And in his high commands rejoice.
- 3** O praise the Lord—proclaim his state,
Ye heavenly hosts, who round him wait,
Quick to perform his acts of might,
His pleasure your supreme delight.
- 4** O praise the Lord, his works around
Creation with his praise resound!
My soul, the general chorus join,
And bless the Lord in songs divine.

235 L. M. *Goodness and compassion of God, Ps. 68.*

- 1** BLEST be the Lord—the God of love,
Who showers his blessings from above;
The Rock, on which the righteous build
Their hope, their Saviour, and their shield.
- 2** He views his children in distress,
The widow and the fatherless;
And, from his holy throne above,
Supports them with his tender love.
- 3** All they who make his laws their choice
Shall in his promises rejoice;
With gladness in their hearts, shall raise
Before his throne, triumphant praise.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
NINETY SEVENTH PSALM, L. M.

Dark-ness and clouds of aw-ful shade, His daz-zling glo-ry shroud in state

Jus-tice and truth his guards are made, And fix'd by his pa-vi-lion wait.

236 L. M. *Prospect of the righteous and wicked contrasted, Ps. 17.*

- 1** LORD, I am thine—but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword—the hand is thine.
- 2** Their hope and portion lie below ;
'Tis all the happiness they know ;
'Tis all they seek—they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3** What sinners value, I resign ;
aff Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
< I shall behold thy blissful face,
f And stand complete in righteousness.
- p **4** This life's a dream—an empty show ;
v But that bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;—
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- f **5** O glorious hour !—O blest abode !
I shall be near, and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- p **6** My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
— Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
f ! Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

237 L. M. *Blessedness of worshipping God in his temple, Ps. 84.*

- 1** HOW pleasant—how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are ;
With strong desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2** My flesh would rest in thine abode :
My panting heart cries out for God :
My God ! my King ! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee !
- v **3** Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne above the sky ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4** Blest are the souls, who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace :
> There they behold thy gentler rays,
< And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 5** Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate :
f God is their strength—and through the
They lean upon their helper, God. [road
- 6** Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length :
Till all before thy face appear,
ff And join in nobler worship there.

Just are thy ways, and true thy word, Great Rock of my se-cure a - bode;

Who is a God, be-side the Lord? Or where's a re - fuge like our God?

238 L. M. *Strength and protection from Jehovah,* Ps. 18.

- 1 **N**O change of time shall ever shock,
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
< For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou, our deliverer art, O Lord;
Our trust is placed upon thy power;
< Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
At home our safeguard, and our tower.
- p 3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall we, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.
- < 4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom alone our hopes depend;
f For who, except the mighty Lord,
His chosen people can defend.

239 L. M. *Strength and protection from Jehovah,* Ps. 18.

- 1 **J**UST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God, beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

- 3 He lives—and blessings crown his reign—
The God of my salvation lives;
> The dark designs of hell are vain,
> While heavenly peace my Father gives.

240 L. M. *The mercy and Goodness of God celebrated,* Ps. 103.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with humble fervor raise
To God the voice of grateful praise;
Let every mental power combine,
To bless his attributes divine.
- 2 Deep on my heart let memory trace
His works of mercy and of grace;
Who, with a father's tender care,
Saved me, when sinking in despair;—
- < 3 Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love;
— Poured balm into my bleeding breast,
> And led my weary feet to rest.

241 L. M. *Rejoicing in Christ as Sovereign and Judge,* Ps. 97.

- f 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns—let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.
- p 2 Darkness, and clouds of awful shade,
— His dazzling glory shroud in state;
' Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fixed by his pavilion wait.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
NEWRY, L. M.

Lord when thou didst as - cend on high, Ten thou-sand an-gels fill'd the sky ;

Those heav'n-ly guards a - round thee wait, Like cha-riots, that at-tend thy state

242 L. M. *The majesty and glory of Jehovah,*
Ps. 68.

- 1** **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky ;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.
- 2** Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there ;
When he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3** How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.
- 4** Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

243 L. M. *The majesty and goodness of God,*
Ps. 68.

- 1** **W**E bless the Lord—the just and good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and
Who pours his blessings from the skies, [food ;
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2** Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song :
His wondrous name and power rehearse ;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

- 3** His thunders echo through the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high :
Praise him aloud ye sons of grace ;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

- 4** God is our shield—our joy—our rest ;
God is our King—proclaim him blest :
When terrors rise—when nations faint,
He is the strength of every saint.

244 L. M. *Divine goodness celebrated, Ps. 136.*

- 1** **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways
< Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- **2** He built the earth—he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high :
< His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When suns and moons shall shine no
- **3** He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave
< Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4** Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
The King of kings with glory crown
His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When lords and kings are known no

PLEYEL, L. M.

Long as I live, all-boun-teous Lord! My song thy glo-ries shall re - cord;

Thy praise, my God, shall fill the strain, While life or be - ing shall re - main.

245 L. M. *Blessedness of fearing and obeying God, Ps. 112.*

- 1** THRICE happy man! who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands—and trusts his
Honour and peace his days attend, [word:
And blessings on his seed descend.
- 2** Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.
- 3** His soul, well fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amid the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.
- f 4** He hath dispersed his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
Nor shall his hope of heaven be vain.

246 L. M. *Blessedness of the merciful, Ps. 41.*

- 1** **1** BLEST is the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor in their distress;
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless.
- 2** His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

- 3** Or, if he languish on his bed,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
Will save from death his sinking head,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

247 L. M. *Delight in the worship of the Sabbath, Ps. 92.*

- 1** LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- < 2** There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
— Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3** Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
< They who attend his gates shall find
— God ever faithful—ever kind.

248 L. M. *Praise to the Creator, Ps. 104.*

- 1** LONG as I live, all-bounteous Lord!
My song thy glories shall record;
Thy praise, my God, shall fill the strain,
While life or being shall remain.
- 2** Sweet are the thoughts which fill my breast,
When on thy various works they rest:
- f** Let every voice its tribute raise,
And triumph in Jehovah's praise.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ROTHWELL, L. M.

The heav'ns de-clare thy glo-ry, Lord, In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines, But when our eyes be
hold thy word, We read thy name in fair-er lines, We read thy name in fair-er lines.

249 L. M. *The glory of God in the works of Creation, Ps. 19.*

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 **Th'** unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- p 3 **Soon** as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;—
- 4 **While** all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
< **Confirm** the tidings, as they roll,
f **And spread** the truth from pole to pole.
- p 5 **What!** though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
What! though no real voice, nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—
- 6 **In reason's ear** they all rejoice,
< **And utter forth** a glorious voice;
- f **For ever singing**, as they shine,
“The hand that made us is Divine.”

250 L. M. *The glory of God in his works and word, Ps. 19.*

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- < 2 **The rolling sun**—the changing light,
— **And nights, and days**, thy power confess;
But that blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- ! 3 **Sun, moon, and stars**, convey thy praise
Round all the earth—and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- < 4 **Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest**,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
"Till Christ has all the nations blest,
Which see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 **Great Sun of Righteousness**, arise!
aff **Oh bless** the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure—thy judgments right.
- 6 **Thy noblest wonders** here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:—
Lord, cleanse my sins—my soul renew,
< **And make thy word** my guide to heaven.

BENSON, L. M.

Our Lord is ris-en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high:

The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragged to the por-tals of the sky.

251 L. M. *Triumphal ascension of Christ, Ps. 24.*
Benson.

- 1 **OUR** Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 **Lo!** his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
Rothwell.
- 3 **Loose** all your bars of massy light,
ap And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
< He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.
Benson.
- 1 4 **"Who is the King of glory—who?"**
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,
That sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 **Lo!** his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
- 6 **"Who is the King of glory—who?"**
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

252 L. M. *Exhortation to praise God, Ps. 150.*

- 1 **PRAISE** ye the Lord—let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.
- 2 **Recount** his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works—how bright they
Praise him for all his mighty deeds, [shine!
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.
- f 3 **Awake** the trumpet's gladsome sound,
To spread your sacred pleasure round;
- ff **Awake** each tongue—and strike each string
In lofty strains his glory sing.
- 4 **Let** all, whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly ye, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord

253 L. M. *Exhortation to praise God, Ps. 135.*

- 1 **PRAISE** ye the Lord—exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 **Praise** ye the Lord—the Lord is good—
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

Loud hal-le-lu-jahs to the Lord, From dis-tant worlds, where creatures dwell,

Let heav'n be - gin the so-lemn word, And sound it dread-ful down to hell.

254 L. M. *Ezhortation to general praise, Ps. 148.*

f 1 **L**OUd hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures
Let heaven begin the solemn word, [dwell :
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 The Lord, how absolute he reigns :
Let every angel bend the knee ;
< Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

— 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss :
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his.

f 4 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known ;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

p < 5 Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious word !
Oh may it dwell on every tongue !
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

f 6 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord ;
From all below, and all above,
ff Loud Hallelujahs to the Lord !

255 L. M. *Exaltation of Christ as King and Saviour, Ps. 110.*

1 **T**HUS God the eternal Father, spake
To Christ the Son—"Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 From Zion shall thy word proceed ;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds ;
And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

< 4 O blessed power ! O glorious day
How large a victory shall ensue !
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

256 L. M. *Goodness of God celebrated, Ps. 103.*

1 **M**Y soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless ;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

p 2 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled deeds of grace ;
His wakened wrath does slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

Great Shep-herd of thine Is - ra - el, Who didst be-tween the cherubs dwell,

And lead the tribes, thy chos-en sheep, Safe through the de-sert and the deep:

3 Far as the East is from the West,
So far has he our sins removed,
> Who, with a father's tender breast,
— Has such as fear him always loved.

f 4 Let every creature join to bless
The mighty Lord;—and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

257 L. M. *Prayer of the Church in time of de-
sertion, Ps. 80.*

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:—

p 2 Thy church is in the desert now :
— Shine from on high, and guide us through ;
Turn us to thee—thy love restore,
<> We shall be saved—and sigh no more.

— 3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return ?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?

< 4 Return, almighty God, return ;
— Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :
Turn us to thee—thy love restore,
<> We shall be saved—and sigh no more.

258 L. M. *Praise to God the Creator, Ps. 104.*

f 1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise ;
When clothed in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

— 2 The world's foundations by thy hand
Were laid, and shall for ever stand ;
< The swelling billows know their bound,
While to thy praise they roll around.

f 3 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord !
All nature rests upon thy word :—
<> And clouds—and storms—and fire—obey,
— Thy wise and all controlling sway.

4 How strange thy works ! how great thy
While every land thy riches fill : [skill,
Thy wisdom round the earth we see—
This spacious earth is full of thee.

p 5 How awful are thy glorious ways !
Thou Lord, art dreadful in thy praise :
< Yet humble souls may seek thy face,
f And ask supplies from sovereign grace.

6 Great God ! what mortal tongue can frame
An honour equal to thy name ?
aff O may thy praise our breath employ
< Till we shall rise to endless joy.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
WINCHESTER, L. M.

My God ac-cept my hum-ble vows, like morn-ing in-cense in thine house ;

And let my night-ly wor-ship rise, Sweet as the even-ing sa-cri-fice.

259 L. M. *Daily devotion, Ps. 141.*

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house ;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path, where sinners lead.
- 3 Oh, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite, and reprove my wandering way ;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
< Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- p 4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
< I'll cry to heaven for their relief ;
And by my warm petitions, prove
f How much I prize their faithful love.

260 L. M. *Longing after spiritual light and comfort, Ps. 143.*

- 1 **M**Y righteous Judge—my gracious God,
Hear, when I spread my hands abroad ;
I cry for succour from thy throne,
Oh ! make thy truth and mercy known.
- 2 For thee I pray—for thee I mourn ;
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, return ?
Shall all my joys on earth remove ?
Wilt thou for ever hide thy love ?

- < 3 My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace ;
Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirit up.

- aff 4 Teach me, O Lord, thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill :
Oh let the Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

261 L. M. *All praise due to God, Ps. 145.*

- v 1 **M**Y God, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song
- 2 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
f' Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of thy tongue.
- p 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceed ;
af Vast—and unsearchable thy ways !
ff Vast—and immortal be thy praise !

Thou, Lord, my strict-est search has known My ris-ing up and ly - ing down ;

My se-cret thoughts are known to thee, Known long be-fore con-ceive'd by me.

262 L. M. *Omniscience and Omnipresence of God, Ps. 139.*

- p 1 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search has
My rising up and lying down ; [known
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
< Known long before conceived by me.
— 2 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To leave thy service, and thy love—
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?
3 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in
Or sink to hell's eternal pains, [light ;
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
4 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the sable wings of night,
One glance from thee—one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
aff 5 Search, O my God ! my thoughts and
If mischief lurks in any part ; [heart,
Correct me, when I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

263 L. M. *Omniscience and Omnipresence of God, Ps. 139.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast searched and seen me thro
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
< My rising and my resting hours,
— My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

- p 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known :
< He knows the words I mean to speak,
— Ere from my opening lips they break.

- p 3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand :
< Awake—asleep—at home—abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

- p 4 Amazing knowledge !—vast and great !
f What large extent !—what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

- aff 5 Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove—where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
len Consent to sin—for God is there.

264 L. M. *Exaltation of the Saviour, Ps. 118.*

- f 1 **A**LL power and grace to God belong ;
He is my strength—and he my song :
He comes, my Saviour—from his throne ;
He comes to bring salvation down.

- 2 For us he conquers—though he dies :
<> Behold the mighty Saviour rise !
f ! His saints with him the triumph claim,
ff And shout salvation to his name.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
GERMAN AIR, L. M.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and siag,

To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth by night.

265 L. M. *Universal reign of Christ, Ps. 72.*

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- f' 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
ff And earth repeat the loud amen.

266 L. M. *Delight in the worship of the Sabbath*
Ps. 92.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and
To show thy love by morning light, [sing,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest—
No mortal care shall seize my breast :
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- < 3 My heart shall triumph in my lord,
And bless his works—and bless his word :
Thy works of grace—how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels—how divine !
- 4 Sure I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- f 5 Then shall I see—and hear—and know
All I desired, or wished below ;
- ff And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

267 L. M. *Exhortation to praise Jehovah, Ps. 95.*

- v 1 COME—let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise :
God is a sovereign king—rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.

HARVEY, L. M.

Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun, Doth his suc-ces - sive jour-neys run;
His king-dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Come—let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our nature with his word:
He is our shepherd—we the sheep.
His mercy chose—his pastures keep.

3 Come—let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead:
Accept the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

< 5 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe—and take the promised rest;
Obey—and be for ever blest.

268 L. M. *Confidence in God, Ps. 31.*

1 **L**ORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust;
aff Save me from sorrow, guilt, and shame,
Thou ever gracious, ever just.

f 2 Thou art my rock—thy name alone
The fortress where my hopes retreat;
aff Oh make thy power and mercy known;
To safety guide my wandering feet.

f 3 Blest be the Lord—for ever blest,
Whose mercy bids my fear remove;
Those sacred walls, which guard my rest,
Are his almighty power and love.

— 4 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
f Let sacred courage fill your heart
— Hope in the Lord—and trust his grace,
For he will heavenly strength impart.

269 L. M. *Praise for signal deliverance, Ps. 34.*

1 **L**ORD, I will bless thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Let every heart exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal God—and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

p 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears;
— He gave my inward pains relief,
p And calmed the tumult of my fears.

— 4 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord;
Oh fear and love him, all his saints,
Accept his grace—and trust his word.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

VANHALL'S HYMN, L. M.

O ren-der thanks to God above, The foun-tain of eter-nal love; Whose mercy firm through
a-ges past, Has stood, and shall for ev-er last, Has stood, and shall for ev-er last.

270 L. M. *God praised for his mercy and goodness, Ps. 106.*

- 1 **OH** render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past,
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
- p 3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
< Let thy salvation visit me.
- f 4 Oh render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

271 L. M. *God praised for his providential goodness, Ps. 106.*

- 1 **GIVE** thanks to God—he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts—his name is
His mercy ages past have known, [love;
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

- f 3 Oh let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

272 L. M. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence, Ps. 150.*

- 1 **OH** praise the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely
Praise him in heav'n—where he his face [flows:
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty deeds,
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His love our gratitude exceeds;
Eternal let our praises run.
- f 3 Let all who vital breath enjoy,
The breath he doth to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord.

273 L. M. *The goodness and mercy of God celebrated, Ps. 103.*

- 1 **BLESS**, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove
Let all the powers within me join, [abroad;
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace:
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot.

ELLENTHORPE, L. M.

Oh praise the Lord in that blest place, From whence his goodness largely flows ;

Praise him in heaven—where he his face Un-veil'd in per-fect glo - ry shows.

P 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou has done :
He owns the ransom—and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

f 4 Let every land his power confess,
Let all the earth adore his grace ;
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine.

274 L. M. *The Majesty and dominion of God,*
Ps. 93.

1 **JEHOVAH** reigns—he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might :
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

< **3** Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods—that aim their rage so high !
<> At thy rebuke the billows die.

f 4 For ever shall thy throne endure ;
Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

275 L. M. *Safety of trusting in God, Ps. 91.*

1 **HE**, who hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade.
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say—my God, thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower ;
I that am formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust.

< **3** Thrice happy man !—thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the tempter's snare ;
God is thy life—his arms are spread,
f To shield thee with a healthful shade.

276 L. M. *The faithfulness of God, Ps. 89.*

1 **FOR EVER** shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heaven, established by his hand.

2 Jesus, our prophet and our priest !
Thy children shall be ever blest :
Thou art our King—thy glorious throne
Shall stand to ages yet unknown.

< **3** Then let the church rejoice and sing
Jesus, her Saviour, and her King ;
Angels above his wonders show,
f And saints declare his works below.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
BLENDON, L. M.

Through ev-ry age, e - ter - nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe abode;

High was thy throne ere heaven was made, Or earth, thy hum-ble foot-stool, laid.

277 L. M. *Hope of the Resurrection, Ps. 16.*

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop;
f **B**e glad my heart—rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope. *Minor.*
- > 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
— Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey, *Major.*
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
f Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace
Which we but tasted here below
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

278 L. M. *Resurrection from the grave, Ps. 88.*
Minor.

- aff 1 **S**HALL man, O God of light, and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
< Thy promise, and thy power to save?
- 2 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insect's wings!
aff And oh, shall man awake no more,
To see thy face, thy name to sing?

Major.

- 1 **3** Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears;
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
Death, the last foe, was captive led, [sprung,
f **A**nd heaven with praise and wonder sung.
- 4 Him, the first fruits, his chosen sons
Shall follow from the vanquished grave;
< He mounts his throne, the King of kings,
His church to quicken, and to save.
- 5 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.
- 6 The trump shall sound—the dust awake;
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;
Through heaven with joy their myriads rise,
ff **A**nd hail their Saviour, and their King.

279 L. M. *Divine immutability and human frailty,*
Ps. 90. Major.

- 1 **T**HROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

But man—weak man—is born to die, Made up of all guilt and van-i-ty;

Thy dread-ful sen-tence, Lord, is just, "Re-turn, ye sin-ners, to your dust."

p3 But man, weak man, is born to die, *Minor.*
Made up of guilt and vanity :
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

— 4 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account ;
Like yesterday's departed light,
> Or the last watch of ending night.

p 5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away—our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower,
> Cut down and withered in an hour.

aff 6 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man ;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till thine own grace, so rich, so free,
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

280 L. M. *God the refuge of his people, Ps. 46.*

1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

f 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
p In sacred peace our souls abide,
— While every nation—every shore
< Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

p 3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God !
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
— 4 That sacred stream—thine holy word,
Supports our faith—our fear controls :
p Sweet peace thy promises afford,
— And give new strength to fainting souls.
f 5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
ff Nor can her firm foundation move, [power.
Built on his truth—and armed with

281 L. M. *Compassion and goodness of God, Ps. 102.*

1 **D**OWN from his lofty throne on high
He looked—the Lord the world surveyed,
He saw our race in ruin lie,
He pitied—and his grace displayed.

2 He hears the groaning prisoner's voice,
He hears the suppliant's trembling breath :
From bonds released, the slaves rejoice ;
He frees the captives doomed to death !

< 3 Let Zion now his name repeat,
His church his wonders shall record,
f Till kingdoms, crowding round his seat,
Own him their Saviour, and their Lord.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

MEDWAY, L. M.

Pre-serve thy faith-ful ser-vant Lord, Who art the re-fuge of the just ;

To me thy shel-tering aid af-ford, For in thine arm a-lone I trust.

282 L. M. *Communion with God, Ps. 5.*

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my words—my spirit see,
 > When wrapt in solemn thoughts of thee ;
 < My King, my God, my cries attend ;
 To thee my suppliant prayers ascend.
- 2 Whene'er the morning rays appear,
 Thou, Lord, my early voice shalt hear ;
 < 'T' to thee my lifted hands shall rise,
 And faith look up with longing eyes.
- p 3 Prostrate I'll bow—with fear impressed,
 While awe profound inspires my breast ;
 < And faith, while yet my prayers arise,
 Firm on the Saviour's name relies.

283 L. M. *Rest and peace in God Ps. 4.*

- 1 **T**HY favour, gracious Lord, impart,
 With sacred joy to cheer my heart :
 Howe'er the corn and wine increase,
 Earth ne'er can yield such heavenly peace.
- 2 With thy protection kindly blest,
 > I'll lay me down in peace to rest ;
 < Safe in thy care—from danger free,
 To wake on earth—or wake with thee.

284 L. M. *Delight in God and his people, Ps. 16.*

- aff 1 **P**RESERVE thy faithful servant, Lord,
 Who art the refuge of the just ;

To me thy sheltering aid afford,
 For in thine arm alone I trust.

- 2 God is my portion here below ;
 'Tis he, who shall my lot maintain ;
 His bounty makes my cup o'erflow,
 And frees my anxious soul from pain.
- < 3 Thou shalt unto my longing eyes
 The path of endless life display ;
 Where, in thy presence, joys arise,
 Which neither languish nor decay.

285 L. M. *Trusting in God in times of despondency, Ps. 42.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord,
 But I will call thy name to mind,
 And times of past distress record,
 When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Yet will the Lord command his love,
 When I address his throne by day,
 Nor in the night his grace remove ;
 The night shall hear me sing and pray.
- 3 I'll chide my heart, that sinks so low ;
 Why should my soul indulge in grief ?
 Hope in the Lord—and praise him too :
 He is my rest—my sure relief.
- < 4 O God, thou art my hope, my joy ;
 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
 Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
 And lead me to thy heavenly hill.

PRINCETON, L. M.

Lord, hear my words—my spir-it see, When wrapt in solemn thoughts of thee:

My King, my God, my cries at-tend, To thee my sup-pli-ant prayers as-cend.

286 L. M. *Goodness of God in the seasons, Ps. 65.*

- 1** **O**N God the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends;
At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day.
- 2** Seasons and times obey his voice;
The morn and evening both rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.
- 3** The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The plains shall shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.
- 3** Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear:
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

287 L. M. *Delight in the worship of God, Ps. 63.*

- aff 1** **O** GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.
- 2** When in the watches of the night,
I thee remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

- 3** Better than life itself, thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me:
For, whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?
- f 4** Praise with my heart—my mind—my
For all thy mercy I will give; [voice,
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

288 L. M. *Mercy penitently implored, Ps. 130.*

- 1** **F**ROM deep distress, and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raised my cry:
If thou severely mark our faults,
Oh! who can stand before thine eye?
- 2** But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love—as well as fear.
- f 3** My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
— Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- f 4** Great is his love—and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ALL SAINTS, L. M.

Let Zi-on in her King re-joyce, Though ty-rants rage, and king-dom rises;
He ut-ters his al-migh-ty voice— The na-tions melt—the tu-mult dies.

289 L. M. *Victory and exaltation of Christ,*
Ps. 45.

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love!
- 2 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy thy delight.
- p 3 Thine anger like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce thy foes of stubborn heart;
< Or words of mercy kind and sweet,
> Shall bow the rebels at thy feet.
- a 4 Let endless honours crown thy head;
Let every age thy praises spread;
Let all the nations know thy word;
Let every tongue confess thee, Lord.

290 L. M. *God the refuge and portion of his people,*
Ps. 46.

- 1 **L**ET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms
He utters his almighty voice— [rise;
> The nations melt—the tumult dies,
- 2 Oh come, behold what God has done,
< The wondrous triumphs of our Lord;
The victories his arm has won,
And faithfully his deeds record.

- f 3 The Lord in Zion ever reigns,
And holds her in his guardian hand;
Her worship and her laws maintains,
Which, like himself, unmoved shall stand
- p 4 Be still—and learn that he is God;
— He reigns exalted o'er the lands;
f He will be known and feared abroad,
But still his throne in Zion stands.
- p 5 O Lord of hosts—almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
— Our faith shall sit secure, and sing,
f Nor fear the raging powers of hell.

291 L. M. *Praise for Redemption.* Ps. 66.

- f 1 **O** ALL ye lands, rejoice in God,
Sing praises to his glorious name;
Let all the earth, with one accord,
His wondrous deeds of grace proclaim.
- 2 And let his faithful servants tell
How, by his condescending love.
Their souls are saved from death and hell.
To share the noble joys above;—
- 3 Tell how the Holy Spirit's grace
Forbids their roving feet to slide;
And, as they run the Christian race,
Vouchsafes to be their constant guide.

ST. PATRICK L. M.

Now be my heart in-spir'd to sing The glo-ries of my Sa-viour King;

He comes with bless-ings from a-bove, And wins the na-tions' to his love?

f 4 Oh, then, rejoice, and shout for joy,
Ye ransomed people of the Lord;
Be grateful praise your sweet employ,
His presence your divine reward.

292 L. M. *Admonition to oppressors, Ps. 82.*

111 **A**MONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat:
The God of heaven, as judge, surveys
The kings of earth, and all their ways.

2 Why should they, then, frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will they cease t' oppress the poor?
When will they vex the saints no more?

< 3 Arise, O God, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne;
And rule the nations with his rod:—
He is our judge—and he our God.

293 L. M. *Christ the foundation of the Church, Ps. 118.*

111 **L**O! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews,

< 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest;
A thousand honours on his head,
> With peace, and light, and glory rest!

— 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
< Let all the earth address their King
f With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

294 L. M. *Divine compassion acknowledged, Ps. 30.*

1 **I** WILL extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly;
Who, but a God, can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

f 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove
How large his grace—how kind his love;
Let all your powers rejoice, to trace
The wondrous records of his grace.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life, and length of days;
p Though grief and tears the night employ,
f The morning star restores the joy.

DOXOLOGY, L. M.

TO God the Father—God the Son,
And God the Spirit—three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth—and all in heaven.

When we, our wea-ried limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu-phra-tes stream ;

We wept, with dole-ful thoughts op-prest, And Si-on was our mournful theme.

295 L. M. *Mourning over the desolations of Zion, Ps. 137.*

- 1 **W**HEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
p We wept < with doleful thoughts oppressed,
— And Zion was our mournful theme.
- < 2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
On willow trees neglected hung,
With chords unstrung and silent there.
- aff 3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands ?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands ?
- < 4 O Salem, our once happy seat !
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.
- 5 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue ;
> Or if I sing one cheerful air,
f Till thy deliverance is my song.
- < 6 O Lord thy name be ever blest,
— Our only hope is placed on thee ;
— Thou wilt appear to give us rest,
f And set thy captive people free.

296 L. M. *Mourning over the desolations of Zion, Ps. 137.*

- 1 **W**HY, on the bending willows hung,
Israel ! still sleeps thy tuneful string ?--
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing !
- < 2 Awake !—thy sweetest raptures raise ;
Let harp and voice unite their strains :
f Thy promised King his sceptre sways ;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns !
- 3 No taunting foes the song require :
No strangers mock thy captive chain :
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- < 4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share :
< f A heavenly city claims thy song ;
f A brighter Salem rises there.
- 5 By foreign streams no longer roam,
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood ;
< In every clime behold a home,
f In every temple see thy God.
- 6 Why then upon the willows hung,
O Israel ! sleeps thy tuneful lyre ?
< Awake—awake thy sweetest song,
To hymns of grateful praise aspire.

RICHMOND, L. M. Continued.

Our harps, that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,

With si-lent strings ne-glect-ed hung, On wil-low trees that with-er'd there.

297 L. M. *Mourning over the desolations of Zion, Ps. 137.*

aff 1 **BY** Babel's stream the captives sat
And wept for Zion's hapless fate;
Their tuneful harps on willows hung,
While foes required a sacred song.

2 How shall we tune our voice to sing
Or touch our harps with skilful hands;
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung, by slaves in foreign lands?

3 "If Zion's woes our hearts forget,
Or cease to mourn for Israel's fate,
Let useful skill our hands forsake;
Our hearts with hopeless sorrow break.

4 "Thou ruined Salem, to our eyes
Each day in sad remembrance rise!
O should we cease to feel thy wrongs,
Lost be our joys, and mute our tongues.

< 5 To happier days our bosoms turn;
p Those days but teach us how to mourn:
< The God, who bade his mercy flow,
p In wrath withdraws his blessing now.

v 6 Yet still, thy name be ever blest;
On thee our hope shall safely rest;
Zion her Saviour soon shall see
Arrayed to set his people free.

298 L. M. *Sinners invited to immediate repentance, Ps. 88.*

1 **WHILE** life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found—and peace is given;
But soon—ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven. [*dol*]

2 While God invites—how blessed the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
"Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God he's found.

3 "Soon, borne on times most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

dol 4 While God invites—how blest the day;
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
< Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

aff 5 "In that lone land of dark despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies."

— 6 Now God invites—how blessed the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

DARWEN, L. M.

Show pity, Lord,—O Lord for - give; Let a re-pent-ing re - bel live;

Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

299 L. M. *Pardon and sanctification penitently implored, Ps. 51.*

- aff 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes tho' great—can ne'er surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law—against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned—but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And had my soul been sent to hell,
Thy justice had approved it well
- 6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
< Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

300 L. M. *Pardon and sanctification penitently implored, Ps. 51.*

- aff 1 **O** THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- < 4 So shall thy love inspire my tongue! *Ward.*
Salvation shall be all my song;
ff And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

301 L. M. *Pardon and sanctification penitently implored, Ps. 51.*

- 1 **T**HOUGH I have grieved thy Spirit,
Thy help and comfort still afford, (Lord,
aff And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

So shall thy love in - spire my tongue, Sal - va - tion shall be all my song;

And all my powers shall join to bless, The Lord my strength and righteous-ness.

pp 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
len Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
<> And save the soul condemned to die.

Ward.

< 4 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
f - And they shall praise a pardoning God.

302 L. M. *Human frailty and divine immutability, Ps. 102.*

1 **I**T is the Lord, our Saviour's hand
Impairs our strength amid the race ;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
aff 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon ?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief, *Ward.*
This thought our sorrows shall assuage
< ' Our Father and our Saviour lives ;
Christ is the same through every age.'

4 Before thy face, thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign :
f This dying world shall they survive,
And rise to glorious life again.

303 L. M. *Brevity of human life, Ps. 39.*

aff 1 **O**H let me, gracious Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end !
What are my days ?—a span their line ;
And what my age, compared with thine ?

2 Our life, advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift, like a fleeting shade, we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 God of my fathers !—here, as they,
I walk, the pilgrim of a day ;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

< 4 Oh spare me, Lord—in mercy, spare,
And nature's failing strength repair,
E'er, life's short circuit wandered o'er
len I perish—and am seen no more.

304 L. M. *The Creator only worthy to be worshipped, Ps. 86.*

1 **T**HOU great Instructor, lest I stray,
Oh teach my erring feet thy way !
My roving passions, Lord, reclaim ;
Unite them all to fear thy name. *Ward.*

< 3 Then, to my God, my heart and tongue,
With all their powers, shall raise the song :
On earth thy glories I'll declare,
ff 'Till heaven th' immortal notes shall hear.

LEICESTER, L. M.

Oh turn, great Rul-er of the skies, Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,

Nor let th' of-fen - ces of my hand, With-in thy book re-cord - ed stand.

305 L. M. *Pardon through the sufferings of Christ, Ps. 69.*

- aff 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- < 2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove ;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for crimes which we had done.
- 3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restored ;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And brought the great salvation down.
- aff 4 Oh for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live :
< The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

306 L. M. *Folly of envying the prosperity of sinners, Ps. 73.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride, and robes of honour shine !
- aff 2 But oh ! their end—their dreadful end !
Thy sanctuary taught me so ;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

- 3 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood ;
< Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
f My life, my portion, and my God.

307 L. M. *Frailty of man, Ps. 89*

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state—
How frail our life—how short the date !
Where is the man that draws his breath,
Safe from disease—secure from death ?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Distressed with gloomy fears, we cry,
“ Must death for ever rage and reign ?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain ?
- 3 Where is thy promise to the just ?
Are not thy servants turned to dust ? ”—
- f But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour—that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word :—
- f Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

308 L. M. *Pardon and sanctification penitently implored, Ps. 51.*

- aff 1 **O**H turn, great Ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,
Nor let th' offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

ARMLEY, L. M.

Now let our mourn-ful songs re - cord, The dy - ing sor - rows of our Lord;

When he com-plain'd in tears and blood, As one for - sak - en of his God.

- 3 Give me a will to thine subdued ;
A conscience pure—a soul renewed ;
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence, roam.
- 3 Oh let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quickening aid impart ;
My mind from every fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.
- < 4 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest :
My heart shall feel thy love—and raise
f My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

309 L. M. *Severe chastisements deprecated.* Ps. 6.

- 1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise ;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear ;
Oh let it not against me rise.
- p 2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrow that I feel ;
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
O Lord, in tender mercy heal.
- 3 Look how the powers of nature mourn !
How long, almighty God, how long ?
< When shall thine hour of grace return ?
And love divine be all my song.

310 L. M. *Sufferings and exaltation of Christ,* Ps. 22.

- aff 1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet ;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.
- < 3 But God his Father heard his cry ;
Raised from the dead he reigns on high ;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

311 L. M. *Brevity of human life,* Ps. 39.

- 1 ALMIGHTY maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days ;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And live devoted to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears :
How frail, at best, is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- aff 6 Oh, be a heavenly portion mine !
My God, I bow before thy throne ;
< Earth's fleeting treasure I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

3 1 2 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000

To hum-ble souls and brok-en hearts, God with his grace is ev-er nigh ;

Par-don and hope his love im-parts, When men in deep con - tri - tion lie.

312 L. M. *Warning to hypocrites, Ps. 50.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
And make not faith and love their care.
- 2 Oh dreadful hour ! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes !
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

313 L. M. *The kindness and compassion of God, Ps. 34.*

- aff 1 **T**O humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh ;
Pardon and hope, his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.
- 2 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death ;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
His praise employs their tuneful breath.

314 L. M. *Afflictions sanctified, Ps. 119.*

- aff 1 **F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God.
- 2 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit formed my soul within :

Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

- < 3 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice ;
For I have trusted in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

315 L. M. *Pleading for the sealing influence of the Spirit, Ps. 86.*

- aff 1 **J**ESUS my God—my all in all,
Display thy power—unveil thy face ;
Wilt thou not hear when sinners call ?
Is not thy reign a reign of grace ?
- 2 Show me a token, Lord, for good,
And let me know that I am thine ;—
Dispel my doubts—disperse the cloud,
And on my soul benignant shine.
- 3 O let thy Spirit from above,
Bear witness to my troubled heart ;
O shed abroad thy sacred love,
And filial confidence impart.
- < 4 Then shall my soul rejoice in God,
And grateful songs of honour raise ;
I'll make thy wonders known abroad,
And join with saints to sing thy praise.

316 L. M. *God the righteous Judge, Ps. 7.*

- f 1 **A**RISE, O God—no more refrain ;
The anger of thy foes restrain !

WENTWORTH, L. M.

O Lord our shep-herd and our guide, Our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear;

Thou, that dost on the che-rubs ride, A-gain in so-lemn state ap-pear.

To judgment wake—on thy command
Justice and truth securely stand.
2 On thee, O Lord, our hopes rely,
Return and fix thy power on high;
So shall thy people round thy seat,
In holy crowds, rejoicing meet.

317 L. M. *The Church's prayer in time of desertion, Ps. 80.*

aff 1 O LORD our Shepherd and our guide,
Our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.
2 O thou, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy mourning people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display:
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds shall pass away.
4 So shall we still continue free,
From sins that must deserve thy rod;
And once again revived by thee,
Will give the glory to our God.

318 L. M. *Trusting in God for protection, Ps. 62.*

1 MY soul for help on God relies;
From him alone my safety flows:

My rock—my help—that strength supplies,
And guards me safe from all my foes.
2 God does his saving health dispense,
< And flowing blessings daily send;
He, is my fortress and defence,
f On him my soul shall still depend.
— 3 In him, ye people ever trust,
Before his throne pour out your hearts,
For God the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.
4 Then, thou my soul, on God rely,
On him alone thy trust repose;—
My rock—my health—will strength supply,
And guard me safe from all my foes.

319 L. M. *God the righteous Judge, Ps. 7.*

1 THE Lord is judge—before his throne
All nations shall his justice own:
p Oh may my soul be found sincere,
— And stand approved with courage there.
2 The Lord, in righteousness arrayed,
Surveys the world his hands have made;
Pierces the heart, and tries the reins,
And judgment from on high ordains.
3 My God, my Shield! around me place
The shelter of the Saviour's grace:
f Then, when thine arm the just shall save,
My life shall triumph o'er the grave.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
SILVER STREET, S. M.

Come sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing;

Je - ho - vah is the sov' - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

320 S. M. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence, Ps. 148.*

- 1** **L**ET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God ;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2** Thou sun, with golden beams,
Thou moon, with paler rays ;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3** He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame :
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4** By all his works above,
His honours be expressed ;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

321 S. M. *Exhortation to adore and praise Je-hovah, Ps. 95.*

- f** **1** **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal king.
- 2** He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

- p** **3** Come—worship at his throne,
Come—bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and not our own ;
He formed us by his word.
- 4** To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come—like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

322 S. M. *Exhortation to universal praise, Ps. 100.*

- 1** **S**ING to the Lord most high ;
Let every land adore ;
With grateful heart and voice make known
His goodness and his power.
- 2** Enter his courts with joy ;
With fear address the Lord ;
'Twas he, who formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word.
- 3** His hands provides our food,
And every blessing gives ;
We're guarded by his daily care,
His mercy crowns our lives.
- 4** Good is the Lord our God ;
His truth and mercy sure ;
And while eternity shall last,
His promise shall endure.

Praise ye the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord.

323 S. M. *The goodness and mercy of God celebrated, Ps. 103.*

- v ! 1 **OH!** bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins—
'Tis he relieves thy pain—
f 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
< And gives thee strength again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

f 7 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

324 S. M. *The goodness and mercy of God celebrated, Ps. 103.*

- v ! 1 **OH** bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim:
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.
- 2 Oh bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.
- p 3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.
- 4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
< He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- f 5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole:
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days;
Oh bless the Lord, my soul!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
PECKHAM, S. M.

My Sa - viour and my King, Thy hon - ours are di - vine;

Thy lips with bless - ings o - ver - flow, And eve - ry grace is thine.

325 S. M. *Deliverance from sin implored, Ps. 19.*

- aff 1 **I** HEAR thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Lord send thy Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 2 Oh! who can ever find
The error of his ways?
Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.
- 3 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- < 4 While with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour, and my God.

326 S. M. *Folly of envying the prosperity of sinners, Ps. 73.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.

- 3 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.
- 4 Thy word with light and power
Did my mistake amend;
I viewed the sinner's life before,
But here I learned his end.
- p 5 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
len And oh! that dreadful, fiery deep
> That waits their fall below!
- 6 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
< I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

327 S. M. *Exhortation to praise, Ps. 117.*

- f 1 **L**ET songs of endless praise
From every nation rise;
Let all the lands their tribute raise;
To God, who rules the skies.
- p 2 His mercy and his love
< Are boundless as his name;
And all eternity shall prove
His truth remains the same.

Be - hold the lof - ty sky, De - clares its mak - er God,
And all the star-ry works on high, Pro - claim his pow'rs a - broad.

328 S. M. *The glory of God in his works and word, Ps. 19.*

- 1** **BEHOLD**, the lofty sky
Declares its maker God;
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2** The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day—and day to night
Divinely teach his name.
- 3** In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4** His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- **5** While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
off Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

329 S. M. *Immutable perfections and glory of God, Ps. 36.*

- p 1** **THERE** is a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

- < **2** His truth transcends the sky,
— In heaven his mercies dwell;
< Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
> His anger burns to hell.
- < **3** How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
aff Oh never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

330 S. M. *Victory and exaltation of Christ, Ps. 45.*

- v 1** **MY** Saviour, and my King,
Thy honours are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.
- 2** Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand;
f And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.
- 3** Now make thy glory known,
< Gird on thy powerful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.
- **4** Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or make their hearts obey;
< While justice, meekness, grace, and truth
Attend thy glorious way.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
SUTTON, S. M.

O Lord our heaven-ly King, Thy name is all di - vine;
Thy glo-ries round the earth are spread, And o'er the hea-vens they shine.

331 S. M. *Christ exalted and his enemies warned,*
Ps. 2.

- 1 **T**HE Lord ascends on high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.
- 2 He asks—and God bestows
A large inheritance:
f Far as the world's remotest bounds,
His kingdom shall advance.
- 3 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod:
f He'll vindicate those honours well,
Which he received from God.
- p 4 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne:
<> With trembling joy, ye people, bow
f To God's exalted Son.
- p 5 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish from the place:
< But blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.

332 S. M. *The condescending grace of God,* Ps. 8.

- v 1 **O** LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

- 2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies;—
- 3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
p Lord, what is man—that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels he is placed,
The Lord of all below.
- < 5 How rich thy bounties are!
How wondrous are thy ways!
— That from the dust, thy power should
f A monument of praise. [frame

333 S. M. *Prospect of the righteous and wicked*
Ps. 17.

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.
- 2 Behold the sinner dies—
His haughty words are vain;
Here, in this life, his pleasure lies,
> And all beyond is pain.

Far as thy name is known, The word de-clares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, be - fore thy throne, Their songs of hon - our raise.

— 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
< The Lord is my inheritance—
My soul can wish no more.

f 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Washed in my Saviour's blood.

334 S. M. *God's presence the safety of the Church.*
Ps. 48.

v 1 **F**AR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs—the solemn vows;—
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God, while here below,
And ours above the sky.

335 S. M. *The glory of God in his works and word.* Ps. 19.

v 1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
He calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

p 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
< For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

aff 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh! may we never read in vain,
< But find the path to heaven.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
WATCHMAN, S. M.

I lift my soul to God; My trust is in his name:

Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.

336 S. M. *Safety of trusting in God, Ps. 125.*

- f** 1 **F**IRM and unmoved are they,
Who rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount were David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God, and his almighty love,
Embrace his saints around.
- dol* 3 Deal gently, Lord, with those,
Whose faith and holy fear,
< Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

337 S. M. *Mourning over the desolations of Zion, Ps. 137.*

- 1 **I** LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- p** 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion—solemn vows,
f Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
f Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.
- ! 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
— To Zion shall be given
f The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

338 S. M. *God a refuge in trouble, Ps. 61.*

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- aff** 2 Oh! lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
— And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
f Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to death,

But in the worship of my God, I'll spend my dai-ly breath.

339 S. M. *The favour of God preferred to the prosperity of sinners, Ps. 55.*

- 1 **L**ET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death,
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- aff 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I—with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
f The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

340 S. M. *Prayer for divine guidance and pardon, Ps. 25.*

- 1 **I** LIFT my soul to God;
My trust is in his name:
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 From early dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.
- 3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 4 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways;
f And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

341 S. M. *Divine protection implored, Ps. 140*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, Lord most high!
Thou art the God I own:
p Oh let my supplicating cry
Be heard before thy throne.
- 2 Thy sovereign grace and power,
Salvation can impart;
O may their influence every hour,
v Be cherished in my heart.

My soul re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great;
Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.

342 S. M. *Christ the foundation of his Church,*
Ps. 118.

- 1** SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse ;—
< Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.
- **2** The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son :—
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.
- f 3** The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 1 1 4** This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made :—
< Let us rejoice—and sing—and pray—
Let all the church be glad.
- f 5** Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood :—
Bless him, ye saints—he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6** We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

343 S. M. *Pardon through the attonement of*
Christ, Ps. 51.

- 1** NO offering God requires,
Nor victims please his eye ;
Else should his altars blaze with fires,
And flocks and herds should die.
- 2** The humble, contrite heart,
The spirit's broken sighs,
Are gifts which his own love impart,
Nor will the Lord despise.
- < **3** Thy mercies from above
To Zion, Lord, extend :
f Built by thy power—and watched by
Now let her walls ascend. [love,
- 4** Well pleased, thou then shalt see
Her prayers and praise arise,
Presented at the throne to thee,
In Jesus' sacrifice.

344 S. M. *Exhortation to universal praise, Ps. 117.*

- f 1** **1** THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace—and sure thy word ;
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2** Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light, and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

THATCHER, S. M.

The Lord, the sovereign King, Hath fixed his throne on high,

O'er all the heaven-ly world he rules, O'er all be - neath the sky.

345 S. M. *Universal reign of Christ, Ps. 72.*

- f** 1 **THE** Saviour's glorious name
Shall firm as heaven endure,
Long as the sun, his matchless fame
Shall ever stand secure.
- 2** Wonders of grace and power
To thee alone belong ;
Thy church those wonders shall adore,
In everlasting song.
- 3** O Israel, bless him still,
His name to honour raise ;
Let all the earth his glory fill,
With songs of grateful praise.
- ap** 4 **Jehovah**—God most high !
We spread thy praise abroad ;
f Through all the world thy fame shall
O God, thine Israel's God ! [fly,

346 S. M. *The goodness and mercy of God celebrated, Ps. 103.*

- v** 1 **MY** soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

- 3** His power subdues our sins ;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

- f** 4 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

347 S. M. *The goodness and mercy of God celebrated, Ps. 103.*

- 1** 1 **THE** Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fixed his throne on high,
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
O'er all beneath the sky.
- 2** Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3** Ye heavenly hosts, who wait
The orders of your King,
Who guard his churches when they pray,
Oh join the praise we sing.
- 4** And while his wondrous works
Through his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory—thou, my soul,
Repeat his praises too.

SHIRLAND, S. M.

The Lord my shep - herd is; I shall be well sup - plied;

Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side?

348 S. M. *Delight in God and his worship,* Ps. 63.

- aff 1 **MY** God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
< To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy councils are,
> And all thy dealings kind.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my Spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
< My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
< I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

349 S. M. *Blessedness of the penitent and pardoned,* Ps. 32.

- v 1 **OH!** blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest—to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

- p 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
— Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
But I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- < 4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
> Our help, in times of deep distress,
f Is found in God alone.

350 S. M. *Mercy of God to the faithful,* Ps. 23.

- 1 **WHERE** shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God,
dol That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
<> And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his power
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his covenant sure,
And love to do his will.

Great is the Lord, our God, And let his praise be great;
He makes the church-es his a-bode, His most de-light-ful seat.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face,
< Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

351 S. M. *Jehovah the shepherd of his people,*
Ps. 23.

dol 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
f And full salvation flows.

— 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [shade,
Though I should walk through death's dark
f My shepherd's with me there.

— 5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
f And joy exalts my head.

— 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
f Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

352 S. M. *God's presence, the safety and glory*
of the Church, Ps. 48

v 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes the churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
f How bright—has his salvation shone!
How fair his heavenly grace!

— 3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there;
f In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

— 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own flock has been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
< Recall to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
FAIRFIELD, S. M.

Let different na - tions join, To ce - le - brate thy frame;

And all the world, O Lord, com - bine, To praise thy glo - rious name!

353 S. M. *Prayer for the enlargement of the Church, Ps. 67.*

- 1 **T**O bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;—
- 2 Thus shall thy wondrous way
Through all the world be known;
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Oh let them shout and sing,
— Inspired with pious mirth;
< For thou, the righteous judge and king,
Shalt govern all the earth.
- 4 Let different nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

354 S. M. *Prayer for the enlargement of the Church, Ps. 67.*

- 1 **O** GOD, to earth incline,
With mercies from above;
And let thy presence round us shine,
With beams of heavenly love.
- 2 Through all the earth below,
Thy ways of grace proclaim,
Till distant nations hear and know
The Saviour's blessed name.

- 3 Now let the world agree
One general voice to raise;
Till all mankind present to thee
Their songs of grateful praise!
- < 4 Oh let the nations round
Their cheerful powers employ,
And earth's far-distant coasts resound
With shouts of sacred joy.

355 S. M. *Mercy of God to the faithful, Ps. 25.*

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promised grace,
And rest upon his word.
- 2 Lord, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near.
When will thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways,
My wandering feet have trod?
- 4 O keep my soul from death,
' Nor put my hope to shame,
< For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

ATHOL, S. M

Thy good - ness Lord, how great! E - ter - nal - ly the same!

Be - fore the sons of men laid up For those who fear thy name.

p 5 With humble faith I wait

To see thy face again:

< Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

356 S. M. *God praised for his merciful protection, Ps. 31.*

1 **THY** goodness, Lord, how great!
Eternally the same!

Before the sons of men preserved
For those who fear thy name.

2 Thy presence shall protect;
Thy watchful care shall hide:
In the pavilion of thy love,
Secure thy saints abide.

f 3 For ever bless the Lord,
His great salvation tell
— His wondrous loving-kindness keeps
The city where we dwell.

4 Despond not of his truth,
Nor yield to anxious grief:
> God heard my voice, when in distress
< I sought—and found relief.

357 S. M. *God praised for his merciful protection, Ps. 31.*

1 **DEFEND** me, Lord, from shame;
For still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy name,
From danger set me free.

p 2 Bow down thy gracious ear,

< And speedy succour send;

Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

— 3 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name;
The saints whom thou hast made thy care,
Thy wondrous grace proclaim.

f 4 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength, in time of need.

358 S. M. *Prayer for the enlargement of the Church, Ps. 67.*

1 **THOU** shalt, O Lord, descend,
And all the kingdoms bless;
Throughout the earth thy realm extend,
And judge in righteousness.

2 The fruitful earth shall yield
A rich increasing store;
And God, who is to us revealed,
His choicest gifts shall pour.

f 3 Let all the people raise
The loud thanksgiving voice;
Let every nation sing thy praise,
And every heart rejoice.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
WESTMINSTER, S. M.

Sing to the Lord a - loud, And make a joy - ful noise;

God is our strength, our Sa - viour God; Let Is - rael hear his voice.

359 S. M. *The condescending grace of God,*
Ps. 8.

- 1** **THOU** God of power and might,
How glorious is thy name!
The blaze of day—the pomp of night,
Thy majesty proclaim.
- p** **2** Lord, what is sinful man,—
That he thy care should prove;
< **That** thou for him shouldst deign to plan
Such mighty deeds of love.
- **3** Made holy at his birth,—
Next to the heavenly host,
And sovereign of the new-formed earth,
p Each privilege he lost.
- **4** Then did the Saviour leave
The glories of the sky,—
< Oh! love too wondrous to conceive!
> For sinful man to die,—
- **5** That we, by grace restored,
Might grace and glory claim:—
a f O great Creator,—Saviour,—Lord,
How excellent thy name.

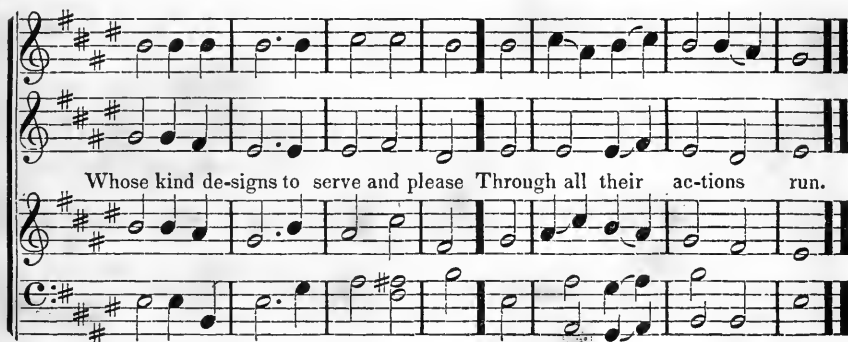
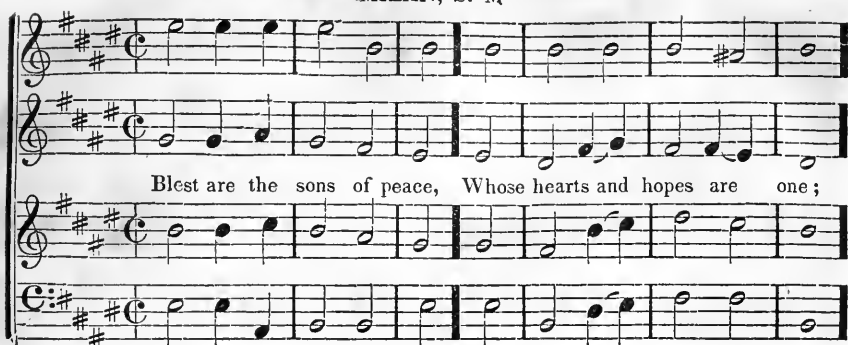
360 S. M. *Jehovah the shepherd of his people,*
Ps. 23.

- dol 1** **WHILE** my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd, and my guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants shall be supplied.

- 2** To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- aff 3** Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

361 S. M. *Excellence of Christian unity and love,*
Ps. 133.

- dol 1** **BLEST** are the sons of peace,
Whose hopes and hearts are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2** Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise—their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3** From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honours can bestow.
- 4** Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
< Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
> And all the air is love.



362 S. M. *Delight in the worship of the Sabbath,*
Ps. 92.

- 1 **SWEET** is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those, who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
- f 4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our sweet employ
Eternally in heaven.

363 S. M. *God arising to subdue opposers,* Ps. 83.

- 1 **AND** will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?
- < 2 Arise, almighty Lord,
Assume thy sovereign sway:
Bid sinners bow before thy throne,
And yield their hearts to thee.

- f 3 Let all the nations know,
And spread thy name abroad;
Let all who dwell on earth confess
Their Saviour and their God.

364 S. M. *Praise to God in his temple.* Ps. 81.

- f 1 **SING** to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength—our Saviour God,
Let Israel hear his voice.
- 2 With psalms of sacred joy,
Let all his temples ring;
Your various instruments employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 3 Sing to the Lord aloud,
And strains of glory raise;
The great Jehovah—Jacob's God,
Exalt in notes of praise.

365 S. M. *DOXOLOGY,* S. M.

- 1 **LET** God our Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear;
To God the Saviour yield the same,
And God the Comforter.
- 2 Father of Lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thine eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
LITTLE MARLBOROUGH, S. M.

Ac - cord - ing to thy word, Let me thy mer - cy prove;

Blot out my past trans-gres - sions, Lord, And save me by thy love.

366 S. M. *Pardon penitently implored, Ps. 51.*

- aff 1 **A**CCORDING to thy word,
Let me thy mercy prove;
Blot out my past transgressions, Lord,
And save me by thy love.
- 2 Wash me from every stain
Which vice and guilt impart;
Let me, O Lord, thy love regain,
And cleanse my sinful heart.
- 3 To me thy love restore;
From trouble set me free
That sinners may thine aid implore,
And turn in faith to thee.
- 4 Oh let thy peace and love
O'er Zion's city spread;
—Build up her walls—her works approve,
And blessings round her shed.
- f 5 Then shall her offerings rise
In truth and righteousness;
Thou shalt receive her sacrifice,
And all thy people bless.

367 S. M. *Pardon penitently implored, Ps. 51.*

- aff 1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted pardon find.

- 2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemn-
Must own thy judgments right. [ed,
- 3 Blot out, O Lord, my sin,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.
- < 4 The joy thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

368 S. M. *Pardon penitently implored, Ps. 79*

- aff 1 **T**HOU gracious God and kind,
Oh cast our sins away;
Nor call our former guilt to mind,
Thy justice to display.
- 2 Thy tenderest mercies show,
Thy richest grace prepare,
Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
We perish in despair.
- 3 Save us from guilt and shame,
< Thy glory to display;
And, for the great Redeemer's name,
Wash all our sins away.

ST. BRIDE'S, S. M.

Lord what a fee - ble piece, Is this our mor - tal frame!

Our life—how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That scarce de-serves the name.

369 S. M. *Prayer for divine help, Ps. 86.*

aff 1 **MY** God, my prayer attend!

O bow thine ear to me,
Without a hope—without a friend,
Without a help—but thee!

O cast thine arm around
My soul that trusts thy grace;
Nor let the powers of hell confound
The hopes on thee I place!

3 Thy mercy I enreat,—
Let mercy hear my cries,
While, humbly waiting at thy feet,
My daily prayers arise!

< 4 O bid my heart rejoice,
And every fear control;

> Since at thy throne, with suppliant voice,
— To thee I lift my soul!

370 S. M. *Human frailty, Ps. 90.*

1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life—how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay;
Swift as a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

3 Then, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

< 4 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
> Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
< Of blest eternity.

371 S. M. *The Compassion of God, Ps. 103.*

1 **T**HE pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel—
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

p 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower!
If blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

< 4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

CREATION, L. P. M. Six Lines.

Let all the earth their voi - ces raise, To sing a

psalm of lof - ty praise; To sing and bless Je - ho-vah's name;

372 P. M. *The heavens declaring the glory of God, Ps. 19.*

- 1** GREAT God, the heavens' well-ordered
Declares the glories of thy name; [frame
p There thy rich works of wonder shine
< A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power, and skill divine.
— 2 From night to day, from day to night,
< > The dawning and the dying light,
The glory of thy wisdom show;
p With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language know.
— 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
f And show to all thy wondrous ways;
Thus every creature tribute brings,
From every altar incense springs,
ff All nature joins to sound thy praise.

373 P. M. *Delight and instruction from the Bible, Ps. 19.*

- 1** I LOVE the volume of thy word;
f What light and joy those leaves afford
p To souls benighted and distrest!
— Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

- 2** Thy threatenings wake my slumbering
And warn me where my danger lies; [eyes,
dol But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
< And gives a free, and large reward.

- p 3** Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

374 P. M. *Jehovah, the Shepherd of his people, Ps. 23.*

- 1** THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads
> My weary, wandering steps he leads;
pp Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
< Amid the verdant landscape flow.

CREATION, Continued.

His glo - ry let the heath - en know, His won - ders to the
na - tions show, And all his sav - ing works pro - claim.

- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
< My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
dol Thy presence shall my pains beguile:
< The barren wilderness shall smile, [ed,
With sudden greens and herbage crown-
And streams shall murmur all around.

375 P. M. *Exhortation to universal praise, Ps. 113.*

- v* 1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record;
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.
- 2 God, through the world, extends his sway!
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
To him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven wherein he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

376 P. M. *Rejoicing in the universal reign of Christ, Ps. 96.*

- f* 1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing a psalm of lofty praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
p And reigns complete in glory there;
< His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!
- 3 Oh! haste the day—the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
p And barbarous nations fear his name:
< Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
f And in his courts his grace proclaim.

DOXOLOGY, P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds, where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers:

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

377 L. P. M. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence, Ps. 146.*

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 How blest the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed—he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 I'll praise him, while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

378 L. P. M. *Death and Resurrection, Ps. 89.*

- 1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours—how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave;
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly—or power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,

“The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?”
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

< 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
From all their toil, reproach, and pain:
f Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat his loud Amen.

379 L. P. M. *Rejoicing in God, Ps. 33.*

- v 1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice, [voice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your
Great is your theme—your songs be new;
Sing of his name—his word—his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

Ye ho-ly souls in God re-joyce, Your Maker's praise becomes your voice,

His works of na-ture and of grace, How wise and ho-ly, just and true !

Great is your theme,—your songs be new, Sing of his name,—his word—his ways,

D. C.

D. C.

- 2 Behold, to earth's remotest ends,
His goodness flows, his truth extends ;
His wisdom is a mighty deep ;
He spake—and gave all nature birth ;
< And fires—and seas—and heaven—and
His everlasting orders keep. [earth,
- p 3 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your
< But his eternal counsel stands, [hands,
And rules the world from age to age.

380 L. P. M. *God the refuge and portion of his people, Ps. 46.*

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge in distress ;
A present help when dangers press ;
In him, undaunted we'll confide ;—
Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
O'erwhelmed beneath the rolling tide.
- 2 A gentle stream with gladness still
The city of our God shall fill,—
The palace of the Lord most high :—
There may our souls in safety dwell,
Nor fear th' assaults of earth or hell,
While God's almighty aid is nigh.

381 L. P. M. *Delight in God and his worship, Ps. 63.*

- 1 **O** GOD—my gracious God—to thee
My early prayers shall offered be ;
For thee my thirsty soul doth pant !
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.
- 2 Oh ! to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays !
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

382 L. M. *Excellence of the holy Scriptures, Ps. 56.*

- 1 **C**OME, all ye servants of the Lord,
And praise him for his sacred word—
That word, like manna, sent from heaven,
To all who seek it freely given :
Its promises our fears remove,
And fill our hearts with joy and love.
- 2 It tells who first inspired our breath,
And who redeemed our souls from death ;
It tells of grace so freely given,
And shows the path to God and heaven ;
f Oh bless we, then, our gracious Lord
For all the treasures of his word.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
WEYMOUTH, H. M.

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How plea-sant and how fair

The dwell - ings of thy love, Thine earth - ly tem-ples are:

383 H. M. *Blessedness of worshipping God in his temple, Ps. 84.*

1 **L**ORD, of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are:
To thine abode With warm desires,
My heart aspires, To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks her nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints To rise and dwell
With equal zeal, Among thy saints.

p 3 O happy souls, who pray,
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!

f They praise thee still! Who love the way
And happy they, To Zion's hill.

— 4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:

f O glorious seat, Shall thither bring
When God our king Our willing feet.

384 H. M. *Blessedness of worshipping God in his temple, Ps. 84.*

v 1 **T**O spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, To keep the door
I love it more Then shine in courts.

2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light, and our defence:
With gifts his hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow Peculiar grace,
On Jacob's race And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and upright souls:
Thrice happy he, Whose spirit trusts
O God of hosts! Alone in thee.

385 H. M. *God's guardian care of his people Ps. 121.*

' 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eye,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the sky
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower His grace is nigh
To which I fly: In every hour.

WEYMOUTH, H. M. Continued.

To thine abode with warm de-sires My heart as-pires, To see my God.

To thine a - bode With warm de-sires, My heart as-pires, To see my God.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death ?
I trust in thee my Lord
To keep my mortal breath :
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

386 H. M. *Divine goodness and compassion celebrated, Ps. 136.*

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord ;
The sovereign King of kings :
And be his grace adored.
f Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure, | Abides thy word.

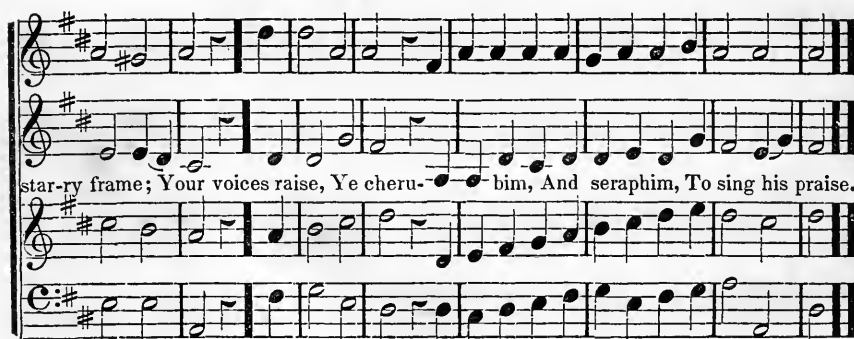
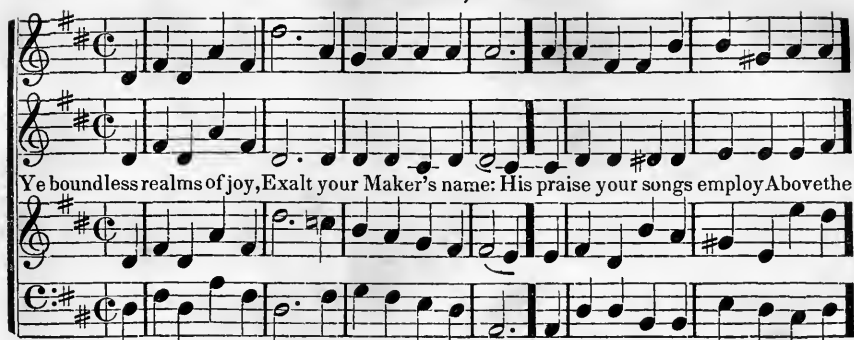
a p 2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He formed the earth and seas,
< And spread the heavens alone.
f His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same ; | Have endless praise,

— 3 He saw the nations lie,
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in.
f Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure ; | Abides thy word.

a p 4 He sent his only Son
To save us from our wo,
From Satan, sin, and death
And every hurtful foe.
f His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same, | Have endless praise.

f 5 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King ;
And let the spacious earth,
His works and glories sing.
ff Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure ; | Abides thy word.

DARWELL'S, H. M.



387 H. M. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence, Ps. 148.*

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng | In worlds of light,
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, | From nothing came
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

3 He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last.
In different ways | His wondrous name,
His works proclaim | And speak his praise.

4 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honours high.

388 H. M. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence, Ps. 148.*

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name:
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
Ye cherubim, | To sing his praise.

2 Let all adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last, | His firm decree
From changes free; | Stands ever fast.

389 H. M. *Salvation through the exalted Redeemer, Ps. 84.*

1 JESUS, the Lord is nigh
To those who fear his name;
He comes!—his praise on high
Let all his church proclaim!
His footsteps still | And all the land
On earth shall stand, | His glory fill.

2 Jesus his blessing pours
Upon our favoured land;
His grace, like gentle showers,
Descends at his command:
O'er all the plains | In rich supplies,
Blest fruits arise, | Since Jesus reigns.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns! On Zion is his throne: The Lord's decree sustains,

His own begotten Son: Up from the grave, he bids him rise, And mount the skies, with power to save,

3 Thy mercy, O our God,
To all thy church display;
Proclaim thy grace abroad,
And spread the gospel day:
High on thy throne, And quickly send
Our prayer attend; Salvation down.

4 His righteousness alone
Prepares his wondrous way:
He rises to his throne,
In realms of endless day!
His steps we trace, And heaven in view,
His path pursue; Adore his grace.

390 H. M. *All nations exhorted to adoration and praise, Ps. 100.*

f 1 SING to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore;
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and his power.
Let cheerful songs And let his praise
Declare his ways, Inspire your tongues.

2 Enter his courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
He formed us with his hand,
And guides us by his word.
With wide command O'er ev'ry sea,
He spreads his sway And ev'ry land.

3 Good is the Lord, our God,
His truth and mercy sure;
While earth and heaven shall last,
His promises endure.
With cheerful songs And let his praise
Declare his ways, Inspire your tongues.

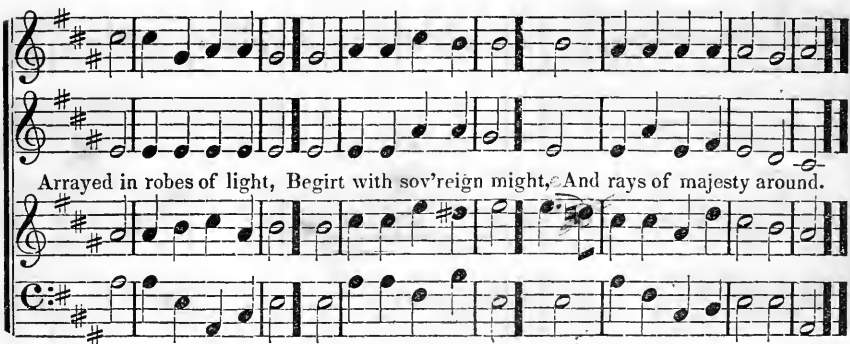
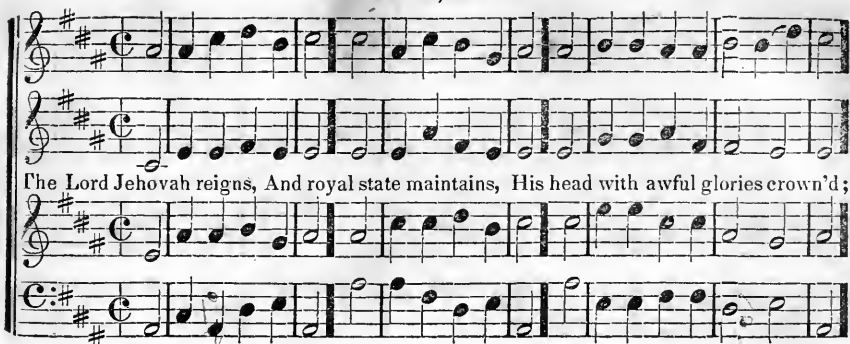
391 H. M. *The Church the dwellingplace of God, Ps. 87.*

' 1 JESUS, the Saviour, reigns!
On Zion is his throne
The Lord's decree sustains
His own begotten Son:
< Up from the grave f And mount the skies,
He bids him rise, With power to save.

f 2 Fixed on the sacred hills,
His firm foundations rest:
The Lord his temple fills,
With all his glory blest!
His spirit waits f But loves the gates
Where saints adore, Of Zion more

p 3 Oh Zion, sacred place!
Thy name shall spread around;
Thou city of his grace,
His wonders there abound:
< Thy glories shall f And earth thy fame
Thy God declare, Resound afar

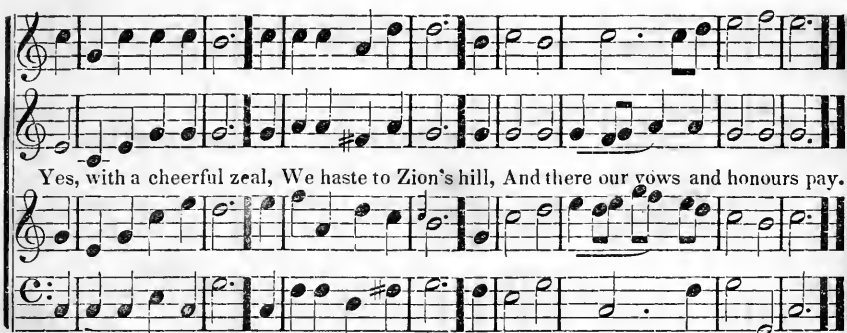
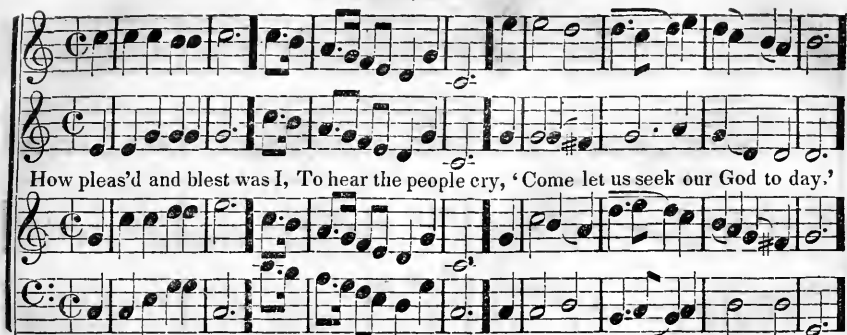
DALSTON, S. P. M.

392 S. P. M. *The majesty and dominion of God,*
Ps. 93.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.
- 4 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

393 S. P. M. *Delight in the Sabbath and temple of God,*
Ps. 122.

- 1 HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- p 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
—To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!



5 My tongue repeats her vows,
p 'Peace to this sacred house!"
— For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

394 S. P. M. *Excellence of Christian unity
and love, Ps. 133.*

dol 1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move;
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
< Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
— Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

dol 3 How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

395 S. P. M. *Praise to God for his perfections
and providence, Ps. 150.*

1 **L**ET all who fear the Lord,
Unite with one accord,
The great Jehovah's name to bless;
His glorious works and ways,
Demand your songs of praise;
His nature is all holiness.

2 With instruments of praise,
Your notes of honour raise,
The silver trumpet's lofty sound,—
The organ's pealing lay,—
The harp's sweet minstrelsey,—
Unite to spread his praise around.

3 While jointly thus ye sing,
Wake every tuneful string,
The noble stream of song to pour;
And let the theme inspire,
Your hearts with pure desire,
To him, who lives to die no more.

f 4 Let all beneath the light,
In general song unite,
And all with one and sweet accord,
God's noble deeds disclose,
With every breath that flows;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

RAPTURE, C. P. M.

Begin my soul, th' exalted lay, Let each enraptured thought obey, And praise th' Almighty's name :
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies, In one melodious concert rise, To swell th' inspiring theme.

396 C. P. M. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence, Ps. 148.*

1 **BEGIN**, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name :
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God ;

p **1** Ye thunders, speak his power :

— Lo ! on the lightning's fiery wing
— In triumph speeds the eternal King :

f Th' astonished worlds adore.

— **3** Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies,

f Praise him, who bids you roll ;—

p His praise in softer notes declare,
> Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

— **4** Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing ;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,

p Harmonious anthems raise

To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with
— And tuned your voice to praise-[gold,

f 5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

397 C. P. M. *Praise to the exalted Redeemer, Ps. 47.*

1 **OH**, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine !
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine :
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne :
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

RAVENSCROFT, C. P. M.

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine!

I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings In notes almost divine.

- 4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face :
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphing in his grace.

- 4 O when shall that great day arise,
When, in full glory, to our eyes,
Thy beauties shall appear !
Then, in a nobler sweeter strain,
We'll praise thee on the blissful plain,
Through heaven's eternal year.

398 C. P. M. *Praise to the exalted Redeemer,*
Ps. 47.

- 1 HAIL! to the sov'reign power which broke,
The strength of sin's tyrannic yoke,
And freed our captive race ;
Did all the rage of hell confound,
And gave to death its fatal wound :
All hail victorious grace !

- 2 Hail ! to the friend of human kind,
Who his celestial throne resigned,
To succour man distressed ;
> Who did unnumbered wrongs forgive,
p Who groaned to bid the rebel live,
pp And died to make him blest !

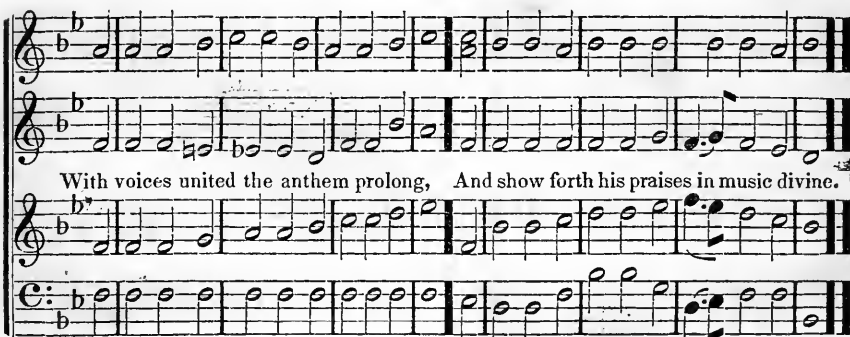
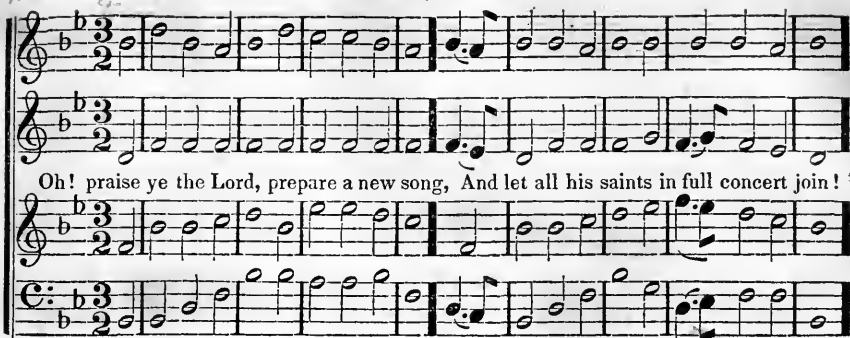
- 3 To Thee our lives, our souls we owe,
< Our peace and purest joys below,
< And brighter hopes above :
Then let our lives and all that's ours,
f Our souls, our passions, and our powers,
Be sacred to his love.

399 C. P. M. *Blessedness of the penitent and*
pardoned, Ps. 32.

- 1 HOW blest is he, whom God forgives,
The man who by his favour lives,
And hopes to see his face ;
The child of God by heavenly birth,
He scorns the highest seat on earth,
For yonder higher place.

- 2 The God he serves, is God alone,—
He fills you bright, eternal throne,
The power and kingdom his ;
He rules, he reigns, with sovereign sway,
He bids the universe obey :
His arm almighty is.

- 4 How blest is he whom God forgives ;
The man who by his favour lives,
In hope already blest ;
But O what joys await him there,
Wheresaved from sin, from toil and fear,
He gains his heavenly rest !



400 10s & 11s. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence, Ps. 149.*

1 **O** PRAISE ye the Lord!

Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing;
In their great Creator
Let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation
Be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name
Devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains
His praises express,
Who graciously opens
His bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve,
And his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, who defence
And plenty supplies:
Their loud acclamations
To him, their great King,
Thro' earth shall be sounded,
And reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above,
His glories who've sung,

In loftiest notes,
Now publish his praise:
We mortals, delighted,
Our tribute would bring;
Would join in your numbers,
And chant to your lays.

401 10s. & 11s. *Exhortation to universal praise, Ps. 113.*

1 **Y**E servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And while he is nigh,
All danger we brave;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our king.

3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne—
Let all cry aloud
And honour the Son;

ST. MICHAEL'S, 10 & 11.

Oh, praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great assembly to sing!

In their great Creator let all men rejoice, And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

His glory and praises
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

- 4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might:
All honour and blessing,
With angels above;
And thanks never ceasing,
For infinite love.

Our Shield and Defender,
The ancient of days,—
Pavilioned in splendour,
Surrounded with praise.

- 3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

- 4 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender!
How sure to the end!
Our Maker,—Defender,—
Redeemer,—and Friend!

402 10s. & 11s. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence, Ps. 149.*

- 11 OH! praise ye the Lord,
Prepare a new song,
And let all his saints
In full concert join!
With voices united
The anthem prolong
And show forth his praises
In music divine.

- 2 O worship the King,
All-glorious above!
O gratefully sing
His unchangeable love!

- p 5 O wonderful might!
< Ineffable love!
While angels delight,
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
f Shall echo thy praise.

Bless our God, his grace confessing, Whom his church above adores, Who, with daily loads of blessing,

From on high the Spirit pours: God our Saviour— God our Saviour,— For his church salvation stores.

403 8. 7. & 4. *Jehovah coming to judgment,*
Ps. 50.

p **1** **L**O! the mighty God appearing,
From on high Jehovah speaks!
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
O'er the west his thunder breaks:
Earth beholds him!—
Universal nature shakes!

< **2** Zion, all her light unfolding,
God in glory shall display:—
Lo! he comes!—nor silence holding,
p Fire and clouds prepare his way:
Tempests round him—
Hasten on the dreadful day!

— **3** To the heavens his voice ascending,
To the earth beneath he cries:—
“Souls immortal, now descending,
p Let the sleeping dust arise!
Rise to judgment—
Let my throne adorn the skies!

— **4** “Gather first my saints around me,
Those who to my covenant stood;
Those who humbly sought and found me,
Through the dying Saviour's blood:—
Blest Redeemer!—
Dearest sacrifice to God!”

5 Now the heavens on high adore him,
And his righteousness declare:
p Sinners perish from before him,
But his saints his mercies share:
Just his judgment—
pp God, himself, the judge, is there!

404 8. 7. & 4. *Rejoicing in the glorious reign*
of God our Saviour, Ps. 98.

1 SONGS anew of honour framing,
Sieg ye to the Lord alone;
All his wondrous works proclaiming—
Jesus wondrous works hath done!
f Glorious victory—
His right hand and arm have won.

2 Now he bids his great salvation
Through the heathen lands be told:
Tidings spread through every nation,
And his acts of grace unfold:
All the heathen—
Shall his righteousness behold.

ff **3** Shout aloud—and hail the Saviour;
Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim!
As ye triumph in his favour,
All ye lands declare his fame:
Loud rejoicing—
Shout the honours of his name.

TAMWORTH, 8's, 7's & 4's.

Songs a - new of hon-our fram-ing, Sing ye to the Lord a - lone;

All his won-drous works pro-claim-ing, Je-sus won-drous works hath done!

Glorious victory—glorious victory— His right hand and arm hath won.

405 8. 7. & 4. *Jehovah coming to judgment,* Ps. 50.

- 1 **JESUS** comes, by crowds attended,
Heaven the dazzling train supplies;
p Call the dead, < the night is ended;
Bid the sleeping dust arise:
f Let the ransomed—
Join the Saviour in the skies.
—2 This the day so long expected,
< Shout, ye saints, and triumph now:
Lo your Lord, by man rejected,
Many crowns adorn his brow:
f 'Tis his triumph—
Every knee to him shall bow.

406 8. 7. & 4. *Exaltation of Christ,* Ps. 35.

- 1 **LO!** the Lord, the mighty Saviour,
Quits the grave, the throne to claim;
Object of his Fathers favour,
God o'er all exalts his name;
Those who hate him—
Clothed with everlasting shame.
f 2 Shout for joy—with songs of praises,
Ye, who in his name delight:
Shout—for God our Saviour raises
To his throne, in endless might!
'Tis Jehovah—
Crowns our Lord in realms of light!

- 3 God his servant lifts to glory,
Bids him all his honours share:
Now, Jehovah, we adore thee,
And thy righteousness declare:
Endless praises—
Shall thy ransomed church prepare.

407 8. 7. & 4. *Victory of the Church,* Ps. 68.

- 1 **BLESS** our God, his grace confessing,
Whom his church above adores;
Who, with daily loads of blessing,
From on high his Spirit pours:
God our Saviour—
For his church salvation stores.
2 Him, in whom, as God, we glory,
God our Saviour we proclaim:
Life and death, O Lord, adore thee,
Yielding at thy awful name:
f Thou shalt triumph—
And the eternal victory claim.
— 3 At his feet, dominions falling,
Jesus breaks the serpent's head;
He, for mighty vengeance calling,
On his proudest foe shall tread:
f Thou, the conqueror—
Shalt thy church to victory lead.

NAPLES, Sevens.

When my cries ascend to thee, Hear Je - ho-vah from a - far,

Let thy ten-der mer - cies be, Still pro-pi-tious to my prayer!

408 7s. *Resorting to, and trusting in God, in times of trouble, Ps. 27.*

aff 1 **W**HEN my cries ascend to thee,
Hear, Jehovah, from afar;

Let thy tender mercies be
Still propitious to my prayer!

2 Gracious Lord, disclose thy way,
In thy path my feet sustain;
While my foes my steps survey,
Make the path of duty plain.

3 Had not faith revived my breast,
Oft my soul had sunk in wo;
< Now, on thee, assured I rest,
All thy goodness, Lord, to know.

— 4 Lord, thy kind and watchful eye—
Shall my life and soul defend;
< Thou, wilt every want supply,—
Thou, my guardian, thou my friend.

< 3 On thy holy hill I rest,
In thy courts for ever blest;—
There to God, my hope, my joy,
f Praise shall all my powers employ.

410 7s. *Humbly looking to God for spiritual strength, Ps. 123.*

p 1 **L**ORD, before thy throne we bend,—
Now to thee our prayers ascend;—

On thy grace our souls rely,
<> Abba, Father, hear our cry!

p 2 Sore distressed—yet suppliant still,
— Here we wait thy holy will;
Bound to earth, and rooted here,
'Till our Saviour God appear.

3 Leave us not beneath the power
Of temptation's gloomy hour;
< Jesus, Saviour, be thou nigh,
Lord of life and victory!

409 7s. *Resorting to God in times of trouble, Ps. 43.*

aff 1 **J**UDGE me, Lord, in righteousness;
Plead for me in my distress;—
Good and merciful thou art;
Bind this bleeding broken heart.

2 Cast me not despairing hence;—
Be my hope and confidence;—
Send thy light and truth, to guide,
Leave me not to turn aside.

411 7s. *Prayer for the enlargement of the Church, Ps. 67.*

1 **L**ORD, thy Church hath seen thee rise,
To thy temple in the skies;
God our Saviour!—God our King!
Still thy ransomed round thee sing.

2 On thy Church, thou Power Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
'Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star.

HARMAN, Sevens,

Praise—O praise the name di - vine, Praise him at the hal - lowed shrine;

Let the fir - ma - ment on high To its mak - er's praise re - ply

< 3 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
And the world's remotest bound,
f With the voice of praise resound.

4 Then, in glories all divine,
Through the earth thy church shall shine;
Kings in prayer and praise, shall wait,
Bending at thy temple gate.

412 7s. *The Citizen of Zion, Ps. 15.*

1 WHO, great God, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar;
Who, an ever welcome guest,
In thy blissful presence rest.

2 He, whose heart thy love hath warmed;
He, whose will to thine conformed,
In thy path his footsteps run,
While his words and thoughts are one.

p 3 He, who shuns the sinner's road,
— Loving those who fear the Lord;
Who, with hope, and faith unfeigned
Treads the path by thee ordained:—

4 He, who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done;—
< He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share.

413 7s. *Divine goodness and compassion celebrated*
Ps. 136.

v 1 LET us, with a joyful mind, —
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
f For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful,—ever sure.

p 2 He, with all-commanding might,
— Filled the new made world with light;—
All things living he doth feed,
< His full hand supplies their need.

— 3 He, his chosen race did bless,
Led them through the wilderness;
He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery.

f' 4 Let us then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
ff For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful,—ever sure.

414 7s. *Praise to God for his perfections and providence, Ps. 150.*

f' 1 PRAISE—Oh praise the name divine,
Praise him at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ;
ff Heaven and earth the chorus join;
Praise—O praise his name divine.

Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

415 10s. *Mourning over the desolations of Zion.*
Ps. 137.

1 **A**LONG the banks where
Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in
Deep despondence strayed,
While Zion's fall in sad
Remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children,
Mingled with the dead.

2 The tuneless harp, that
Once with joy we strung,
When praise employed
And mirth inspired the lay,

p In mournful silence—
On the willows hung,
len And growing grief
Prolonged the tedious day.

1 3 Our hard oppressors,
To increase our wo,
With taunting smiles
A song of Zion claimed ;
Bade sacred praise in strains
Melodious flow,
To great Jehovah's name,
While they blasphemed.

p 4 But how, in heathen chains,
And lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons
A song of Zion raise ?—
O hapless Salem,
God's terrestrial throne
Thou land of glory—
Sacred mount of praise ;—

aff 5 If from my memory
Fade thy lovely name,
Or my cold heart
Neglect my kindred race ;
Destruction dire shall
Seize this guilty frame ;
This hand shall wither—
> And this voice shall cease.

416 10s. *Delight in the Sabbath and worship of
God, Ps. 92.*

1 1 **H**AIL, happy day !
Thou day of holy rest,
What heavenly peace
And transport fill our breast !
When Christ, the God of grace,
In love descends,
And kindly holds communion
With his friends.

WALWORTH, 10's.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise! Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!

See heaven its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood of day!

2 Let earth and all its
Vanities be gone,
Fly from my sight,
And leave my soul alone ;
Its flattering, fading
Glories I despise,
And to immortal
Beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount
And penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's
Glories fix my eyes.
aff Oh ! meet my rising soul,
Thou God of love,
< And waft it to the
Blissful realms above !

2 See a long race thy
Spacious courts adorn,
See future sons
And daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks
On every side arise,
Demanding life,
Impatient for the skies !

3 See barbarous nations
At thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light,
And in thy temple bend !
See thy bright altars
Thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land
Its joyous tribute brings !

417 10s. *Rejoicing in the prospect of the glorious
Reign of God the Saviour, Ps. 98.*

11 **RISE**, crowned with light,
Imperial Salem rise !
Exalt thy towering head
And lift thine eyes !
See heaven its sparkling
Portals wide display,
And break upon thee
In a flood of day !

p 4 The seas shall waste,
The skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust,
And mountains melt away ;
f But fixed his word,
His saving power remains—
Thy realm shall last,
Thy own Messiah reigns.

SABBATH, 10's.

Again the day returns of holy rest, Which, when he made the world Jehovah blest;
When like his own, he bade our labours cease, And all be pi-e-ty and all be peace.

418 10s. *Delight in the Sabbath and temple of God, Ps. 92.*

1 **A** GAIN the day returns
Of holy rest,
Which, when he made
The world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own,
He bade our labours cease,
And all be piety
And all be peace.

2 Let us devote
This consecrated day,
To learn his will,
And all that will obey;
So shall he hear
When fervently we raise,
Our supplications
And our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven
In whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us,
And whose precepts guide;
In life our Guardian,
And in death our Friend;
Glory supreme, be thine
Till time shall end.

af

419 10s. *The Creator only worthy to be worshipped, Ps. 115.*

1 **T** HOU great supreme—
Thou only just and true,
To thee alone,
Is praise and glory due;
Thy power and grace,
Thy truth and justice claim,
Immortal honours
To thy holy name.

p 2 Thou art our God,
< We pay our praise to thee,
> Low at thy feet,
We bow th' adoring knee;
< Shine through the earth,
Exert thy sovereign sway,
And bid the heathen world
Thy laws obey.

f 3 Thy throne, O God,
For ever shall endure;
Thy word of promise
Stands for ever sure;
Thy justice shall to all
The earth be shown;
af And thou shalt reign,
Almighty and alone.

SABBATH, 10's. Continued.

Father of heav'n in whom our hopes confide, Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide; In life our Guardian,

and in death our Friend; Glo-ry su-preme, glo-ry su-preme, glo-ry su-preme, be thine till time shall end.

f! 4 Zion rejoice!—

— Exalt the Saviour's name ;
His arm shall fill
Thy foes with endless shame ;
f! Then to his name,
Let loud hosannas rise,
From all below,
And all above the skies.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 L. M.

TO God the Father—God the Son,
And God the Spirit—three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth—and all in heaven.

2 C. M.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

3 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father—love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

4

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise ;
Glory to God the Son ;
'To God the Spirit praise :
With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, | While faith adores.

5

7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love :
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

6

8. 7. & 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

7

L. P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
CHESTERFIELD, C. M.

Blest Je-sus when my soar-ing thoughts O'er all thy gra - ces rove,
How is my soul in trans-port lost, In wond - er, joy, and love!

1 C. M. *Supreme love to Christ.*

- 1 **BLEST** Je-sus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost—
In wonder, joy, and love!
- p 2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
— Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.
- 3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see:
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?
- 4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?—
Search, Lord—for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.
- f 5 No—thou art precious to my heart—
My portion and my joy:
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

2 C. M. *Christ precious to the believer.*

- dol 1 **JESUS**, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
< Fain would I sound it out so loud,
— That earth and heaven might hear.

- 2 The dearest hope the cheers my breast,
Thy blissful name inspires;
Thy boundless, free, unchanging love,
Fills all my vast desires.

- < 3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
p And sheds its fragrance there;
f > The noblest balm of all its wounds,
p The cordial of its care!
- f 4 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
> With my last labouring breath,
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
— And trust thy love in death.

3 C. M. *Christ precious to the believer.*

- dol 1 **THOU** lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore;
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.
- f 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
> My bleeding—dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
p And sins and sorrows rise—
f Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

To thee, my shepherd, and my Lord, A grate-ful song I'll raise;

Oh! let the fee-blest of thy flock At-tempt to speak thy praise.

p 4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

f 5 Jesus, my Lord—my life—my light
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break through the gloomy shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love:
Then shall I see thy glorious face
In endless joy above.

4 C. M. *Christ precious to the believer.*

p 1 THOU blest Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
—No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so dear can be.

2 The gentle whisper of thy voice,
Allays each rising fear;
It bids the trembling soul rejoice,
And dries the falling tear.

3 Jesus shall ever be our theme;
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing of Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favoured throng;
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

5 C. M. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

1 TO thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh! let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise:

2 But how shall mortal tongue express
A subject so divine!
Thy boundless love—immortal theme,—
Was ever love like thine!

3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

f 5 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

SCHROEDER, C. M.

Oppressed with guilt, and full of fears, I come to thee my Lord ;

While not a ray of hope ap-pears, But in thy ho - ly word.

6 C. M. *Delight in the sacred Scriptures.*

- 1 GREAT God! with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- < 2 Here are my choicest treasures hid ;
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.
- 3 Here I can rest my soul secure,
For life and future peace ;
Thy word, O Lord, shall still endure.
When time and nature cease.

7 C. M. *The Bible suited to the wants of mankind.*

- 1 OPPRESSED with guilt, and full of fears,
I come to thee, my Lord ;
While not a ray of hope appears,
But in thy holy word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace,
Does all my griefs assuage ;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.
- 3 Here living water freely flows,
To cleanse me from my sin ;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

aff 4 Oh ! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

8 C. M. *The Bible suited to the wants of mankind.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines !
- > 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
— Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- < 3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
f And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
f And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound !
- aff 5 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

Hail sa-cred truth! whose pierc - ing rays Dis-pel the shades of night ;

Dif - fus - ing o'er the men - tal world, The heal - ing beams of light.

2 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there !

9 C. M. *The Bible the light of the world*

1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven !

> 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
p In this dark vale of tears ;

< 1 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

> 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night

< Of life, shall guide our way ;

f Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

10 C. M. *The Bible the light of the world.*

1 **W**HAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun :
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives—but borrows none.

2 It gently clears the mental skies,
Enwapt in moral night ;

< O'er all the earth its beams shall rise,
In full meridian light.

< 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
f With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The path of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

11 C. M. *The Bible the light of the world.*

1 **H**AIL, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night ;
Diffusing o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.

2 Thy word, O Lord, shall light our path,
To realms above the skies ;
Where all thy rich displays of grace,
In perfect glory rise.

3 Oh ! send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze ;
f And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

DOXOLOGY, C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
LONDON, C. M.

Great God, how in - fin - ite art thou!— What worthless worms are we!—

Let all the race of crea-tures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

12 C. M. *Eternity of God.*

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!

What worthless worms are we!

Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:

Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears;

p Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;

—While thine eternal thought moves on
< Thine undisturbed affairs.

p **5** Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!

— Let all the race of creatures bow,
f And pay their praise to thee.

13 C. M. *God the Creator.*

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee all thy creatures sing;

While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace ring.

2 Thy hand—how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!

Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Almighty power, and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

5 But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And we adore his love.

14 C. M. *God the Creator.*

1 GREAT first of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame!
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'Twas instantly obeyed;
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy power were made.

Hail great Cre - a - tor—wise and Good! To thee our songs we raise;

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The third staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign at the end of the first two staves.

Nature, through all her va-rious scenes, In - vites us to thy praise.

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The third staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign at the end of the first two staves.

- 3 Lord! for thy glory shine the whole;
They all reflect thy light:
For this in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.
- 4 For this the earth its produce yields,
For this the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.
- 5 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end,
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thy glory tend.

15 C. M. *God the Creator.*

- 1 THE God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye,
Thither his path appears;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.
- 3 Before his presence millions stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy, at his right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

16 C. M. *Power and goodness of God seen in his works.*

- 1 HAIL great Creator—wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill—the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove—the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious thoughts engage!
Still may our grateful hearts pursue
Thy works' instructive page!
- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see;
Oh may our hearts, great God, be led,
Through all thy works to thee.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
BRATTLE-STREET, C. M.

While thee I seek, pro - tect-ing pow'r, Be my vain wish - es still'd;

And may this con - se - cra - ted hour, With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.

17 C. M. *The goodness and mercy of God celebrated.*

- 1 **Y**E humble souls approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good—immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- p 3 He gave his Son—his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence—a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls that trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honours shall we raise!
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

18 C. M. *The goodness and mercy of God celebrated.*

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore!
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain, the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like the sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
- 5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.
- 6 Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore!

Thy love the pow'r of thought be-stow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar,

Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a - dore.

19 C. M. *The goodness and mercy of God celebrated.*

- 1 **WHEN** all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- f 6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

20 C. M. *The goodness and mercy of God celebrated.*

- 2 **WHILE** thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
< My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
NOTTINGHAM C. M.

E - ter - nal Power al - migh - ty God ! Who can ap - proach thy throne ?

Unfading light is thine a - bode, To mor - tal man un - known.

21 C. M. *Greatness and condescension of God.*

1 **E**TERNAL Power—almighty God !
Who can approach thy throne ?

Unfading light is thine abode,
To mortal man unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine ;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

p 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below ?
To this vile world thy notice bend—
These seats of sin and wo ?

4 How strange ! how wondrous is thy love,
With trembling we adore :
< Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

f 5 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays.
— Great God, permit our humble songs
f To rise and speak thy praise.

22 C. M. *God almighty and omnipresent.*

1 **G**REAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers :
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just ;

f Armed with omnipotence to save,
p Or crumble me to dust—

3 Oh, how tremendous is the thought !
Deep may it be impressed !
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast !

— 4 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
p The gloomy vale shall tread ;
f And thou wilt place th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

23 C. M. *God omniscient—searching the heart.*

1 **G**OD is a spirit, just—and wise ;
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to Heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies ;
Their bending knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
— Where not the heart is found.

ST. JAMES, C. M.

Great God thy pen-e - trat - ing eye, Per-vades my in-most pow-ers:

With awe pro-found my won-dering soul Falls pros - trate, and a - dores.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

24 C. M. *God the Creator and supreme governor of the universe.*

1 WHERE'ER, through all his works, we
Our roving eyes abroad, [send
The various objects all conspire
To lead our souls to God;—

2 That God, whose word all nature formed,
Whose eye all nature sees;
Whose hand all nature rules, sustains,
Or crushes, as he please;—

3 Before whose high and dazzling throne
Myriads of angels bow;
Whose smile is everlasting bliss—
> Whose frown is endless wo.

p 4 Low at his feet, then, O my soul,
In prostrate homage fall;
< Make him thy fear, thy love, thy trust,
Thy joy, thy God, thy all.

25 C. M. *God incomprehensible.*

1 HOW wondrous great—how glorious bright
Must our Creator be!
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of an eternal day!

2 Our soaring spirits upwards rise
Toward his celestial throne;
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And mounts above the skies:
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grovelling reason lies!

p 4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore;
< Thy power we feel—thy glory see,
> Thy mercy we implore.

—5 With humble notes we raise the song
To heaven's almighty King,
f While angels tune their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.

26 C. M. *Faithfulness of God.*

1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are;
A Rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

2 Throughout the universe it reigns,
It stands for ever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ALBOROUGH, C. M.

Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And lift your souls a - bove ;

Let eve-ry heart and voice ac-cord, To sing, that God is love.

27 C. M. *Praise to the Trinity.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of glory ! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease ;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.
- 3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given ;
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
f And spread his honours—and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join
One general song to raise ;
f Let saints, in earth and heaven, combine
In harmony and praise.

28 C. M. *The goodness and love of God celebrated.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above ;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.

- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
While Christ th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show, that God is love.
- p 3 The Saviour died < he rose from death,—
He intercedes above ;
f And thus proclaims to all the world ;
— That God the Lord is love.
- 4 And oh that you, whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice—
That tells you, God is love.
- 5 Oh may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
f Till warmer hearts—in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

29 C. M. *Purposes of God developed by his providence.*

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep, in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

JORDAN, C. M.

With joy we me - di - tate the grace, Of our High Priest a - bove ;

His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy—and shall break
With blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

30 C. M. *Nativity of the Saviour.*

f '1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng ;
For angels no such love have known,
To wake the cheerful song.

2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given ;
p For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes
f With messages from heaven.

> 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
< His rising beams adorn ;
f Let heaven and earth in concert join—
To us a Saviour's born.

4 Glory to God ! in highest strains,
In highest words be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

31 C. M. *Christ our merciful High Priest.*

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

ASHLEY, C. M.

Sal-va-tion, oh, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis plea - sure to our ears;

A sov - reign balm for eve - ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.

32 C. M. *The gospel welcomed.*

- 1 **SALVATION!**—oh, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- p2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;—
- v But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.
- f3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around;
 While all the armies of the sky
- ff Conspire to raise the sound.

33 C. M. *The names of Christ.*

- 1 **TO** us the promised Child is born,
 To us a Son is given:
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 For evermore adored,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
 His reign no end shall know;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

- 4 To us the promised Child is born,
 To us a Son is given—
 f The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The mighty Lord of heaven.

34 C. M. *Humiliation of Christ.*

- 1 **AND** did the holy and the just,
 The sovereign of the skies,
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty man might rise!
- 2 Yes—the Redeemer left his throne—
 His radiant throne on high—
 Surprising mercy!—love unknown!
 ap To suffer—bleed—and die.
- 3 To dwell with misery here below,
 The Saviour left the skies,
 And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
 That worthless man might rise.
- 4 He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffered in his stead;
 For sinful man—oh wondrous grace!
 pp For sinful man—he bled!
- 5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
 In thine atoning blood!
 By this are sinners saved from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.

OCCASIONAL CHORUS

ASHLEY, C. M.

Glo-ry hon-our, praise and pow-er, Be un-to the Lamb for ev-er Je-sus Christ is

our Re-deem - er! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu - jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord.

ADAGIO.

35 C. M. *Unchanging love of Christ to his people.*

1 **F**IRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep:
All whom his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast;
Safe, on the bosom of his love,
Shall they for ever rest.

36 C. M. *Love of Christ celebrated.*

v 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
Oh may his love—immortal flame!—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

4 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

37 C. M. *Love of Christ celebrated.*

' 1 **A**WAKE—awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

p 4 To dwell with misery here below
The Saviour left the skies,
And stooped to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.

< 4 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues,
Their grateful worship pay.

Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the lamb for ever,
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.

ARUNDEL, C. M.

Let eve-ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And eve-ry heart re-joice;

The trum-pet of the gos-pel sounds, With an in-vi-ting voice.

38 C. M. *The object of Christ's advent.*

- 1 COME, happy souls—approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange—so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform—
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy—all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, come and heal your wounds;
Come wipe your sorrows dry;
Come, trust the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
- f We bless the great Redeemer's love
And give the Father praise.

39 C. M. *The divine Character exhibited in his works and word.*

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view thy strange design
f To save rebellious worms,
p Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;—
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone—
The justice or the grace.
- f 5 Now, the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 6 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall,

DUETT. TUTTE.

Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,

DUETT. TUTTE.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, And crown, &c.

40 C. M. *Christ crowned as Lord of all.*

- 1 ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Praise him who shed for you his blood,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye gentle sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred—every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

41 C. M. *The invitation of the gospel.*

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind,—
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
> And pine away and die—
— Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;—
p Lord—we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

FIRST TREBLE.

WAREHAM, C. M.

SECOND TREBLE.
TENOR.
BASS.

How large the pro-mise! how di-vine! To A-bra-ham and his seed!

"I'll be a God to thee and thine, Sup-ply-ing all their need."

CHORUS.

"I'll be a God to thee and thine, Sup - ply - ing all their need."

42 C. M. *Promise to believers and their children.*

1 HOW large the promise! how divine!

To Abraham and his seed!

"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God!—how faithful are his ways.
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out our children's name.

43 C. M. *Contemplation of the saints in glory.*

1 HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see!

2 "Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,
"That brought us near to God:"
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The virtue of his blood.

3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honours of the Lamb.

— 4 With wondering joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

aff 5 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given;
And I, with them, will shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

44 C. M. *Brevity of human life.*

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

A-wake ye saints, and raise your eyes, And lift your voi - ces high!

A - wake and praise that sov - reign love That shows sal - vation nigh.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!

aff 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

45 C. M. *Brevity of human life.*

1 THE time is short!—sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation here,
While yet 'tis called to-day.

2 The time is short!—O sinners, now,
To Christ the Lord submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

3 The time is short!—ye saints, rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come:
Soon shall you hear the Saviour's voice,
To call you to your home.

4 The time is short!—it swiftly flies—
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wished-for land.

5 The time is short!—the moment near,
When we shall dwell above;
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

46 C. M. *Close of the year.*

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high!
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near:
Then gladly view each closing day,
And each revolving year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

5 Then wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high!
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

Daught-er of Zi-on, from the dust, Ex-alt thy fall-en head;

A-gain in thy Re-deem-er trust; He calls thee from the dead.

47 C. M. *Resurrection of Christ celebrated.*

- 1 AND now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose, who bore our sins,
For so his word records.
- p! 2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!—
Their voices fill the sky—
< They hail their great victorious King,
And welcome him on high.
- f 3 We'll catch the notes of lofty praise,
We'll join the happy throng;
Our thankful voice with them we'll raise,
And emulate their song,
- 4 Oh! come ye saints and grateful sing,
Of Christ, our risen Lord;
Of Christ, the everlasting King,
Of Christ, th' incarnate Word.
- 5 Hail, mighty Saviour, thee we hail!
High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

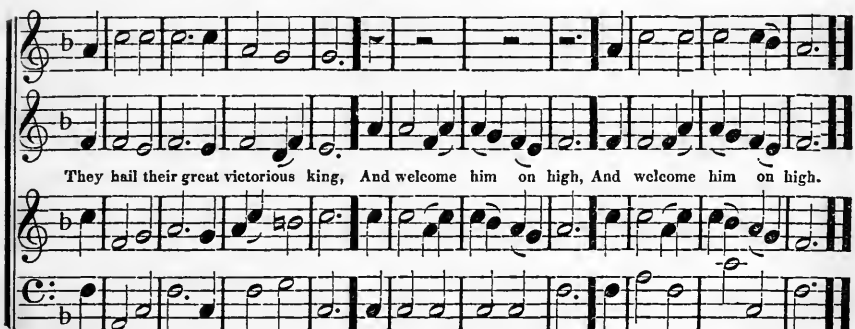
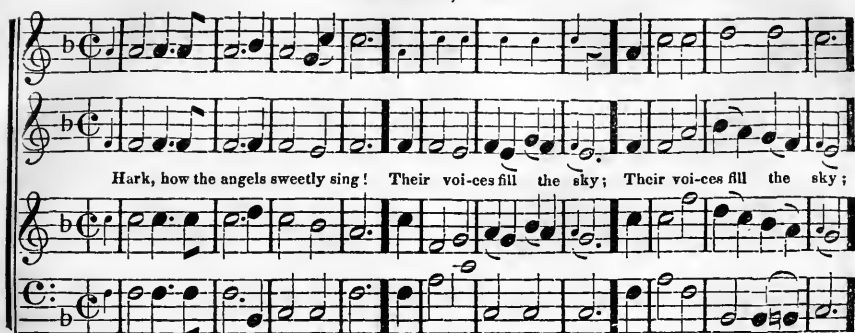
48 C. M. *Resurrection of Christ celebrated.*

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Dispels the darkness of the night,
f And pours increasing day.

- p 2 Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
f Oh! what a Sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
f And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

49 C. M. *Restoration of the Jews.*

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake—awake!—put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walks—thy bounds enlarge
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south,—‘Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!’



4 They come! they come—thine exile bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

50 C. M. *In behalf of charitable objects.*

1 **FATHER** of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 Oh! may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

— 4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies,
And in the Father's bosom blest
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
For us he shed his precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

51 C. M. *Praise for providential goodness.*

1 **GOD** of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound;
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend;
Whose constant mercies from the skies,
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see;
And, constant as thy favours are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
To every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God;
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
HANOVER, C. M.

An-gels and men, the news pro-claim, Through earth and heav'n a-bove,
And all with ho-ly trans-port sing, That God the Lord is love.

52 C. M. *Holiness of God.*

- 1 **H**OLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King ;
'Thrice holy Lord,' the angels cry—
'Thrice holy,' let us sing !
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God ! preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

53 C. M. *Sovereign purposes of God.*

- 1 **K**EEP silence—all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

- 3 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf—and every stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.
- 4 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
aff Oh may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

54 C. M. *Mysteries of Providence.*

- 1 **T**HY way, O Lord, is in the sea ;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2 'Tis but in part I know thy will ;
I bless thee for the sight :—
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light ?
- f 3 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace ;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

The Lord our God is clothed with might, The winds o - bey his will ;

He speaks—and in his heav'n - ly height The roll - ing sun stands still.

55 C. M. *Almighty power and majesty of God.*

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks—and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar !
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night ! your force combine !
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

— 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peaks it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

p 5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
< And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

56 C. M. *The love of God celebrated.*

1 AMID the splendours of thy state,
O God, thy love appears,
Soft as the radiance of the moon,
Among a thousand stars.

— 2 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.

f 3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,

Thunders thine awful name ;

p But Zion sings, in melting notes,

< The honours of the Lamb.

f 4 Angels and men, the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
And all with holy transport sing
That God the Lord is love.

57 C. M *Divine goodness in moderating affliction.*

1 GREAT ruler of all nature's frame !
We own thy power divine ;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

3 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will ;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast,
To those who seek thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ROCKBRIDGE, C. M.

Thou art the earnest of his love, The pledge of joys to come, And thy soft wings celestial dove,

And thy soft wings celestial dove, Will safe convey me home, Will safe convey me home.

58 C. M. *Sufficiency of the atonement.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain, filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved to sin no more.
- 4 Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- p 5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave—
< Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

59 C. M. *Love the chief grace.*

- 1 **H**APPY the heart, where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

- 2 Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain—
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight, and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
f 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
> In realms of endless peace.

60 C. M. *Pleading for divine aid.*

- aff 1 **F**ATHER, to thee our souls we lift,
On thee our hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.
- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought,
And righteous word, is thine.
- 4 From thee—through Jesus—we receive
The power on thee to call;
In thee, O Lord, we move, and live—
Our God is all in all.

There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins ;

And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

61 C. M. *Before sermon.*

- aff 1 **F**ATHER of all—in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe ;
One bright celestial ray send down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy word we search for thee,
Oh fill our souls with awe ;
Thy light impart, that we may see
The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear
Now thy revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.
- 4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know ;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

62 C. M. *Pleading for the sealing influences of the Spirit.*

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days ?—
Great Comforter ! descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?

- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

63 C. M. *Christian fellowship.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part :
Tho' while on earth, we far remove,
Still we are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
His praises we will show ;
We trust in his unerring word,
Where he appoints we go.
- 3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,
And in his truth confide ;
No other joy so much esteem,
As Jesus crucified.
- 4 Richly we share the Saviour's grace,
We're one in mind and heart ;
Not joy, nor grief—nor time, nor place,
Not life, nor death can part.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ALEXANDRIA, C. M.

Sin-ners, the voice of God re-gard; His mer-cy speaks to day;
He calls you by his sov-reign word, From sins de-struc-tive way

64 C. M. *Sinners invited to come to Christ.*

- 1 **SINNERS**, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
'To reap eternal wo!
- 4 But he, who turns to God, shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those who seek his face.
- 5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.
- 6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts!
He pardons like a God!
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through our Redeemer's blood.

65 C. M. *Sinners invited to come to Christ.*

- 1 **SINNERS**, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;
Look to th' atoning precious blood,
That for our sins he spilt.
- 2 Sinners, to Jesus now draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood;
Arise—return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 4 In every state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 5 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood;
That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

66 C. M. *Sinners invited to come to Christ.*

- 1 **OH** what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

FERRY, C. M.

Let us a-dore the grace that seeks To draw our hearts a-bove:

For, lo! the great Je - ho-vah speaks, And eve - ry word is love.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring!
Here love—unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring!

4 Whoever will—oh gracious word!—
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls—and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake!

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

67 C. M. *Invitation to the gospel feast.*

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls—he bids you come:
Though guilt restrains—and fear alarms,
Behold, there yet is room.

3 Oh! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room!

68 C. M. *God's gracious call to sinners.*

1 LET us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above:
For, lo! the great Jehovah speaks,
And every word is love.

aff 2 Lord, help us now to seek thy face,
By Christ the living way;
And praise thee for this hour of grace
Through an eternal day!

—3 Let us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above:
For, lo! the great Jehovah speaks,
And every word is love.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ST. MATTHEWS, C. M.

Blest morn-ing whose first dawning rays Be-held our ris-ing God ;

That saw his tri-umph o'er the dust, And leave his dark a-bode.

69 C. M. *Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **B**LEST morning, whose first dawning rays
Beheld our rising God ;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay—
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold the Lord in vain ;
Behold the mighty conqueror rise,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim,
The triumph of the day.

70 C. M. *Christ enthroned and worshipped.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne ;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise ;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on his head.

71 C. M. *Christ enthroned and worshipped.*

- 1 **H**E, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.
- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill ;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.
- 3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise,
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

In the cold pri - son of a tomb, The great Re - deem - er lay—

Till the re - volving skies had brought The third, th' ap-point - ed day.

- 4 When sorrow bows their spirit down,
When tempted, or afraid;
To their Almighty Rock they come,
And seek his heavenly aid.
- 5 O how secure and blest are they,
In such a glorious friend;
Who guards them safe through all the way
And crowns them at the end.

72 C. M. *Pity and condescension of Christ.*

- 1 **THE** Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless wo.
- 3 Th' almighty Former of the skies,
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail the incarnate God.
- 4 Oh wondrous depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine—
I cannot wish for more!

- 5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

73 C. M. *Supreme love to Christ.*

- 1 **DO** not I love thee, O my Lord?—
Behold my heart, and see:
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?—
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, O my Lord,
But yet I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
COVINGTON, C. M.

How sweet and aw - ful is the place With Christ with - in the doors;
While ev - er-last-ing love dis-plays, The choi - cest of her stores.

74 C. M. *Guests drawn in by divine love.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 While all our hearts, and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
'Lord, why was I a guest?
- 3 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room?
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come!
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

75 C. M. *Guests drawn in by divine grace.*

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire, that we
Should find a welcome place;—
- 2 We who are all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God!
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood!
- 3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.
- 4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven!
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love!
No Saviour is like ours!

DOXOLOGY, C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

BLANDFORD, C. M.

How con-de-scend-ing, and how kind Was God's e - ter - nal Son!

Our mise-ry reached his heavenly mind, And pi - ty brought him down.

76 C. M. *The new covenant sealed.*

- 1 THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good :
He said—and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name ;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath ;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.
- 4 The light and strength, the pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine :
My life and soul—my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

77 C. M. *Godly sorrow from the sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 HOW condescending, and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

- 3 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record ;
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

78 C. M. *Pity and condescension of Christ.*

- 1 INFINITE pity touched the heart,
Of God's eternal Son ;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.
- 2 His living power, and dying love,
Redeemed unhappy man,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 3 To thee, O Lord, our noblest powers
We joyfully resign ;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

79 C. M. *Godly sorrow from the sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 AND can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see ?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groaned and died for me ?
- 2 Blest Jesus ! let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe ;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

MEAR, C. M.

My guardian, my al - migh - ty friend, On thee my soul would rest;

On thee a - lone my hopes de - pend, In thee I'm ev - er blest.

80 C. M. *Prayer for quickening grace.*

- 1 **P**ERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call;
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.
- 2 All I can wish is thine to give:
My God, I ask thy love,
That greatest boon I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.
- 3 To heaven my restless heart aspires,
Oh! for some quickening ray,
To animate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.
- 4 While sin and Satan join their art
To keep me from my Lord,
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.
- 5 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or spreads the fatal snare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms,
For safety must be there.
- 6 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
In thee I'm ever blest.

81 C. M. *Prayer for divine submission and direction.*

- 1 **T**HOU boundless source of every good!
Our best desires fulfil:
Help us t' adore thy wondrous grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.
- 2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.
- 2 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God!
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.
- 4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.
- 5 Do thou direct our steps aright,
Help us thy name to fear;
Oh give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.
- 6 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
< For death is life—and labour rest,
f If thou art with us there.

MEAR, C. M.

Blest be the ev - er - last - ing God, The Fa - ther of our Lord;

Be his a - bound-ing mer-cy praised, His ma - jes - ty a - dored.

82 C. M. Pleading for the influence of the Spirit.

- 1** GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes—and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.
- 2** Oh shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.
- 3** Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven;
And bear with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

83 C. M. Strength and protection from God.

- 1** WHENCE do our mournful thoughts
And where's our courage fled? [arise!
Has restless sin, and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2** Have we forgot th' almighty name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 3** Almighty strength and boundless grace
In our Jehovah dwell!
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

- 4** Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
> And youthful vigor cease;
f But we, that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

84 C. M. Hope of heaven through Christ.

- 1** BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.
- 2** When from the dead he raised his Son
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a joyful hope,
That they should never die.
- 3** What though his uncontrolled decree
Command our flesh to dust?
Yet, as the Lord, our Saviour, rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4** To an inheritance divine,
He taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading, in the skies.
- 5** Saints by the power of God are kept
Till his salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

RUSSEL, C. M.

Come let us lift our joy-ful eyes, Up to the courts a - bove;

And smile to see our Fa - ther there, Up - on a throne of love.

85 C. M. *Christ our intercessor.*

- 1 **JESUS**, by his own precious blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.
- 2 Jesus is king!—behold him reign
On Zion's heavenly hill:
He seems the Lamb that had been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 3 He ever lives to intercede,
By virtue of his blood;
And ceases not for all to plead,
Who come by him to God.

86 C. M. *Miracles of Christ.*

- 1 **JESUS**, and didst thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?
- 2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?—
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me!
- 3 And didst thou pity mortal wo,
And sight and health restore?—
Oh pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more!

- 4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?—
I perish, Lord!—oh, save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

87 C. M. *God reconciled in Christ.*

- 1 **DEAREST** of all the names above,
My Saviour, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath;
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human form I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terror to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins:
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

TWEED, C. M.

Come dear-est Lord, ex - tend thy reign, Till re-bels rise no more ;

Thy praise all na-ture then shall join, And heaven and earth a - dore.

88 C. M. *Access to God by a mediator.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to th' eternal King
Who lays his anger by.

89 C. M. *Humiliation of Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS ! and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries, and for woes ?
And didst thou bleed—and groan—and die,
For vile, rebellious foes ?
- 2 Victorious love ! what tongue can tell
The wonders of thy power ;
Which conquered all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour !

- 3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control ?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.
- 4 Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more ;
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heaven and earth adore.

90 C. M. *The atonement of Christ the only ground of pardon.*

- 1 **I**N vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own :
Blest Saviour ! nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread :
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
And strike the spirit dead.
- 3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands ;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come to us by thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord !
'Tis on thy cross we rest :
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
CHANNING, C. M.

These glo-rious minds!—how bright they shine! Whence all their white ar-ray!

How came they to their hap - py seats Of ev - er - last - ing joy?"

91 C. M. *Martyrs glorified.*

- 1 "THESE glorious minds!—how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"
- 2 From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely washed their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach th' eternal God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps, and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.
- 4 The unvailed glories of his face
Among his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast:
The fruit of life's immortal tree,
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

92 C. M. *Blessings of providence and grace.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father! gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the youthful prayer.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thine exhaustless store;
But oh! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim my praise—
The blessings of thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favours more divine—
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

CHANNING, C. M. Continued.

From tor - turing pains to end-less joys On fie - ry wheels they rode,

And strange-ly washed their rai-ment white In Je - sus' dy - ing blood.

93 C. M. *In behalf of the poor.*

- 1 **B**RIGHT Source of everlasting love,
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life
With every cheering ray,
And still restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.
- p 3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approached
The borders of despair,
—Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed
A free salvation near.
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord!
For all the grace we see?
p Alas! the goodness we can yield
> Extendeth not to thee.
- p 5 To tents of wo—to beds of pain,
< We cheerfully repair;
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners' care.
- f 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad;
The hungering soul with joy we'll point
To Christ, the living bread.

94 C. M. *On opening a house of public worship.*

- 1 **G**REAT Sovereign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below;
Before thy glorious Majesty,
Ten thousand seraphs bow.
- 2 Yet thou art not confined above;
Thy presence knows no bound;
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.
- 3 Behold, a temple raised for thee;
Oh meet thy people here;
Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.
- 4 Within these walls, let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 5 Here may salvation be proclaimed,
By thy most precious blood;
Let sinners know the joyful sound,
And own their Saviour, God.
- 6 Here may a numerous crowd arise,
To bow before thy throne;
Here may their songs salute the skies,
To ages yet unborn.

STEPHENS, C. M.

High on a throne of light, O Lord! Dost thou ex - alt - ed shine!

What can our pov-er-ty be - stow, Since all the world is thine.

95 C. M. *In behalf of charitable objects.*

- 1 **H**IGH on the throne of light, O Lord!
Dost thou exalted shine!
What can our poverty bestow,
Since all the world is thine!
- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
The children of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.
- 3 In them mayest thou be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered;
And, in their accents of distress—
Our Saviour's voice be heard.
- 4 What'e'r our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

96 C. M. *The heavenly rest.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
Where thou art loved alone.
- 2 Eternal Spirit, make me know
That I shall enter in;
Blest Saviour, now thy power bestow,
And wash me from my sin.

- 3 Oh take this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.
- 4 Come, my Redeemer, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my end.

97 C. M. *The glories of heaven.*

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.
- 4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

Far from these nar-row scenes of night Un-bound - ed glo-ries rise,

And realms of joy and pure de-light, Un - known to mor - tal eyes.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

98 C. M. *Holiness of heaven.*

1 NOR eye hath seen—nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

p 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
— No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

99 C. M. *Triumph over death in hope of the resurrection.*

p 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To moulder back to clay.

f 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My great Redeemer ever lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
In awful power and state;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thine unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

100 C. M. *Faith gaining victory over death.*

f 1 OH for an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours!
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
'Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?'

f 3 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

I sing the migh-ty pow'r of God, That made the moun-tains rise,
That spread the flow-ing seas a - broad, And built the lof - ty skies.

101 C. M. *Spring.*

1 **W**HEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray;
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!

— 'Tis nature's cheerful voice;

p < Soft music hails the lovely spring,

f And woods and fields rejoice.

aff 3 O God of nature, and of grace,

Thy heavenly gifts impart;

Then shall my meditation trace

Spring, blooming in my heart.

f 4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join

Glad nature's cheerful song;

And love, and gratitude divine

Attune my joyful tongue.

102 C. M. *A morning hymn.*

1 **O**N thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,

Thy boundless love surveys;

And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares

A sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

103 C. M. *The goodness of God celebrated.*

1 **L**IFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardour fired!

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment as it flies,
With benefits unsought!

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights thro' darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

TOLLAND C. M. Continued.

I sing the wis-dom that or-dain'd The sun to rule the day,

The moon shines full at his com-mand, And all the stars o - bey.

104 C. M. *Contemplation of the saints in glory,*

- 1 **H**OW far beyond our mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.
- 2 Oh could my longing spirit rise
On strong, immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!—
- 3 There thousands worship at thy feet,
And there—divine employ!—
Thy love triumphant they repeat
In songs of endless joy.
- 4 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face?

105 C. M. *Trusting in God.*

- 1 **W**HAT though no flowers the fig-tree
Though vines their fruit deny, [clothe,
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply;—
- 2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be:—

f 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

- 4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy—which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

106 C. M. *Regeneration by the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
CHRISTMAS, C. M.

A-wake my soul stretch ev'-ry nerve, And press with vig-our on!

A heav'nly race de-mands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.

107 C. M. *The saints in heaven.*

- 1** GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above—how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!
- p 2** Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- f 3** I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death
- 4** They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breath;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5** Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

108 C. M. *Example of ancient worthies.*

- 1** RISE, O my soul—pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

- 2** Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.
- 3** 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe;
To his almighty power and grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.
- aff 4** Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
len That led them safe to heaven.

109 C. M. *The power and goodness of God celebrated.*

- 1** WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name:
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 2** Great God, how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints—almighty Lord—
How just and true thy ways!
- 3** Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne?
Thy judgments speak thy holiness
Through all the nations known.

NEW-YORK, C. M.

Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the vail, and see

The saints a - bove how great their joys! How bright their glo-ries be!

110 C. M. *The Christian race.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :—
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Blest Saviour—introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

111 C. M *This life a pilgrimage.*

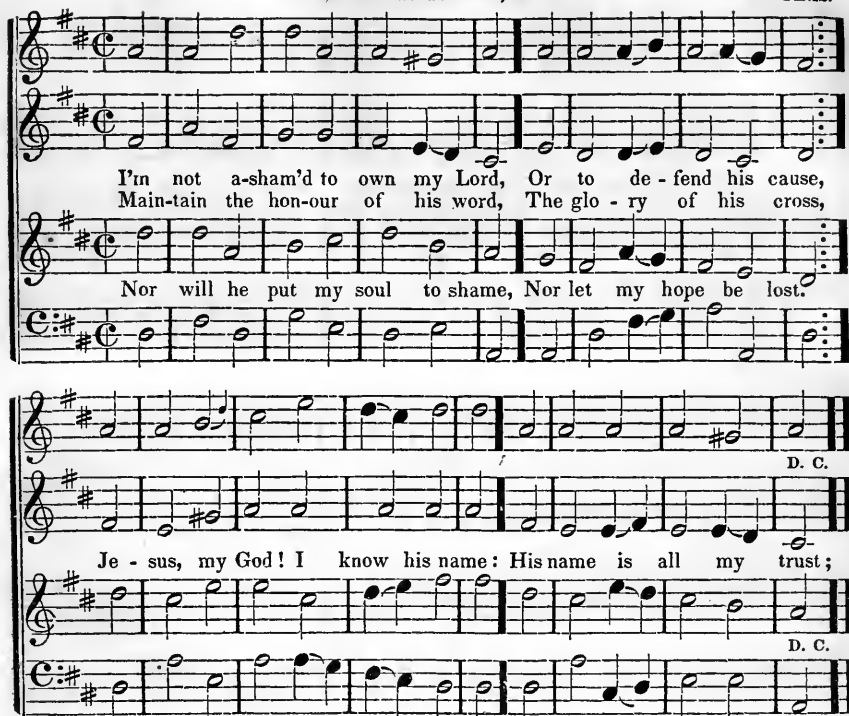
- p 1 **L**ORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits—no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy ?
- 2 Our journey is a thorny maze,
< But we march upward still ;
f Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

dol 3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
len Our weary souls shall sit—
< And with transporting joy recount
The labours of our feet.

- f 4 Eternal glory to the King,
Whose hand conducts us through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

112 C. M. *Praise to the Creator.*

- 1 **L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace ;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
- f 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne ;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he—and we'll adore his name—
That formed us by a word !
'Tis he restores our ruined frame—
Salvation to the Lord !
- f 4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.



I'm not a-sham'd to own my Lord, Or to de-fend his cause,
Main-tain the hon-our of his word, The glo-ry of his cross,
Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

Je-sus, my God! I know his name: His name is all my trust;

113 C. M. Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1** I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2** Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3** Firm as his throne—his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4** Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

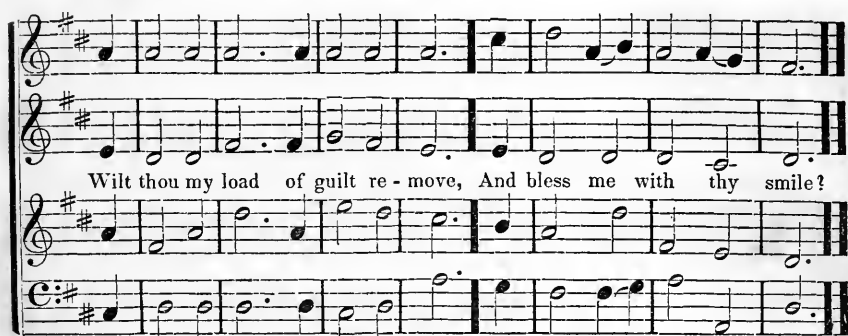
114 C. M. Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1** DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love,
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?
- 2** Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And suffered all my shame?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
To own thy precious name?

- f** **3** No, Lord—I'm not ashamed of thee,
Nor of thy cause on earth—
aff Oh do not be ashamed of me,
len When I resign my breath.
- f** **4** Be thou my shield—be thou my sun—
Oh guide me all my days,
And let my feet with joy still run
In thy delightful ways.

115 C. M. Ingratitude of rejecting Christ.

- aff** **1** AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?
- 2** Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Has it no soft—no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?
- 3** Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And shall my heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barred?
- 4** Dear Lord, exert thy conquering grace;
Thy mighty power display:
One beam of glory from thy face
Can melt my sin away.



116 C. M. *The gospel a savour of life or death.*

- 1 **CHRIST** and his cross are all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt—despair—and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

117 C. M. *Filial submission.*

- 1 **AND** can my heart aspire so high,
To say, 'My Father God!'
Lord, at thy feet I long to lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

- f 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

- aff 4 My Father!—oh! permit my heart
To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

118 C. M. *Filial submission.*

- aff 1 **MY** God, my Father—blissful name!
Oh! may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I cheerfully resign;
Lord, thou art good, and just, and wise:
Oh! bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
> And trust his tender care.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ABINGTON, C. M.

Far from the world, O Lord I flee, From strife and tu - mult far;
From scenes where sin is wag - ing still, Its most suc - cess - ful war.

119 C. M. *Strength and protection from God.*

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God?—
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Dost thou a Father's kindness feel,
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak,
To soothe their sad complaints?
- 3 Why droop our hearts, why flow our tears,
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows, and our fears,
While such a friend is near?
- 4 To all thine other favours add
A heart to trust thy word;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

120 C. M. *Retirement and meditation.*

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- p! 2 The calm retreat—the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

- 3 There, if the Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
< Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour—thou art mine.
- f 5 What thanks I owe thee! and what love!
A boundless, endless store!
Thy praise shall sound through realms
When time shall be no more. [above

121 C. M. *Pleading for the presence of God.*

- 1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of mercy shine:
Oh let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.
- 2 With thee let every week begin;
With thee each day be spent;
To thee each fleeting hour be given,
Since each by thee is lent.
- 3 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
> Till all our labours cease;—
— Till heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
RETIREMENT, C. M.

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The calm re-treat the si - lent shade, With prayer and praise a-gree ;

And seem, by thy sweet boun-ty, made For those who fo l- low thee,

122 C. M. *God's presence the Christian's, comfort through life.*

- 1 OH happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell !
He feeds and cheers them by his word ;
His arms supports them well.
- 2 To them in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near ;
And when they plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 His presence cheers us in our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
His gracious word dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 4 Let us enjoy, and highly prize
These tokens of thy love ;
Till thou shalt hid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above.

123 C. M. *Desiring communion with God.*

- 1 OH, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God !
Then should my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day ;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,

And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

124 C. M. *Refuge in God.*

- 1 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies ;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near ;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart ;
Oh ! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.
- 4 Oh ! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat ;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
RINETON, C. M.

Sing to the Lord in joy - ful strains, Let earth his praise re - sound;

Let all the cheer - ful na - tions join To spread his glo - ries round.

125 C. M. *Humble adoration and praise.*

- 1 **YES**—I will bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God!
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 3 Nor death itself shall stop my song,
'Though death will close my eyes:
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.
- 4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

126 C. M. *Exhortation to universal praise.*

- 1 **SING** to the Lord in joyful strains,
Let earth his praise resound;
Let all the cheerful nations join
To spread his glory round.
- 2 Thou city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scattered villages
The cheerful notes prolong;—

- 3 Till, midst the strains of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise;
And all, combined, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise.

127 C. M. *The heavenly Jerusalem.*

- 1 **JERUSALEM!** my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee!
- 2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 3 There happier bowers, than Eden's bloom,
No sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Je - ru - sa - lem my glo - rious home, Name ev - er dear to me;

When shall my la - bours have an end, In joy, and peace, in thee?

128 M. C. *Encouraged by the hope of heaven.*

- 1 **SING**, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
> While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
— Like shadows, all are fled.
- f 4 March on, in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
With joyful hope still fix your eye
On Zion's heavenly hill.

129 M. C. *Unshaken hope in Christ.*

- 1 **FIRMLY** I stand on Zion's hill,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.
- 2 The lofty hills, and stately towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be levelled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.

- 3 The vaulted heavens shall melt away
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the rock
Of my salvation stands.

130 C. M. *Encouraged with the hope of heaven.*

- 1 **COME**, humble souls—ye mourners, come,
And wipe away your tears:
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.
- f 2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love:
Soon shall you join the glorious theme
In loftier strains above.
- 3 For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.
- f 4 Transporting hope! still on my soul
With radiant glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
Immortal and divine.

DOXOLOGY, C. M.

- LET** God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And plea-sures ban-ish pain.

131 C. M. *The heavenly Canaan.*

- 1** **T**H**E**RE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2** There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3** Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- p 4** But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5** Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes;--
- < 6** Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
f Not Jordan's stream--nor dearth's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

132 C. M. *Looking from earth to heaven.*

- 1** **W**H**E**N I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
f I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- f! 2** Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3** Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
aff May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;--
- p 4** There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
len Across my peaceful breast.

133 C. M. *Looking from earth to heaven.*

- 1** **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2** Oh! joyful and transporting scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I bid fare-

well to ev - ry fear, I bid fare-well to ev-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There, God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds—no poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow—pain and death—
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

134 C. M. *God's presence the Christian's comfort.*

1 HOW happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell !
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 Wandering in sin, our souls he found,
And bade us seek his face ;
Gave us to hear the gospel sound,
And taste the gospel grace.

3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And breaks the gloom of night.

4 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine :
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

5 Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love ;
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above.

135 C. M. *Trusting in God in times of trouble.*

1 'TIS faith supports my feeble soul,
In times of deep distress ;
When storms arise and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace.

2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall ;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.

3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose,
In thee my help is found.

4 In every want, in every strait,
To thee alone I fly ;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art for ever nigh.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ST. GREGORY'S, C. M.

Dear re-fuge of my wea - ry soul, On thee when sor - rows rise,
On thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint-ing hope re - lies.

136 C. M. *Refuge in God.*

- 1 **DEAR** Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.
- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 4 No—still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
Oh may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

137 C. M. *The weak and fearful encouraged.*

- 1 **YE** trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme:
Mercy—which, like a river, flows
In one perpetual stream.

- 2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell—
Those powers will God restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good,
For his he will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

138 C. M. *Taking refuge in God.*

- 1 **I**N every trouble sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

DUNCHURCH, C. M.

God of our fa-thers! by whose hand, Thy peo-ple still are blest,

Be with us through our pil-grim-age, Con-duct us to our rest.

f 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name!
In joy, or sorrow—life, or death—
His love is still the same.

139 C. M. *Prayer for divin. support and guid-
ance.*

- 1 **L**ORD, through the dubious path of life
Thy feeble servant guide!
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.
- 2 To thee, O my unerring Guide!
I would myself resign;
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will to thine.
- 3 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me;
In all my griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

140 C. M. *Prayer for divine protection.*

- G**OD of our fathers! by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 Oh spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
f And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

141 C. M. *Trusting in God.*

- 1 **A**Lmighty Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my daysshall end.
- 3 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.
- 4 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
BRADFORD, C. M.

Didst thou, dear Sa-viour, suf - fer shame, And bear the cross for me?

And shall I fear to own thy name, Or thy dis - ci - ple be?

142 C. M. *Complaining of spiritual sloth.*

1 MY drowsy powers! why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants!—for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move—
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above—

4 We, for whom God the Son came down
And laboured for our good—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

aff **5** Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?—
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And melt our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active zeal to move,
With vigorous souls to rise;
With hands of faith—and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

143 C. M. *Not ashamed of Christ.*

1 DIDST thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff—the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

144 C. M. *Looking from earth to heaven.*

p **1** DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my days move on so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

— **2** God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

Give us with ac-tive zeal to move, With vig - 'rous souls to rise;

With hands of faith and wings of love, To fly and take the prize.

3 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

— 4 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion—and my friend;
To him be highest glory paid,
Through ages without end.

145 C. M. *Dedicating ourselves to God.*

- 1 **E**THERNAL Father—God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine—wholly thine—oh let us be!
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost—the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be, with Christ, in God.

146 C. M. *The Lord's Supper.*

- 1 **A**ND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
Did Jesus, to effect this change,
Pour out his precious blood?

2 Oh for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!

3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our glorious King!
Oh may that love which spread this feast
Inspire us while we sing!

147 C. M. *Longing for the eternal Rest.*

- 1 **W**HEN, dearest Saviour—when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a veil between?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amid a world of cares;
Incline my roving heart to pray,
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend;
To light my path to ceaseless joys—
Where Sabbaths never end.

DOXOLOGY, C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Come ye that know the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known; The sovereign of your
heart proclaim, And bow before his throne, And bow before his throne.

148 C. M. *Confession, prayer and praise.*

- 1 **L**ORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
Oh let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.
- f 4 And when with heart and voice we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with praise.
- 5 Then, on thy glories will we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;
With love divine, transported, tell—
'Thou, God, art Father too!'

149 C. M. *Delight in the worship of God.*

- 1 **C**OME ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 When in his earthly courts we view

The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?

Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

f 4 Oh, happy period!—glorious day!

When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, their raptured lay
To celebrate thy praise.

150 C. M. *Future enlargement of the Church promised.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 'Ask—and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance;
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance.'
- 3 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored:
- f Let earth, with all its millions, shout
Hosanna to the Lord!

Lord, when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,

Oh, may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.

151 C. M. *Prayer for the conversion of world.*

- 1 **G**REAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy power and glory shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unvailing what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Oh when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe—and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound!
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
A temple to thy praise.

152 C. M. *Victories of Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, immortal King, arise!
Assert thy rightful sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings
And distant lands obey.
- f 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet!

- 3 Send forth thy word—and let it fly
The spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound!

- ff 4 From sea to sea—from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosanna to the Lord!

153 C. M. *Victories of Christ.*

- 1 **H**AIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.
- f 2 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway:
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.
- 3 And when thy victories are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of mercy meet,
To sing thy conquering grace,—
- p 4 Oh may my humble soul be found
Among that favoured band;
< And I with them thy praise will sound,
Throughout Immanuel's land.

IRISH, C. M.

Oh, could our thoughts and wish - es fly, A - bove these gloomy shades;

To those bright worlds be-yond the sky, Which sor-row ne'er in-vades.

154 C. M. *Enlargement and glory of the Church.*

- 1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise—
Above the summits of the hills—
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
'Up to the mount of God,' they say,
'And to his house we'll go.'
- 3 The beams which shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

155 C. M. *Gratitude.*

- 1 THANKS to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.
- 2 For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.
- 3 Transporting hope! still on my soul
Let thy bright glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys
Eternal and divine.

156 C. M. *God's presence sought in his house.*

- 1 COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own;
While with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
< How should our souls, on wings of love,
f Mount upward to the skies!
- p 3 But ah! the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How cold the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!
- aff 4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here;
< Till life, and love, and joy divine,
f A heaven on earth appear.
- 5 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say
Come, great Redeemer—come;
And bring the bright—the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

157 C. M. *God's presence sought in his house.*

- ff 1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display:
We kneel within thy house of prayer,
Oh! give us hearts to pray.

O'er moun-tain tops the mount of God, In lat - ter days shall rise—

A - bove the sum-mits of the hills— And draw the won-dering eyes.

2 The clouds, which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove ;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face ;
Oh make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

158 C. M. *The Sabbath commemorative of
Christ's resurrection.*

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest ;
And joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ this day of rest.

2 Lord, may we still remember thee,
And more in knowledge grow ;
Oh may we more of glory see,
While waiting here below.

3 On this blest day a brighter scene,
Of glory was displayed,
By God, th' eternal Word, then when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who our souls hath bought,
With Blood, and grief, and pain—
'Twas great—to speak the world from
'Twas greater—to redeem. [naught—

159 C. M. *Looking from earth to heaven.*

1 OH, could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades !

2 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Exposed to no decay.

3 Lord, send a ray of light divine,
To guide our upward aim !
With one reviving look of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Oh then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent souls shall rise,

f To those bright scenes, where pleasures
Immortal in the skies. [spring,

160 C. M. *Victories of Christ.*

f 1 HOSANNA to our conquering King !
All hail, incarnate Love !
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

2 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

HOWARD'S, C. M.

I love to see the Lord be-low, His church displays his grace ;
But up-per worlds his glo - ry know, And view him face to face.

161 C. M. *Delight in the Sanctuary, and worship of God.*

- 1 I LOVE to see the Lord below ;
His church displays his grace ;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.
- 2 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there ;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.
- 3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love ;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.
- < 4 He shines—and I am all delight ;
> He hides—and all is pain ;
— When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again !
- aff 5 O Lord, I love thy service now ;
Thy church displays thy power ;
But soon in heaven I hope to view
And praise thee evermore.

162 C. M. *Desiring the influence of the Spirit.*

- 1 A L MIGHTY Spirit, now behold
A world by sin destroyed ;
Creating Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void !

- 2 Give thou the word—that healing sound,
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew !
- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom the Saviour came !
- f 5 Lo, every kindred, every tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

163 C. M. *Prayer for Youth.*

- 1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root ;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

WAKEFIELD, C. M.

If sang the morn-ing stars for joy, When na-ture rose to view,

What strains will an-gel - harps em-ploy, When thou shalt all re - new !

- 3 Ye careless ones, oh, hear betimes
The voice of saving love!
Your youth is stained with numerous
But mercy reigns above. [crimes,
- 4 For you the public prayer is made;
Oh, join the public prayer!
For you the sacred tear is shed;
Oh, shed yourselves a tear!
- 5 We pray that you may early prove
The Saviour's quickening grace;
Too young you cannot taste his love,
Or seek his smiling face.

164 C. M. *Nature of Prayer.*

- 1 **P**RAYER is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'
- 2 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 3 Prayer is not made on earth alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

- aff 4 O thou by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod—
len Lord, teach us how to pray.

165 C. M. *Safety of trusting in God.*

- 1 **O** LORD my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No—rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?—
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!
- 5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Will drive these thoughts away.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
MANCHESTER, C. M.

It is the Lord—en-throned in light, Whose claims are all di - vine.

Who has an un-dis - put - ed right To go - vern me and mine.

166 C. M. *Mercies and afflictions sent by God.*

- 1 **I**N thy rebukes, all-gracious God,
What soft compassion reigns!
What gentle accents of thy voice
Allay thy children's pains!
- 2 'When I correct my chosen sons,
A father's bowels move:
One transient moment bounds my wrath,
But endless is my love.'
- 3 Our faith shall look through every tear,
And view thy smiling face;
And hope, amid our sighs, shall tune
An anthem to thy grace.
- 4 Receive, at length, my weary soul
To join thy saints above;
Then shall I learn a song of praise,
Eternal as thy love.

167 C. M. *Mercies and afflictions sent by God.*

- 1 **I**T is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

- 3 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 4 And 'can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God! take what thou please;
To thee I all resign.

168 C. M. *Mercies and afflictions sent by God.*

- 1 **S**INCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!
- 2 Good, when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
Ev'n crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind;
To his unerring gracious will
Be every wish resigned.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

ELI, C. M.

In thy re-bukes, all-gra-cious God, What soft com - pas - sion reigns !

What gen-tle ac - cents of thy voice Al - lay thy chil-dren's pains !

169 C. M. *Repentance in view of Christ's compassion.*

- 1 DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
Ah ! vile, ungrateful heart !
By earth's low cares detained—betrayed
From Jesus to depart :—
- 3 From Jesus—who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest :
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores :
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
- 5 Oh ! while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The humble, contrite sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye !
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face ;
And, grateful, own how kind—how sweet
Is thy forgiving grace.

170 C. M. *Strength and protection from God.*

- 1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble prayer ;
To thee I breathe my sighs ;
When will the cheering morn appear ?
And when my joys arise ?
- 2 My God ! oh, could I make the claim—
My Father, and my Friend !
And call thee mine, by every name
On which thy saints depend !—
- 3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat ;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy mercy-seat.
- 4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay ;
Here would I rest, till light returns :
Thy presence makes my day.
- 5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace,
Relieve my aching heart ;
Oh make my heavy sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.
- f 6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays ;
And change these deep, complaining sighs,
For songs of sacred praise.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH
INVITATION, C. M. NO. 1.

The Sa-viour calls—let eve-ry ear At-tend the hea-ven-ly sound; Ye doubt-ing souls dis-

miss your fears; Hope smiles re-viv - ing round, Hope smiles re-viv-ing round.

171 C. M. *The influence of the Holy Spirit.*

1 **LET** songs of praises fill the sky! *No. 1.*

Behold th' ascended Lord
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
And thus fulfils his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He raises sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The humble soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again. *No. 2.*

aff 4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Oh come! with holy zeal and love
Each heart and tongue inspire!

172 C. M. *Christ's invitation to sinners.*

1 **THE** Saviour calls—let every ear *No. 1.*

Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here, streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice;

That gracious voice obey:
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay? *No. 2.*

aff 4 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink—and never die.

173 C. M. *Christ's invitation to the heavy laden.*

1 **ALL** ye, who feel distressed for sin,
And fear eternal wo, *No. 1.*
You Christ invites to enter in—
This hour to Jesus go!

2 He, by his own almighty word,
Will all your fears remove;
For every wound his precious blood
A sovereign balm shall prove.

f 3 His conquering grace shall set you free
From sin's oppressive chains,
From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains. *No. 2.*

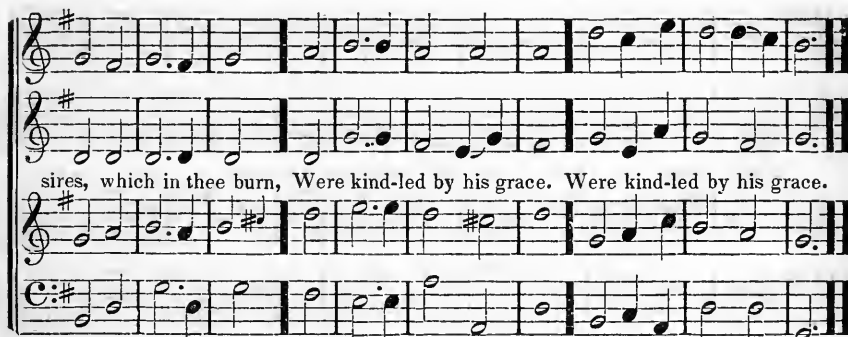
aff 4 Come then, ye heavy-laden—come!
His instant help implore:
Millions have found a peaceful home—
There's room for millions more.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
INVITATION, C. M. NO. 2.

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Re-turn, O wan-derer--now re-turn! And seek thy Father's face! Those new de-



sires, which in thee burn, Were kind-led by his grace. Were kind-led by his grace.

174 C. M. *Saints cheered with the hope of heaven.*

- 1 **SING**, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road:
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.
- f! 4 March on, in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
With joyful hope still fix your eye
On Zion's heavenly hill.

- 3 No longer will I ask its love,
Nor seek its friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within its power.

- 4 Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
T' ascend the heavenly road:
There shall I share my Saviour's love;
There shall I dwell with God.

176 C. M. *Wanderers exhorted to return to Christ.*

- 1 **RETURN**, O wanderer--now return!
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer--now return!
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer--now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Go to his feet--and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer--now return!
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls--no longer mourn!
'Tis love invites thee near.

175 C. M. *Parting with carnal joys.*

- 1 **MY** soul forsakes her vain delight
And bids the world farewell;
On things of sense why fix my sight?
Why on its pleasures dwell?
- 2 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my soul's desire;
To boundless joy, and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire.

When lan-guor and dis - ease in - vade, This trem-bling house of clay,

Tis sweet to look be - yond my pain, And long to fly a - way.

177 C. M. *Faith prevailing in times of sickness and trouble.*

- p 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away :—
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above :—
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own :—
- 4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on the covenant of his grace
For all things to depend :—
- 5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
O Lord, direct from thee !

178 C. M. *Filial obedience.*

- 4 **G**RACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within ;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.
- 2 Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will ;
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.
- 3 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil ;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.
- 4 Oh happy souls !—oh glorious state
Of overflowing grace !
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.
- 5 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne ;
Call me a child of thine ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.
- 6 There shed thy tender love abroad,
And make my comfort strong ;
f Then shall I say, ' My Father, God,'
With an unwavering tongue.



Sweet to look in - ward, and at - tend, The whis-pers of his love;



Sweet to look up-ward, to the place Where Je - sus pleads a - bove:—

179 C. M. *Succour and help implored in spiritual conflicts and trials.*

- aff 1 **A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven oh let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance!—ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch and pray and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith—increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
Oh bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 6 Oh keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

180 C. M. *The heavenly mansion.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved, and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.
- DOXOLOGY, C. M.
TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

DAWN, C. M. NO. 1.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark de - spair, We wretch - ed sin - ners lay,

With - out one cheer - ful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmer - ing day !

No. 2.

181 C. M. *Christ the light of the world.* No. 1.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day !
- aff2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw—and—oh amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead. No. 2.

- f 1 4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

- 5 Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

182 C. M. *Christ the light of the world.*

- p 1 HOW sad our state by nature is! No. 1
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

- p 1 2 But hark! a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word—
f 'Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.'

- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
p Oh help my unbelief. No. 1

- p 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
f Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all. No. 2.

183 C. M. *Salvation through Christ.*

- 1 GREAT King of glory and of grace!
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

- 2 We live estranged, afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road,
That leads to death and hell.

- 3 And can such rebels be restored!
Such natures made divine!
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

DAWN, C. M. NO. 2.



Oh! for this love let rocks and hills Their last-ing si-lence break,

And all har-monious hu-man tongues The Sa-viour's prais-es speak.

f 4 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends,
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

184 C. M. *Design of Christ's Advent.*

' 1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour
The Saviour promised long! [comes,
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes—the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

f 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;

ff And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. 28

185 C. M. *Salvation by Grace. No. 1.*

p 1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults;
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

f 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise, No. 2.
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

— 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;

f But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

— 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin:

'Tis by the water, and the blood,
Our souls are washed from sin. No. 1.

p 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we. No. 2.

f 6 Raised from the dead, we live anew
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
NEWMARK, C. M.

Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers,
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

186 C. M. *Desiring the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit.*

- aff 1** **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2** Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3** In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4** Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
In this poor dying state,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!
- 5** Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

187 C. M. *Love of Christ celebrated.*

- 1** **C**OME, Holy Ghost! inspire our songs,
With thine immortal flame;
Enlarge our hearts—unloose our tongues,
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2** How great the riches of his grace,
He left his throne above;
And, swift to save our ruined race,
He flew on wings of love.
- 3** Now pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich abundance flow,
For guilty rebels, dead in sin,
> And doomed to endless wo.
- 4** Th' Almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our low abode;
—While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
f And hailed th' incarnate God.
- 5** Renew our souls with heavenly strength,
That we may fully prove [length
The height, and depth, and breadth, and
Of such transcendent love.

188 C. M. *Desiring the Holy Spirit to comfort and renew.*

- aff 1** **E**TERNAL Spirit!—God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire:
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.
- 2** 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed:
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
FELLOWSHIP, C. M.

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4
4

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those that love the Lord,
In one a - no - ther's peace de-light, And thus ful - fil his word.

- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

189 C. M. *Christian Fellowship.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:—
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

- f 5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

190 C. M. *Spiritual nourishment from Christ.*

- 1 **H**ERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 He, who prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies
And then invites us thus to feast,
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
Oh what delightful food!
We eat the bread—and drink the wine—
But think on nobler good.
- 4 Deep was the suffering he endured
Upon th' accursed tree—
For me—each welcome guest may say—
'Twas all endured for me.
- 5 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Saviour—so divine!
Well thou mayest claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
LIVERPOOL, C. M.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/2 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff of each system.

In vain we la-vish out our lives To gath-er emp-ty wind;
The choi-cest bless-ings earth can yield Will starve a hun-gry mind.

191 C. M. *Pardon and sanctification offered.*

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 But God can every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace:
He gives by covenant, and by oath,
The riches of his grace.
- 3 Come—and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains
In that dear fountain which his Son
Poured from his dying veins.
- 4 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.
- 5 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he, our God of grace.

192 C. M. *Conviction by the Law.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With such convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure
Is thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load—
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 My God! I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save,
Oh! break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave

193 C. M. *Coldness lamented.*

- 1 **L**ONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!
- p 2 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

This faith shall eve-ry fear con-trol, By its ce-les-tial pow-er;
With ho-ly tri-umph fill the soul, In death's de-part-ing hour.

-- 3 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success!
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

f 4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

194 C. M. *A living Faith.*

1 **M**ISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

195 C. M. *Walking by faith.*

1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;

It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unvails the heavenly worlds,
Where endless pleasures reign;
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 Faith shows the promises, all sealed
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies;

f And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

196 C. M. *Desiring God's presence.*

1 **E**TERNAL sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
On all our hearts to shine!

2 Light in thy light, oh may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by thee,
Thou God of pardoning love!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ORENBURG, C. M.

To praise the bounteous Lord of all, Wake all our thank-ful powers ;

He calls, and at his call come forth The smiling har-vest hours.

197 C. M. *Harvest.*

- 1 **T**O praise the bounteous Lord of all,
Wake all our thankful powers :
He calls, and at his call come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps,
His goodness we will sing ;
Summer and winter know their time,
And harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Teach us, O gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness ;
Shine on our souls—and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

198 C. M. *Before Sermon.*

- 1 **A**Lmighty God !—eternal Lord !
Thy gracious power make known :
Touch, by the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.
- 2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise ;
Oh ! let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
- 3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

- 4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear :
Thy Spirit, Lord, in mercy send,
And give us ears to hear.

199 C. M. *Prayer for a blessing on public worship.*

- 1 **I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet ;
Oh pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice :
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek ;
Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word ;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.
- 4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee ;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

200 C. M. *Returning to God.*

- 1 **A**GAIN, indulgent Lord, return,
With sweet and quickening grace
To cheer and warm my sluggish soul,
And speed me in my race.

Smile on my minutes as they roll, And guide my fu-ture days ;

And let thy goodness fill my soul, With gra-ti-tude and praise.

2 Awake, my love, my faith, my hope,
My fortitude, and joy :
Vain world, begone—let things above
My happy thoughts employ.

3 Whilst thee, my Saviour, and my God,
I would for ever own ;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.

4 Instruct my mind—my will subdue,
To heaven my passions raise ;
And let my life for ever be
Devoted to thy praise.

201 C. M. *A morning song.*

v1 **G**OD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise :
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thy Almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

4 O let the same Almighty care
Through all this day attend :
From every danger—every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

202 C. M. *An evening hymn.*

1 **I**NDULGENT God, whose bounteous
O'er all thy works is shown, [care
Oh let my grateful praise and prayer
Arise before thy throne.

2 What mercies has this day bestowed !
How largely hast thou blest !
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may soft slumber close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free ;
And let my waking thoughts arise,
To meditate on thee.

4 Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er ;
And then to realms of endless light,
Oh let my spirit soar.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
HAVANNA, C. M.



How vain are all things here be - low! How false and yet how fair!

Each pleasure hath its poi - son too, And ev' - ry sweet a snare.

203 C. M. *Earthly pleasures dangerous.*

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below;
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Shine with deceitful light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys—our nearest friends—
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
'Tis there the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- aff 5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

204 C. M. *Time the period to prepare for eternity.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do—where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

- aff 3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
> Upon life's feeble strings!

- 4 Eternal joy—or endless woe
Attends on every breath!
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

- aff 5 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy send,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

205 C. M. *Death and judgment appointed to all.*

- 1 **H**EAVEN has confirmed the dread de-
That Adam's race must die: [cree,
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell!

PARIS, C. M.

How vain are all things here be - low! How false, and yet how fair!

Each pleasure hath its poi - son too, And ev' - ry sweet a snare.

3 Once you must die—and once for all—
The solemn purport weigh:
For know, that heaven or hell is hung
On that important day!

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And every word—and every thought—
Must pass his scrutiny.

aff 5 Oh may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death
With all his saints ascend.

206 C. M. *Judgments for national sins deprecated.*

1 **ALMIGHTY** Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 Oh turn us—turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear;
f Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

207 C. M. *Confession.*

1 **ALMIGHTY** Father! God of grace!
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly, from thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.

2 Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound;
Alas! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.

3 Oh spare us, Lord!—in mercy spare!
Our contrite souls restore,
Through him who suffered on the cross,
And man's transgressions bore.

4 And grant, O Father! for his sake,
That we, through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To thine eternal praise.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
WESTFORD, C. M.

Come let us join our cheer-ful songs, With an-gels round the throne : Ten thousand,
 Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive, &c.

thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

208 C. M. *Praise to the exalted Redeemer.*

- v 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- < 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died"—they cry,
 "To be exalted thus :"—
 "Worthy the Lamb"—our lips reply,
 p "For he was slain for us."
- v 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 < Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- f 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thy endless praise.
- ff 5 The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 a And to adore the Lamb.

209 C. M. *Excellency of Christ.*

- 1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
 Thou glorious Prince of Grace !
 Thy uncreated beauties shine
 With never-fading rays.

- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
 Come hending at thy feet ;
 To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
 In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live
 On thy exhaustless store ;
 From thee they all their bliss receive,
 And still thou givest more.
- 4 Thou art their triumph, and their joy ;
 They find their all in thee ;
 Thy glories will their tongues employ
 Through all eternity.

210 C. M. *Faith the evidence of things not seen.*

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight ;
 It pierces through the vail of sense,
 And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,
 Brings distant prospects home,
 Of things a thousand years ago,
 Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the world was made
 By God's almighty word ;
 We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
 And be again restored.

ST. BARTS, C. M.

"Worthy the Lamb that died" they cry, "To be exalted thus:" "Worthy the
Lamb"—our lips re-ply, "For he was slain for us."
Let all who dwell above the sky, &c. Conspire.
The whole cre - a-tion, &c.

ADAGIO. *Close for the 2d. verse.*

- 4 Abraham obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.
- 5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joy on high.

211 C. M. *Growing in grace through Christ.*

- 1 FATHER of peace! and God of love!
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our Saviour rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 We triumph in our Saviour's name,
Still watchful for our good;
Who brought the eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with his blood.
- 3 So may the Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will;
Our treacherous hearts no more shall rove,
But keep thy covenant still.
- 4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy throne.

212 C. M. *Desiring to be delivered from Sin.*

- 1 OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!
- 2 Oh for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 Oh for an humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life, nor death, can part,
From him that dwells within.
- 4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Oh write thy name upon my heart—
Thy name, O God, is love.

213 C. M. *Rest of the Sabbath.*

- 1 COME, let us join with sweet accord
In hymns around the throne:
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made, and called his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heaven.

Sweet was the time when first I felt, The Sa-viour's pardon-ing blood,
Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

214 C. M. *Mourning departed Comforts.*

- v 1 SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.
- p 4 But now—when evening shade prevails—
My soul in darkness mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
len No light to me returns.
- aff 5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail—
Oh make my soul thy care!
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

215 C. M. *God's presence the Christian's support and comfort.*

- 1 ETERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace;
That thou wilt walk—that thou wilt dwell
With Adam's sinful race.

- 2 Cheered with thy presence, I can trace
The desert with delight:
Through all the gloom one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.
- 3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall guide me safely home
- 4 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load,
And hail the sharpest pangs of death,—
That break its way to God.

216 C. M. *Resting by faith on the Son of God.*

- aff 1 BLESSED Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour, and my God.
- 2 On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to every sin;
< And tell the boldest foe without,
f That Jesus reigns within.

DARTMOUTH, C. M.

But now—when even-ing shade pre - vails, My soul in dark-ness mourns,

And when the morn the light re - veals, No light to me re - turns.

The musical score consists of two systems of four staves each. The first system is for the first two lines of text, and the second system is for the next two lines. Each system includes a soprano, alto, tenor, and bass line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with mostly quarter and eighth notes.

217 C. M. *Joining in Covenant with God.*

- 1 **C**OME let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands,
- 2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.
- 3 Come, let us seal, without delay
The covenant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory e'er efface.
- 4 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their father's God;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their fathers' feet have trod.

218 C. M. *Backsliding and Returning.*

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?
- 2 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

- 3 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.
- 4 Wretch that I am! to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Nor ever lose thy sight.

219 C. M. *Pleasure of instructing the Young.*

- 1 **B**LEST work! the youthful mind to win,
And turn the rising race
From dark and dangerous paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer's love
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The way, the life, the truth!
- 4 Thy Spirit, Father! on us shed,
And bless this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread;
Be all the glory thine.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
REVELATION, C. M.

Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims, For all the pious dead, For all the pious dead ;

Be-neath our feet and o'er our head
*Use the starting note at this character.

(1st ending.)

Sweet is the savour of their names, And soft their sleeping bed, And soft, and

Be-neath us lie the countless dead,

220 C. M. *Those blessed who die in the Lord.*

1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead ! [claims

Sweet is the savour of their names,
p And soft their sleeping bed. [1st end.

— 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed ;
How kind their slumbers are !

*From suffering and from sin released.
f And freed from every snare. [2d end.

— 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;

*The labors of their mortal life
f End in a large reward. [3d end.

221 C. M. *Death and burial of the pious.*

2 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms. [1st end.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
To heaven's desired abode ?

Why should we wish the hours more slow,
Which keep us from our God ? [1st end.

3 Why should we tremble to convey,
Their bodies to the tomb ?

'Twas there the Saviour's body lay,
And left a long perfume. [2d end.

4 *The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head ? [1st end.

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly.
At the great rising day. [4th end.

f 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;

*Awake, ye nations under ground !
Ye saints ascend the skies. [3d end.

222 C. M. *Meditation on the Tomb.*

1 **H**ARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound ;
My ears, attend the cry—

" Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie. [4th end.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers ;

*The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours. [4th end.

3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure ?

Still walking downwards to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more ! [4th end.

REVELATION, C. M. Continued.

(2d ending.)

soft, And soft their sleeping bed. And freed, and freed, And freed from every snare.

(3d ending.)

(4th ending.)

A large, reward, End in a large reward. And with - er'd all her joys.

- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky. [3d end.]

223 C. M. A warning from the Grave.

- 1 **BENEATH** our feet, and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
*Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven! [4th end.]
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour. [4th end.]
- 3 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread
*The earth rings hollow from below,
> And warns thee of her dead. [4th end.]
- 4 Turn, Christian, turn!—thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live for heaven—or hell! [4th end.]

224 C. M. The house appointed for all living.

- 1 **HOW** still and peaceful is the grave
Where, life's vain tumults past,
*Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last! [4th end.]

- *2 The wicked there from troubling cease—
Their passions rage no more;
*And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore. [1st end.]

- 3 All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
< Till God in judgment call them forth,
> To meet their final doom. [4th end.]

225 C. M. Admonition to prepare for Death

- 1 **LIFE** is a span—a fleeting hour—
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That ev'n in blooming—dies. [4th end.]
- 2 *The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
*And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys. [4th end.]
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
f Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more. [3d end.]
- 4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears—
There joys shall never die. [3d end.]

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

MARLOW, C. M.

If hu - man kind-ness meets re - turn, And owns the grate-ful tie;

2d. Strain. Finis.

If ten-der thoughts with-in us burn, To feel a friend is nigh,—
To him who died our fears to quell, And save from death and wo!

226 C. M. *Mourning over indwelling sin.*

- 1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,
Before thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.
- 3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?
- f 4 Break, sovereign grace—oh break the
And set the captive free: [charm,
Reveal, great God, thy mighty arm,
And haste to rescue me.

227 C. M. *Desiring Repentance.*

- 1 **O**H for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord!
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!
- 2 Oh for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt, which trembling fears
The long suspended blow!

- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace!—
- 4 Oh fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.

228 C. M. *Grateful remembrance of Christ.*

- 1 **I**F human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh,—
- 2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and wo!
- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
“Meet and remember me!”
- 4 Remember thee!—thy death, thy shame—
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there!

MARLOW, C. M. Continued.

Close with the 2d, strain.

Oh! shall not warm-er ac-cent's tell The gra-ti-tude we owe To him

GRATITUDE, C. M.

2d, Stanza.

If hu - man kind-ness meets re - turn, And owns the grate-ful tie;
To him, If ten - der thoughts with-in us burn, To feel a friend - is nigh.
Oh, shall,

229 C. M. *Christ the way, Truth and Life.*

- 1 THOU art the way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

230 C. M. *Pardon implored.*

- aff 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt:
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 4 I plead thy sorrows, dearest Lord;
Do thou my sins forgive:
Thy justice will approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

231 C. M. *Returning to Christ.*

- 1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the word of peace;
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.
- p 2 With gentle voice call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
Like all the harps of heaven.
- f 3 With joy, where'er thy hand shall lead,
p The darkest path I'll tread;
f With joy I'll quit these mortal shores,
p And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, which seals our pardon sure
f Shall crown of life bestow.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ASYLUM, C. M.

The image shows two systems of musical notation. Each system consists of three staves: a soprano staff (treble clef), an alto staff (treble clef), and a bass staff (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The first system of music corresponds to the lyrics 'Au - thor of good—to thee we turn: Thine ev - er wake - ful eye'. The second system corresponds to the lyrics 'A - lone can all our wants dis - cern—Thy hand a - lone sup - ply.'.

232 C. M. *Prayer for divine Guidance.*

- 1 **A**UTHOR of good—to thee we turn:
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern—
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Oh let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.
- 3 And oh, by error's force subdued,
Since oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;—
- 4 Not what we wish—but what we want,
Let mercy still supply;
The good we ask not, Father, grant—
The ill we ask—deny.

233 C. M. *Coldness and languor in Devotion lamented.*

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our follies, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up
And Sabbaths never end;—

- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air—
With heavenly lustre shine—
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

- f 5 There shall we join, and never tire,
To sing immortal lays;
And with the bright, seraphic choir,
Sound forth Immanuel's praise.

234 C. M. *Embracing the Promises.*

- 1 **B**EHOOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace!
- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist

While in the ten - der years of youth, In na - ture's smil - ing bloom,

Ere age ar - rive, and trem - bling wait Its summons to the tomb;—

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore.
Of blest eternity.

235 C. M. *Youth admonished to remember their Creator.*

- 1 **CHILDREN**, to your Creator, God,
Your early honours pay;
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.
- 2 Be wise—and make his favour sure,
Before the mournful day,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decay.
- 3 The memory of his mighty name
Demands your first regard;
Come now and give your hearts to him,
And love and praise the Lord.

236 C. M. *Youth admonished to remember their Creator.*

- 1 **WHILE** in the tender years of youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;—
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy portion, and thy joy.

237 C. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **DREAD** Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But oh! how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found!
- 4 What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied,
As fast as minutes roll!
- 5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

A - gain our earthly cares we leave, And to thy courts repair;

A - gain with joy - ful feet we come, To meet our Sa - viour here.

238 C. M. *The goodness of God in the seasons.*

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was
The plants in beauty grew; [thine;
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild, refreshing dew.
- 3 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 4 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed time nor harvest—night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

239 C. M. *In behalf of the poor.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh! may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in other's joy,
And weep for others' wo.

- 3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
—So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies,
And in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
For us he shed his precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

240 C. M. *In behalf of Orphans.*

- 1 **O**H gracious Lord, whose mercies rise
Above our utmost need!
Incline thine ear unto our cry,
And hear the orphan plead.
- 2 Bereft of all a mother's love,
And all a Father's care,
Lord, whither shall we flee for help?
To whom direct our prayer?—
- 3 To thee we flee—to thee we pray—
Thou shalt our Father be:
More than the fondest parent's care
We find, O Lord, in thee!

Fountain of mer - cy, God of love, How rich thy boun - ties are !

The roll - ing sea - sons as they move, Pro-claim thy con - stant care.

4 Already thou hast heard our cry,
And wiped away our tears :
Thy mercy has a refuge found
To guard our helpless years.

5 Oh let thy love descend on those
Who pity to us show ;
Nor let their children ever taste
The orphan's cup of wo.

241 C. M. *The presence of God sought in his sanctuary.*

1 **A** GAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair ;
f Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.

> 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
— And love, and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

p 3 The feeling heart—the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow ;
— And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
f And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

242 C. M. *Coldness and inconstancy lamented.*

1 **P** ERPETUAL Source of light and grace
We hail thy sacred name ;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours ;
As sure as heaven's established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew :
As false as morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.

p 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

f 5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move ;
And with increasing transport press
To thy bright courts above.

In vain we trace cre - a - tion o'er, In search of so - lid rest;

The whole cre - a - tion is too poor, To make us tru - ly blest.

243 C. M. *Christ a pattern for his followers.*

- 1 **JESUS!** exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given;
A name surpassing every name,
That's known in earth or heaven!
- 2 Before thy throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord:
Before thy throne shall every tongue
Confess that thou art Lord.
- 3 Thou! **jesus**, in the form of God,
Didst equal honour claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame!
- 4 Oh! may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in thee;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.
- 5 To others we would stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

244 C. M. *Indebtedness to the Saviour*

- 1 **JESUS!** to thy celestial light,
My dawn of hope I owe;
Once wandering in the shades of night,
And lost in helpless wo.

- 2 Thy gracious hand redeemed the slave,
And set the prisoner free;
Be all I am—and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee.
- 3 Here at thy feet I wait thy will,
And live upon thy word:
Oh! give me warmer love and zeal,
To serve my dearest Lord.

245 C. M. *The broad and narrow ways.*

- 1 **STRAIT** is the way—the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high:
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed—and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

246 C. M. *God the portion of the soul.*

- 1 **ETERNAL** Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
Oh! could I say, 'The Lord is mine!'
'Tis all my soul desires.

Strait is the way—the door is strait, That leads to joys on high;

'Tis but a few that find the gate, While crowds mis-take and die.

- 2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love ;
Oh ! speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.
- f 3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God :
- ff Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

247 C. M. *God the only source of true happiness.*

- 1 **I**N vain we trace creation o'er,
In search of solid rest ;
The whole creation is too poor,
To make us truly blest.
- 2 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone the restless heart
Endoring bliss can find.
- 3 Thy favour, Lord, is all we want ;
Here would our spirits rest :
< Oh ! seal the rich, the boundless grant
f And make us fully blest.

248 C. M. *Contentment*

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :

- p 2 ' Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Oh, let the hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend—
< Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

249 C. M. *Pleading covenanted mercies.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And in its boundless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become ;
My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
And heaven my final home ;—
- 3 I welcome all thy sovereign will
For all that will is love ;
And when thy way, great God, is dark,
I wait thy light above.
- 4 Thy covenant, in my dying hour,
Shall dwell upon my tongue,
< And when I wake, shall still employ'
My everlasting song.

MELODY, C. M.

Ho-san-na with a cheer-ful sound, To God's up-hold-ing hand;
 Ten thou-sand snares at-tend us round, And yet se-secure we stand.

250 C. M. *Christian courage and self-denial.*

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?—
 And shall I fear to own his cause?—
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 3 Sure I must fight—if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil—endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they're slain:
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And soon with Christ shall reign.
- 5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine,
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

251 C. M. *A Morning Hymn.*

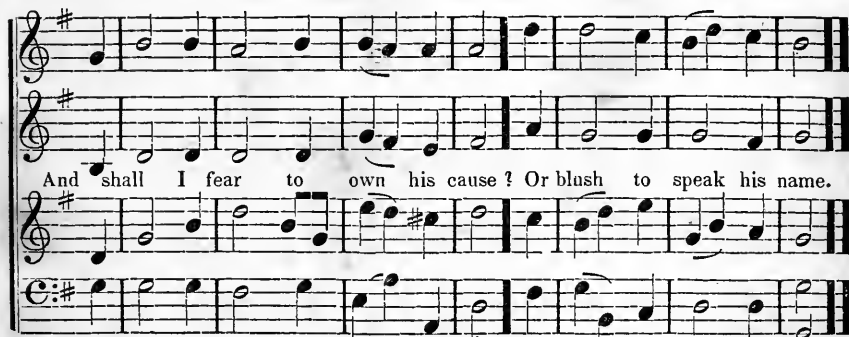
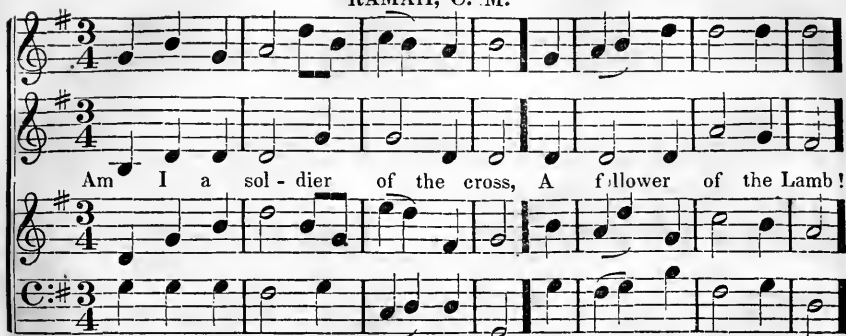
- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes:
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To him who rules the skies.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats;
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heavens on which he sits
 'To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame:
 My tongue shall speak his praise;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame
 And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 How many wretched souls have fled
 Since the last setting sun!
 And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.
- 5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
 While I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a peaceful night.

252 C. M. *A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
 To God's upholding hand;
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,
 And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing power
 That raised us with a word;
 And every day, and every hour
 We lean upon the Lord.

RAMAH, C. M.



3 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.

4 Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law:
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

5 God is our sun—whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

253 C. M. *A Hymn for Morning or Evening.*

1 GREAT God! my early vows to thee
With gratitude I'll bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

2 Thou, round the heavenly arch dost draw
A dark and sable veil,
And all the beauties of the world,
From mortal eyes conceal.

3 Again the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn,
And paint with cheerful splendour gay
The fair ascending morn.

4 And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefit pursues.

5 For this will I my vows to thee,
With evening incense bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

254 C. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

1 FATHER, by saints on earth adored,
By saints beyond the skies,
Accept, through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Our evening sacrifice.

2 If kept to-day from wilful sin,
We magnify thy grace;
Thou hast our kind Preserver been,
And thine be all the praise

3 We live to testify the grace,
Which sure salvation brings;
And sink to night in thine embrace,
And rest beneath thy wings.

4 But whether, Lord, we wake or sleep,
The charge of Love divine,
We trust thy Providence to keep
Our souls for ever thine.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
PRAGUE, C. M.

My God! the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,
The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights!—
Thou art my soul's bright morn - ing star, And thou my ris - ing sun.
In dark - est shades, if thou ap - pear, My dawn - ing is be - gun;

255 C. M. *God the portion of the soul.*

- 1 **MY** God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!—
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his!
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way
To meet my dearest Lord.

256 C. M. *God the portion of the soul.*

- 1 **MY** God—my portion—and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me!

- 3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces—and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

- 4 Let others stretch thy arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore:
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

257 C. M. *Love to the name of Christ.*

- 1 **HOW** sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 4 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

While through this chang-ing world we roam, From in - fan - cy to age,

Hea-ven is the Chris-tian pilgrim's home, His rest at eve-ry stage.

258 C. M.

Love to Christ.

- v 1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood :
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

259 C. M.

Human Frailty.

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
p But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
p A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our Maker, God, supports our frame ;
In God alone we trust !
f Salvation to th' almighty name
That reared us from the dust.

260 C. M.

Love to Christ.

- v 1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad !
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead ?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine ;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

261 C. M.

Heaven the Christian's home.

- 1 WHILE through this changing world
From infancy to age, [we roam,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share ;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.
- 3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
f Where all his hope of glory lies,
And where is perfect love.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart; In - spire each life-less tongue:

And let the joys of heaven im - part Their in - flu - ence to our song.

262 C. M. *Seeking the presence of God.*

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid
Inspire each lifeless tongue; [heart];
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 3 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

263 C. M. *Trusting in God.*

- 1 **O** THAT I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!
- 2 He that has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
- 3 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more.

264 C. M. *Desiring the rest of Heaven.*

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heaven immortal dove,
And take us on thy wings!
And mount and bear us far above,
The reach of earthly things;—
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Where toils and tears are o'er,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And cares distract no more.
- 3 How long dear Saviour—O, how long,
Shall that blest hour delay;
When we shall join the blissful throng,
In realms of endless day.

265 C. M. *Nativity of Christ.*

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

BUNCE, C. M.

Mor-tals, a-wake, with an-gels join, And chant the so-lemn lay : Joy, love, and gra-ti-

In hea-ven the rapt'r-ous song began, And sweet se-ra-phy fire Through all the shining

tude combine To hail th' auspicious day, To hail th' au-spi-cious day.

le-gions ran, And strung and tuned the lyre, And strung and tuned the lyre.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise ;
And sweetly bear our souls above,
To mingle in their lays.

266 C. M. *Sabbath morning.*

aff 1 **MAY** I throughout this day of thine
Be in thy Spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above,
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

267 C. M. *Devotion springing from Gratitude.*

- 1 **MY** soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad ;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by thy God.

2 Through ev'ry winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide ;
And in his long experienced care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows
An unexhausted stream ;
That grace on Sion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of time
Thy courts on earth I love ;
But Oh ! I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.

5 Joining with all the shining band,
My soul would thee adore ;
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

268 C. M. *An evening song.*

1 **NOW**, from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of incense rise,
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day :
Minutes come quick : but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require ;
Till we shall praise thee as we ought,
Accept our heart's desire.

BERWICK, C. M.

Je-sus the vis-ion of thy face, Hath o-ver-power-ing charms;
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold em-brace, If Christ be in my arms!
 A mor-tal pale-ness on my cheek, And glo-ry in my soul.

Then while ye hear my heart-strings break, How sweet my min-utes roll!

269 C. M. *The condescending grace of Christ celebrated.*

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
 How sweet thy gracious name!
 With joy that errand we review,
 On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic bands
 Stood waiting on the wing,
 Charmed with the honour to obey
 Their great eternal King;—
- p 3 For us, vile, wretched, sinful men,
 Thou laid'st that glory by;—
 First, in our mortal flesh, to serve;
 Then, in that flesh, to die.
- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
 We doubly, Lord, are thine;
 < To thee our lives we would devote,
 > To thee our death resign.

270 C. M. *For your life is hid with Christ in God.*

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
 Who makes your cause his own;
 The hope that's built upon his word,
 Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
 And feeble is your arm;

Your life is hid with Christ in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.

- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or fainting, shall not die;
 Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
 Will aid you from on high.
- f! 4 As surely as he overcame,
 And triumph'd once for you;
 So surely, you that love his name,
 Shall triumph in him too.

271 C. M. *The death of the Pious.*

- 1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
 When God recalls his own;
 And bids them leave a world of wo
 For an immortal crown?
- 2 Their toils are past; their work is done;
 And they are fully blest:
 They fought the fight, the victory won,
 And entered into rest.
- 3 Then let our sorrows cease to flow!
 God has recalled his own;
 But let our hearts, in every wo,
 Still say, "Thy will be done!"

I saw one hang-ing on a tree, In a - go - ny and blood,

Who fixed his lan-guid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.

272 C. M. *Looking to Calvary.*

- aff 1 I SAW one hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,—
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 Alas, I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord had slain.
- pp 4 A second look he gave which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die, that thou may'st live.
- 5 "Thus while my death, thy sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
< Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals thy pardon too!"

273 C. M. *God's command to immediate Repentance.*

- 1 REPENT, the vice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets the wrathful day.

- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
He sends his messengers abroad,
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Ye sinners in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to vengeance there.
- 5 O listen to the Saviour's call,
While he prolongs your days;
Now yield your hearts, and prostrate fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

274 C. M. *Happy in Death.*

- 1 JESUS! the vision of thy face,
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 2 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul.

Peace! tis the Lord Je - ho - vah's hand That blasts our joys in death;
That mars that form to us so dear, And ga - thers back the breath.

275 C. M. *Longing for a closer Walk with God.*

- 1 OH! For a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame:
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!—
How sweet their memory still!—
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return—
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
What'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- f 6 So shall my walk be close with God;
p Serene and calm my frame;
< So purer light shall mark the road
f That leads me to the Lamb.

276 C. M. *Desire to be Delivered from Sin.*

- 1 THOU great Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
Oh make my soul alive to thee;
Create new powers within.
- 2 Renew mine eyes—and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 3 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In that new world thy grace hath made,
I would for ever dwell.

277 C. M. *Returning to Christ.*

- 1 DEAR Lord, accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains;
And mourns with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.
- 2 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls me home,
How heavily they move!
- 3 Oh cleanse me in my Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy power,
Make me, O Lord, thy blest abode,
And let me rove no more!

COWPER, C. M.

Oh! for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heaven-ly frame:

A light, to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

278 C. M. *The Heart the best Sacrifice.*

- 1 **W**HEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honours shall he pay?
How spread his praise abroad?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise!
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice?
- 3 Vain, sinful man!—creation's Lord
Thy offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart—and thou shalt find,
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

279 C. M. *Sins and Sorrows luid before God.*

- 1 **O**H, that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays—and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God—
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake—
I'd plead my Saviour's blood.

- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And drive my foes away;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
When they in sorrow pray.
- f 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

280 C. M. *Submission under the loss of Friends.*

- 1 **P**EACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
That mars that form to us so dear,
And gathers back the breath.
- 2 'Tis he—the King and Lord supreme
Of all the world's above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Silent we own Jehovah's name
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To his supreme command.

When, ris - ing - from the bed of death, O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,

I see my Ma - ker face to face, Oh, how shall I ap - pear.

281 C. M. *The Judgment Anticipated.*

- 1 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face—
Oh, how shall I appear!
- 2 If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;—
- 3 When thou, O Lord! shall stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear!
- 4 Then see my sorrows, gracious Lord;
Let mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of prayer
My heart takes hold of thee.
- 15 For never shall my soul despair
Thy mercy to procure;
Since thy beloved Son has died
To make that mercy sure!

282 C. M. *Reflections at the close of the Year.*

- 1 **A**ND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul—with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes?—how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?
- 4 Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

283 C. M. *Contemplating the sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 **P**REPARE us, Lord! to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs has borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced—
To look on thee, and mourn.
- 2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope—
“The Saviour died for me!”

A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed, And did my Sove-reign die?
Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?

284 C. M. *Christ a pattern for his followers.*

- 1 **BEHOLD**, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
He, meek and patient, stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who laboured for their good.
- 4 When in the hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
'Thy will, not mine, be done!'
- 5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear!
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

285 C. M. *Christ a pattern for his followers.*

- 1 **IN** duties and in sufferings too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
As thou hast done—so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.
- 2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;

- O may that zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.
- 3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
Oh may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

286 C. M. *Godly sorrow from the sufferings of Christ.*

- aff 1 **ALAS!** and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity!—grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, th' almighty Saviour, died
For man, the rebel's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

MILLER, C. M. [Minor.]

Be - hold the Sa-viour of man-kind Nailed to the shame-ful tree!

How vast the love that him in-clined To bleed—and die for me!

287 C. M. *Death of Christ on the Cross.*

aff 1 **B**EHOOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!

How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed—and die for me!

2 "My God," he cries—all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail in sunder breaks—
The solid marbles rend!

3 "'Tis finished—now the ransom's paid—
Receive my soul," he cries;
Behold he bows his sacred head—
> He bows his head—and dies!

f! 4 But soon he'll break death's envious
And in full glory shine: [chain,

aff O Lamb of God—was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

288 C. M. *Repentance in view of divine goodness and patience.*

1 **A**ND are we, wretches, yet alive!
And do we yet rebel!
'Tis boundless! 'tis amazing love!
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threatening vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries—"Forbear"—
And strait the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath.
And weary out his grace.

p 4 Lord—we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts now bleed to see
What Rebels we have been.

f! 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
No more will we obey:
< Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand.
And drive thy foes away.

289 C. M. *God the author of mercies and afflictions.*

1 **O** THOU, whose mercy guides my way!
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here!

2 Oh! may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand, that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

MILLER, C. M. [Major.]



290 C. M. *God the author of mercies and afflictions.*

- 1 **N**AKED, as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are only favours borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God, who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives—and blessed be his name—
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

291 C. M. *Sincerity.*

- 1 **A**M I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?

2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain?

Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?

- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know!
If I am wrong—oh set me right!
If right—preserve me so!

292 C. M. *Desire to be delivered from Sin.*

- 1 **O**H may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His rightful claim to own.
- 2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 3 Preserve me safe from every sin,
Through my remaining days;
And let each virtue in me shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 4 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

ELGIN, C. M.

That awful day will surely come, Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

293 C. M. *Banishment from God intolerable.*aff 1 **THAT** awful day will surely come,

Th' appointed hour makes haste,

When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys—

Thou Sovereign of my heart—

How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word—"Depart."

3 Oh! wretched state of deep despair,

To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

4 Oh! tell me that my worthless name,

Is graven on thy hands;

Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.**294 C. M.** *An Evening Hymn.*1 **I**N mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes

Since thou wilt not remove:

Oh, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love!—3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.**295 C. M.** *Joining the Church.*1 **Y**E men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break,—2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.aff 4 Oh guide, great God, our feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.**296 C. M.** *Contemplation of Death and Glory*1 **M**Y soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

My soul come me - di - tate the day, And think how near it stands;

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known lands.

2 Oh! could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:—

3 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms;
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

297 C. M. *Rest from Sin and trouble in Heaven.*

i OUR sins, alas! how strong they are!
And, like a raging flood,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And force us from our God.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!

> But death shall land our wearied souls
— Safe on the heavenly shore.

v 3 There, to fulfil his high commands
Our cheerful feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our active zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we ever sing and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 For ever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
f And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

298 C. M. *Contemplation of Death.*

1 **STOOP** down, my thoughts, that used to
Converse awhile with death; [rise,
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 But oh, the soul!—that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!—
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies—
And track its wondrous way.

3 And must my body faint and die?
And must my soul remove?
aff Oh! for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

4 Jesus, to thine almighty hand
My naked soul I trust;
And waits my flesh for thy command,
> To drop into the dust.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
PLYMPTON, C. M.

Now let our mourn - ing hearts re - vive, And ev' - ry tear be dry!

Why should those eyes be drowned in grief; That view a Saviour nigh.

299 C. M. *Death of a Minister.*

- 1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
That view a Saviour nigh?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Are numbered with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust—
The aged and the young—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us—and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"Your safeguard, and your guide;
Your Saviour still—and happy they
Who in my love confide!"
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

300 C. M. *Rapid flight of time.*

- 1 BEHOLD, my soul, the narrow bound
That marks the passing year!
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale we pass
The swiftly gliding year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.
- aff 4 Awake, O God! each trifling heart
Its great concern to see,
That all may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear the willing soul
To joy which never dies.

301 C. M. *Dead in trespasses and sin.*

- 1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

How helpless guilt - na - ture lies, Un - con - scious of her load !

The heart unchanged can nev - er rise, To hap - pi - ness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise ;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes ;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live :
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

aff 5 Oh ! change these wretched hearts of
And give them life divine ; [ours,
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

302 C. M. *Sin bewailed as causing the death of Christ.*

1 OH, if my soul was formed for wo,
How would I vent my sighs !
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

33

3 Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucified my Lord ;
Those sins, that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood !

f 4 Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die—
My heart has so decreed ;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
> That made my Saviour bleed.

p 5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
f I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

303 C. M. *Indebtedness to the Saviour.*

1 AND why do our admiring eyes
These gospel glories see ?
And whence—doth every heart reply—
Salvation sent to me ?

2 And dost thou, Lord, subdue my heart,
And show my sins forgiven ?
And bear thy witness to my part
Among the heirs of heaven ?

3 Redeemed by thee, most gracious Lord,
We'll sing our Saviour's name ;
And while the long salvation lasts,
Its sovereign power proclaim.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
BETTER, C. M.

Lord, I ap - proach the mer - cy - seat, Where thou dost an - swer prayer ;

There hum - bly fall be - fore thy feet, For none can per - ish there.

304 C. M. *Humbly pleading for Pardon.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer ;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea ;
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I,
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.
- f 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place ;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—thou hast died.
- 5 Oh wondrous love !—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

305 C. M. *Bemoaning the absence of God.*

- 1 **O**H thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

- 2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said—'Return ?'
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ?
O ! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my Guide ! my Light !
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !
- 5 Oh ! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine !
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

306 C. M. *Returning to Christ.*

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—'Return,
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn :
Oh, take the wanderer home.

O thou, whose ten-der mer-cy hears Con-tri-tion's hum-ble sigh;

Whose hand in-dul-gent wipes the tears From sor-row's weep-ing eye;—

- 3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love.
- < 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
> A heart so vile as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love—so free—so sweet!
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

307 C. M. *Seeking strength and protection from God.*

- 1 GREAT Source of boundless power and
Attend my mournful cry; [grace!
In hours of dark and deep distress,
To thee alone I fly.
- 2 Thou art my strength, my life, my stay;
Assist my feeble trust;
Oh! drive my gloomy fears away,
And raise me from the dust.
- 3 Fain would I call thy grace to mind,
And trust thy glorious name;
Jehovah, powerful, wise, and kind,
For ever is the same.

- 4 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
When earthly comforts die;
Thy voice can bid my pains depart,
And raise my pleasures high.
- 5 Here let me rest—on thee depend,
My God, my hope, my all;
f Be thou my everlasting friend,
And I shall never fall.

308 C. M. *Seeking for the sealing influences of the Spirit.*

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high.
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, when I raise my guilty head,
Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father—God! how sweet the sound!
p How tender—and how dear!
— Nor all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight my ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.
- f 4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
> And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
f Nor can the sign deceive.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
SUBMISSION, C. M.

When youth and age are snatched a - way, By death's re - sist - less hand,

Our hearts the mourn-ful tri - bute pay, And bow, at God's command.

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves correspond to the first line of lyrics, and the next two staves correspond to the second line. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a bass line in the bottom staff.

309 C. M. *Seeking strength and protection from God.*

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thou through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

310 C. M. *Admonition to prepare for death.*

- 1 **W**HEN youth or age are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
And bow to God's command.

- 2 While love still prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impressed,
Let this dread truth, "I too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast!
- 3 May this vain world o'ercome no more!
Behold the opening tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
'To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene
Let every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Lord! let us to our refuge fly!
Thine arm alone can save:
< Give us, through Christ, the victory,
To triumph o'er the grave!

311 C. M. *Prayer for support in death.*

- 1 **W**HEN, bending o'er the brink of life
My trembling soul shall stand,
And wait to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command;—
- 2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
FUNERAL THOUGHT, C. M.

258

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the last two are piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "If I must die, Oh! let me die With hope in Je - sus' blood, The blood that saves from sin and guilt, And re - con - ciles to God."

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head,
And let a beam of life divine,
Illumine my dying bed.

312 C. M. *Hope in Christ the only support in death.*

1 **W**HEN Death appears before my sight
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage faints away.

2 How shall I meet this potent foe,
Whose frown my soul alarms?
Dark horror sits upon his brow,
And victory waits his arms.

3 Oh, for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave!
To see that Friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm alone can save.

313 C. M. *Desiring to be prepared for death.*

1 **I**F I must die, oh! let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, oh! let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.

3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks
f I'll boldly venture through.

314 C. M. *Self-righteous hopes renounced.*

1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
Without a murmuring word,
Let all the race of man confess
Their guilt before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
'To justify us now;
Since to convince, and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

f 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!—
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ANGEL'S HYMN, L. M.

We bring the tri-bute of our praise, And sing that con-de-scend-ing grace,

Which to our notes will lend an ear, And call us, sin-ful mor-tals, near.

315 L. M. *Opening a house of worship.*

- 1 **AND** will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his heavenly throne,
Avow our temples for his own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

316 L. M. *Choosing God as our portion.*

- 1 **MY** gracious Lord, whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor hell can part,
When shall my feet forget to rove?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart?

- 2 Why do these cares my soul divide,
If thou indeed hast set me free?
Why am I thus, if thou hast died,
If thou hast died to ransom me?
- 3 Great God, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gifts thyself hast given:
f My portion thou, my treasure art,
My life, my happiness and heaven.
- 4 Would aught with thee my wishes share
Though dear as life the idol be,
That idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all from thee.
- 5 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore:
f With joy I all for thee resign:
Give me thyself—I ask no more.

317 L. M. *Christian unity and fellowship.*

- 1 **COME** in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Oh come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
TALLIS EVENING HYMN, L. M.

260



Oh hap-py day, that fix-ed my choice, On thee, my Saviour, and my God;
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.

3 And we pass this vale of tears,
We'll share our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And cast a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love:
Oh may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above!

318 L. M. Self-dedication renewed.

1 OH happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest—my long-divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

319 L. M. Christian Fellowship.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie, that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
[are one!]

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What tender love!—what holy fear!
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth—and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt, and human woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his smiling face:
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy—a heaven of love.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
CASTLE STREET, L. M.

Come, blessed Spirit, source of light, Whose power and grace are unconfined, Dispel the gloomy
shades of night, The thicker darkness of the mind, The thicker darkness of the mind.

320 L. M. *Renouncing self-righteous hopes.*

- 1 NO more, my God—I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes—and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
Oh ! may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

321 L. M. *Religion the one thing needful.*

- WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares ?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above ?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain ?
And all these pleas unite in vain ?

- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue :
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

- aff 4 Almighty God ! thy grace impart ;
Fix deep conviction on each heart :
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

322 L. M. *The influences of the Holy Spirit.*

- aff 1 GREAT God, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine ?
Unworthy dwelling !—glorious Guest !—
How great the favour !—how divine !
- 2 When sin prevails—and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here—
Great spring of comfort, life, and light ?
 - 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh !
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart !
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
 - 4 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
“ I love my God, and taste his grace,”
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?

SHOEL, L. M.

Why will ye waste on tri-fling cares That life which God's compassion spares?

While, in the va-rious range of thought, The one thing need - ful is for - got?

5 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell—O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

323 L. M. *The influences of the Holy Spirit.*
aff 1 **B**REATHE, Holy Spirit, from above,
Until our hearts with fervour glow:
Oh! kindle there a Saviour's love,
True sympathy with human wo.

2 Bid our conflicting passions cease,
And terror from each conscience flee;
Oh, speak to every bosom peace,
Unknown to all who know not thee.

3 Give us to taste thy heavenly joy,
Our hopes to brightest glory raise;
Guide us to bliss without alloy,
And tune our hearts to endless praise.

324 L. M. *The influences of the Holy Spirit.*

1 **T**HE Holy Spirit sure is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart!
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice!

3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish, my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

4 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

325 L. M. *Desiring the teachings of the Spirit*

1 **C**OME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Make me delight to do thy will.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;
O show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
QUITO, L. M.

Who is this stran-ger in dis-tress That tra-vels thro' the wil-der-ness?

Opress'd with sorrows and with sins, On her beloved Lord she leans—On her beloved, &c.

326 L. M. *Vital Union to Christ.*

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?—
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure:
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here I may build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
For ever sure the promise stands:
Not all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

327 L. M. *The peaceful death of the Righteous.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest:
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- f 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
> Fanned by some guardian angel's wing:
f! O grave! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting!

328 L. M. *Providential goodness of God celebrated.*

- 1 **G**R-E-A-T God! let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours—
Thy hand, from whence my being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
> In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned
To thee successive honours raise.
- 3 My life, my health, my friends, I owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.
- 4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more;
And after death thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years adore.

Great Source of life, our souls confess, The vari-ous rich - es of thy grace;

Crown'd with thy mer-cies, we re-joice, And in thy praise ex - alt our voice.

329 L. M. *Providential goodness of God celebrated.*

- 1 **G**REAT Source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crowned with thy mercies, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- p 2 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
It gently wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.
- 3 These lives are sacred to the Lord,
By thee upheld—by thee restored;
And while our hours renew their race
We still would walk before thy face.
- 4 So, when our souls by thee are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
f With joy triumphant they shall move
To seats of nobler life above.

330 L. M. *Hope in Christ the only support in Death.*

- 1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die?—
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away:
Still shrink we back again to life,
Fond of our prison, and our clay.

- 3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
f Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there

331 L. M. *The Sabbath welcomed.*

- 1 **M**Y opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest:
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.
- 3 Oh bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought—through all the day.
- f 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
TRURO, C. M.

Now to the Lord, a noble song, Awake, my soul, a - wake, my tongue!

Hosanna to th'e - ter - nal name, And all his bound - less love proclaim.

332 L. M. *Christ's unchanging love the safety of his people.*

- 1 **WHO** shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!
- 3 He lives!—he lives, and reigns above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what shall tempt us to despair?
- 4 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high—nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

333 L. M. *Divine glory displayed in the person of Christ.*

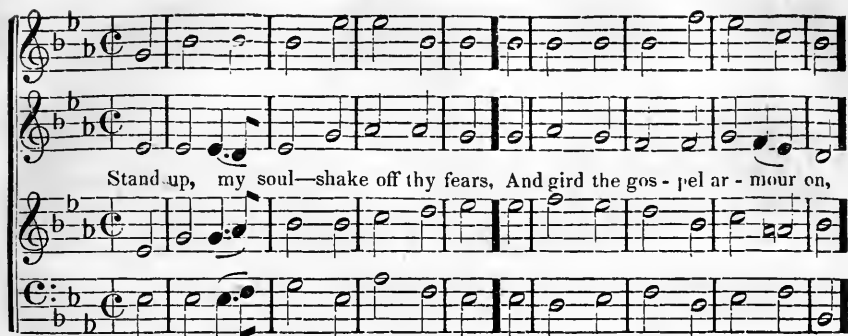
- 1 **NOW** to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul—awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

- 3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme—
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

- 4 Oh! may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

334 L. M. *Humiliation and exaltation of Christ.*

- 1 **NOW** for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above:
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!
- p 3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive prisoner lay;—
f Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- 4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains!



335 L. M. *Love, the chief grace.*

- 1 **HAD** I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass—an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven or hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry—clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name—
- 4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

336 L. M. *Christian warfare and victory.*

- f1 **STAND** up, my soul—shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course:
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
p There peace and joy eternal reign,
—And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- f 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

337 C. M. *Contemplation of heaven.*

- 1 **OH!** for a sight—a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed with a body like our own.
- 2 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds bright glories on them all!
- 3 Oh! what amazing joys they feel,
f While to their golden harps they sing,
And echo from each heavenly hill,
The glorious triumphs of their King!
- 4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face—and sing thy love?

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

WATSON'S, L. M.

O Thou, to whose all searching sight, The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee, O burst these bonds, and set it free.

338 L. M. *Prayer for protection and guidance.*

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart—it pants for thee;
Oh burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light—be thou my way;
No foes, nor danger will I fear,
While thou, my Saviour, God, art near.
- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
f To raise my head—and cheer my heart.
- 4 Oh let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill,
> Where toil and grief, and pain shall cease,
p Where all is calm—and all is peace.

339 L. M. *Parting with carnal joys.*

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had ev'n conveyed me there.

- aff 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those dangerous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- f 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There, from the presence of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

340 L. M. *Subjection of the nations to Christ.*

- 1 **SOON** may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!
- 3 Oh let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

Ex-ult, my soul, with ho - ly joy! Ho-san - nas be thy blest em-ploy;

Sal-va-tion thine e - ter - nal theme, And swell the song with Je - sus' name.

341 L. M. *Christ exalted over all.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanced the Lord, thy Son!
Angels, in all the robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance, or of love.
- 3 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet,
In travelling o'er the heavenly road.
- 4 Lord! when we leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid us rise and come,
Send thy beloved angels down
Safe to conduct our spirits home.

342 L. M. *Christ the Physician of the soul.*

- 1 **W**HY droops my soul, with grief oppressed
Whence these wild tumults in my
Is there no balm to heal my wound? [breast!
No kind physician to be found?
- 2 Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes;
Behold the Prince of glory dies!
He dies, extended on the tree,
And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.

- 3 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear—
Almighty grace, which triumphs here.
- 4 Thou wilt withdraw the poisoned dart,
Bind up and heal the wounded heart;
With blooming health my face adorn,
And change the gloomy night to morn.
- f 5 Exult, my soul, with holy joy;
Hosannas be thy blest employ,
Salvation thine eternal theme,
And swell the song with Jesus' name.

343 L. M. *The atonement of Christ the only ground of pardon.*

- 1 **H**OW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal mind?
- 2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.
- 3 Thy blood, dear Jesus—thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone:—
Here will we rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
EFFINGHAM, L. M.

At an-chor laid, re-mote from home, Toil-ing I cry, sweet spir - it come,

Ce-les-tial breeze, no long-er stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.

344 L. M. Majesty and dominion of God.

- 1 **C**OME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise :
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame !
What mortal verse can reach the theme !
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines,
His works, through all this wonderful frame,
Declare the glory of his name.
- f 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glory sing ;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song !

345 L. M. Majesty and dominion of God.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty arrayed ;
His rule Omnipotence sustains, [made.
And guides the worlds his hands have
- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were spread abroad,
Thy awful throne was fixed above ;
From everlasting thou art God.

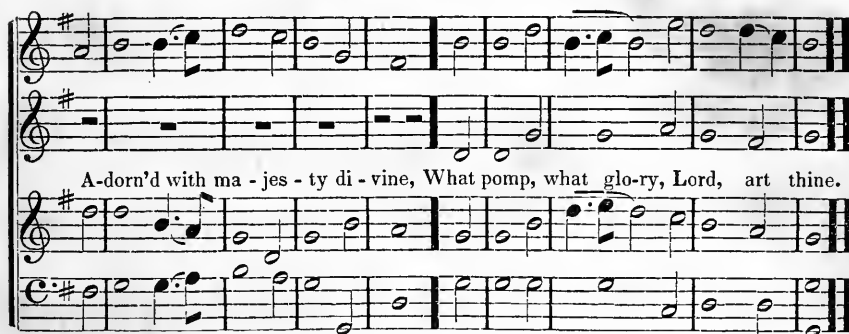
- 1 3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry, tempests roar ;
Lift their prond billows to the skies,
And foam, and lash the trembling shore.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God, on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas ;
He speaks—and noise and tempest fly,
<> The waves sink down in gentle peace.
- 5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,
< Eternal holiness is thine :
And, Lord, thy people shall be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

346 L. M. Goodness of God celebrated.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide, celestial plains ;
And thence its streams redundant flow,
And cheer th' abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's works its glories shine ;
The cares of providence are thine ;
And grace erects our ruined frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 Oh! give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art !
With grateful love and holy fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
PILESGROVE, L. M.

270



f 4 Let nature burst into a song;
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong;
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise!

347 L. M. *Wisdom and goodness of God.*

1 **A**WAKE, my tongue-- thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd!
The stars he numbers--and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 In redemption, oh what grace!
Its wonders, oh what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines for ever bright--
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

348 L. M. *Hosanna to the Son of David.*

1 **W**HAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
< What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

35

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes!--and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
p He bled for us--he bled for you,
- And we will sing hosanna too.

f 5 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
ff All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven!

349 L. M. *The Baptism of the Holy Ghost.*

1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost--come from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Exert thy gracious power divine,
And sprinkle thou th' atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit, join,
To seal this child a child of God.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
PARK STREET, L. M.

Hark! how the choral song of heav'n, Swells full of peace and joy above! Hark! how they

strike their golden harps, And raise the tuneful notes of love! And raise the tuneful &c.

350 L. M. *The object of the Gospel.*

1 **THIS** is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above:

Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

351 L. M. *Christ the Light of the world.*

1 **ALL**-glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view!

2 Once we were fallen—oh how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,—

3 Scattered the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heavenly light!
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To us overthrown and undone!

4 He has led us beyond these mortal shores,
A refuge and assistance as ours;
When darkness is in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state.

352 L. M. *Perfections and glory of God.*

1 **JEHOVAH** reigns—his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?

5 Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

NANTWICH, L. M.

Thus saith the high and lofty One, "I sit upon my holy throne; My name is God I dwell on high; Dwell in my own e - ter - ni-ty, Dwell in my own e - ter-ni-ty.

353 L. M. *Condescension of God.*

1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,
 "I sit upon my holy throne;
 My name is God—I dwell on high;
 Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
 On earth I have a mansion too;
 The humble spirit and contrite
 Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
 I bid the mourning sinner live;
 Heal all the broken hearts I find,
 And ease the sorrows of the mind."

p 4 Lord, may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
 Lest we should faint, despair, and die!

f Then shall our grateful voice declare,
 How free thy tender mercies are.

354 L. M. *Nativity of Christ.*

1 **W**AKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
 For unto us a Saviour's born;
 See, how the angels wing their way,
 To usher in the glorious day!

p 2 Hark! what sweet music—what a song—
 < Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!

p Sweet song—whose melting sounds impart
f Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
 Glory to God, who reigns on high;
p Let peace and love on earth abound,
f While time revolves and years roll round.

355 L. M. *Angels the Ministers of God,*

1 **H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light
 The King of glory spreads his seat,
 And hosts of angels stretched for flight,
 Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 Are they not all thy servants Lord?
 At thy command they go and come;
 With cheerful haste obey thy word,
 And guard thy children to their home.

356 L. M. *Praise to the exalted Redeemer.*

1 **S**HOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns;
 Thro' distant lands his triumph spread;
 Sinners, now freed from Satan's chains,
 Own him their Saviour and their head.

2 Oh may his conquests still increase;
 Let every foe his power subdue!
 While angels celebrate his praise,
 Saints shall his growing glories show.

3 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 From all below and all above;
 In lofty songs exalt his name,
 In songs as lasting as his love.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
SOUTH STREET, L. M.

Thou Prince of glo-ry, slain for me, Breath-ing for-give-ness in thy prayer;
That lov-ing, melt-ing look I see, That burst-ing sigh, that tend-er tear.

357 L. M. *Christ the River of life.*

- 1 **G**REAT Source of being and of love !
Thou waterest all the worlds above ;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.
- 2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Sion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.
- 3 This gentle stream, with sudden force,
Swells to a river in its course ;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.
- 4 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear ;
Their blossoms fragrant odours give,
And on their fruit the nations live.
- 5 Flow, wondrous stream ! with glory crowned,
f Flow on to earth's remotest bound ;
> And bear us, on thy gentle wave—
—To him who all thy virtues gave.

358 L. M. *Godly sorrow for sin, in view of the sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HOU Prince of glory, slain for me,
Breathing forgiveness in thy prayer ;
That loving, melting look I see,
That bursting sigh, that tender tear.

- 2 Let me but hear thy dying voice
Pronounce forgiveness in my breast ;
My trembling spirit shall rejoice,
And feel the calm of heavenly rest.
- 3 Lord, thine atoning blood apply,
And life or death is sweet to me
In life's last hour, thy presence, nigh,
From fear shall set my spirit free.

359 L. M. *Sovereign mercy of God in sending the Gospel.*

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known :
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 4 Oh ! grant us grace, almighty Lord !
To read, and mark thy holy word ;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

God, in the Gos - pel of his Son, Makes his e - ter - nal coun - sels known:

Here love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with four staves. The top two staves of each system are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The bottom two staves are in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

360 L. M. *Grief for the sins and miseries of men.*

- aff 1 **ARISE**, my tender thoughts, arise;
Let torrents drown my weeping eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human beings sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
See God insulted through his Son,
The world abused—the soul undone.
- 3 My heart with reverence hears thy word,
And trembles at thy threatenings, Lord;
I know the wretched, dreadful end,
To which their careless steps descend.
- 4 But feeble my compassion proves,
It can but weep, where most it loves;
Great God, thy saving grace employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

361 L. M. *Praising God for the Scriptures.*

- 1 **NOW** let my soul, eternal King!
To thee its grateful tribute bring:
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below—and worlds above:
But in thy blessed word I trace,
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There what delightful truths I read!

> There I behold the Saviour bleed:
—His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
> And gives my labouring conscience peace
—Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

f 5 For love like this, oh let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

362 L. M. *Delight in the sacred Scriptures.*

- 1 **I LOVE** the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode,
And lifts my joyful thoughts on high.
- 2 Blest book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord:
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love:
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

SEMLEY, L. M.

Great God of na-tions, now to thee Our hymn of gra-ti-tude we raise—

With hum-ble heart, and bend-ing knee, We offer thee our song of praise.

363 L. M. *God's providential goodness celebrated.*

- v1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy presence we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole :
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 Still be the grateful homage paid
 With morning light, and evening shade.
- 4 Lord, in thy house let incense rise,
 And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

364 L. M. *God's providential goodness celebrated.*

- v1 **J**OIN, every tongue, to praise the Lord,
 All nature rests upon his word :
 Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
 And own his universal reign.
- 2 At his command the morning ray
 Smiles in the east—and leads the day ;
 He guides the sun's declining wheels
 Beneath the verge of western hills.

- 3 Seasons and times obey his voice ;
 The evening and the morn rejoice
 To see the earth made soft with showers,
 Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.
- 4 Thy works pronounce thy power divine ;
 In all the earth thy glories shine ;
 Through every month thy gifts appear ;
 Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

365 L. M. *God acknowledged in national blessings.*

- 1 **G**REAT God of nations, now to thee
 Our hymn of gratitude we raise—
 With humble heart, and bending knee,
 We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
 For all the kindness thou hast shown
 To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
 This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
 And casts her soft and hallowed ray,—
 Here thou our Father's steps didst guide
 In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light
 Through all our land its radiance sheds ;
 Dispers the shades of error's night,
 And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

E-ter-nal source of ev' - ry joy, Well may thy praise our lips em-ploy ;

While in thy pre-sence we ap-pear, Whose good-ness crowns the cir-cling year.

5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
Oh spread thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship thee.

366 L. M. *God acknowledged in national blessings.*

1 **G**REAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;

Whose favouring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;

p2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;

—Thy power we see—thy greatness own;

> Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,

—Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend!
Oh still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last!

367 L. M. *Prayer for the young.*

1 **G**REAT Saviour! who didst condescend
Young children in thine arms to take,

Still prove thyself the children's friend,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

2 While in the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou their guardian—thou their guide;
That they, directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.

3 To read thy word their hearts incline;
To understand it, light impart:
O Saviour! let their all be thine!
Take full possession of each heart.

368 L. M. *Youth admonished of the Judgment.*

1 **N**OW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold the months come hastening on,
When you shall say—'My joys are gone.'

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Oppressed with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agony of pain,
Ascends to God—not there to dwell,
But hears her doom—and sinks to hell.

aff 4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am:
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
SEASONS, L. M.

The flow-ery spring, at God's command, Per-fumes the air, and paints the land;

The sum-mer rays with vig-our shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

369 L. M. *God the Son equal with the Father.*

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory—dreadful God,
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.
- f 2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?
- p 3 Yet, there is one, of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
—A full equality with God.
- 4 Now let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honours be adored:
- f His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own him Lord.

370 L. M. *Praise for Providential care and goodness.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God! I bless thy name,
The same thy power—thy grace the
The tokens of thy friendly care [same;
Begin, and close, and crown the year.
- 2 Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amid ten thousand snares I stand,
And see when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

- 3 Thus far thine arm has led me on—
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- f 4 My grateful voice on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

371 L. M. *The goodness of God in the seasons.*

- 1 **T**HE flowery spring, at God's command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land:
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 2 His hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all her coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, softened by his care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 3 The changing seasons, months, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.
- 4 And oh, may each harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown the praise prolong,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
GREEN'S HUNDREDTH, L. M.

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Bright King of glo-ry—dread-ful God, Our spir-its bow be-fore thy seat;
To thee we lift an hum-ble thought, And wor-ship at thine aw-ful feet.

372 L. M. *Praise for Providential goodness.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing thy mighty hand;
By that supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed—
By his unerring counsels led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy—and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

373 L. M. *Desiring the presence of God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, I bow before thy feet;
When shall my soul approach thy seat?
When shall I see thy glorious face
With mingled majesty and grace?

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- 2 How should I love thee, and adore,
With hopes and joys unknown before!
And bid this trifling world be gone,
Nor tease my heart so near thy throne.
- 3 My soul should pour out all her cares
In flowing words, or flowing tears;
Thy smiles would ease my sharpest pain,
Nor should I seek my God in vain.

374 L. M. *Encouragement to prayer.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode,
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just and holy God?
- 2 Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet:
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
- 3 Oh! may our souls thy grace adore;
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.
- 4 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope—our trust invite;
> Again attend our humble prayer;—
—Let mercy still be thy delight.

Up to the fields where an - gels lie, And liv - ing wat - ers gent - ly roll,

Fain would my thoughts as - cend on high, But sin hangs hea - vy on my soul.

375 L. M. *Delight in the worship of God.*

1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, be
Let my religious hours alone; [gone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee

2 Oh! warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:

—Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
f Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

376 L. M. *Contemplation of Heaven.*

1 **U**P to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts ascend on high,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies!

p How vain a thing this world would be!
How empty all its fleeting joys!

—3 Great All in All! eternal King!

Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

377 L. M. *Blessedness of the Righteous.*

1 **B**LEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness:
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

378 L. M. *Blessedness of the righteous.*

1 **B**LEST are the men whose mercies move
To acts of kindness and of love;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.



2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
Who never tread the ways of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

3 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God—the God of peace.

4 Blest are the faithful, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Eternal life is their reward.

379 L. M. *Taking refuge in God.*

1 **PRAISE**—everlasting praise be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid ;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word ;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
Reveals his kindest promises.

3 Whence then should doubts and fears arise ?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?
Slowly, alas ! the mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

f 4 Oh for a strong, a lasting faith !
To credit what th' Almighty saith !
—T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

f 5 Then, should the earth's foundation shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

380 L. M. *Enlargement and glory of the Church.*

1 **TRIUMPHANT** Zion ! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead !
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength !

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known :
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer
His hand thy ruin shall repair :
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
SURREY, L. M.

No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin nor death shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the songs, Which war-ble from im-mor-tal tongues, Which war-ble from im-mor-tal tongues.

381 L. M. *Exhortation to work while it is day.*

1 **A**WAKE—awake! each sluggish soul,
Awake—and view the setting sun!
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done!

p 2 Soon will he close our drowsy eyes,
Nor shall we hear these warnings more:
Soon will the mighty Judge approach;
Ev'n now he stands before the door!

f 3 To-day, attend his gracious voice!
And hear the summons which he sends—
“Awake! for on this passing hour,
Thy long eternity depends!”

aff 4 O Saviour! let these awful scenes
Be ever present to our view:
Teach us to gird our loins about,
And trim our dying lamps anew.

5 Then, when the king of terror comes,
Our souls shall hail the happy day:

f Haste, then, O Saviour, from above,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay!

382 L. M. *The eternal Sabbath.*

1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope—and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue—no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade—no clouded sun—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

383 L. M. *Delight in the worship of God.*

1 **W**HEN to his temple God descends,
He holds communion with his friends,
His grace and glory there displays,
And shines with bright, and friendly rays.

2 While hovering o'er the happy place,
The Spirit sheds his heavenly grace;
To fix our thoughts—our hearts to raise,
And tune our souls to love and praise.

3 'Tis here we learn the blessed skill
To know and do our Maker's will;
And, while we hear, and sing, and pray,
With heavenly joy we soar away.

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great reward;

And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vi - lest sin - ner may re - turn.

4 Oh! dearest hours of all we know—
Oh! sweetest joys of all below;
Here would we choose our fixed abode,
And dwell for ever near our God.

384 L. M. *Preparation for the duties of the Sabbath implored.*

1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our tho'ts from earth away:
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

f3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

385 L. M. *Time the period to prepare for eternity.*

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given
T' escape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then, what my thoughts design to do
My hands, with all your might, pursue;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
p But darkness, death, and long despair
len Reign in eternal silence there.

386 L. M. *Vital union to Christ.*

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives—he lives! who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting head!

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there

4 He lives!—all glory to his name!
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
How great the joy this sentence gives,
'I know that my Redeemer lives!'

PERU, L. M.

Happy the man whose cau-tious feet Shun the broad way, where sinners go; Who hates the
place where athiests meet, And fears to talk as scoffers do, And fears to talk as scoffers do.

387 L. M. *Rejoicing in the reign of Christ.*

1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell;
The boundless world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and suffering once he died;—
But now he lives for evermore:
—Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And, all ye angel-bands, adore.

3 So live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes—and guard thy friends;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom, and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below—and worlds above

5 For ever reign, victorious King!
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimar anthems near thy throne.

388 L. M. *Rejoicing in the reign of Christ.*

1 YES—mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become the footstool of thy feet.

2 Then, ransomed souls shall bless thy power:
Thine arm shall full salvation bring:
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer, with their conquering King.

3 Then, ranged thy shining throne around,
Thy honours, Lord, will we proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deeds and saving name.

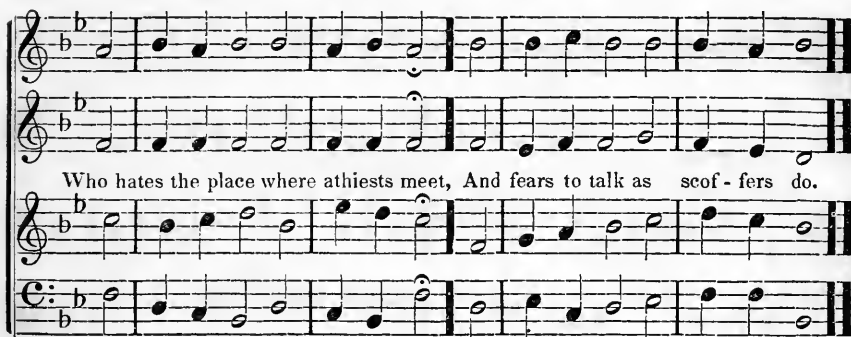
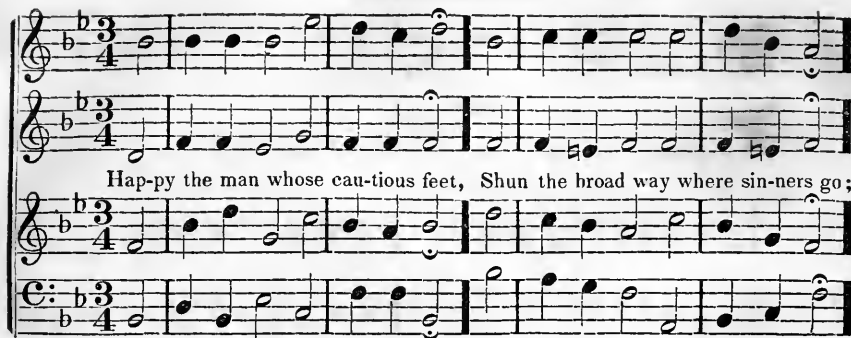
389 L. M. *Retirement and meditation.*

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from earth and sense;
Thy sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven—and there my God I find.



390 L. M. *A morning hymn.*

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 Oh! like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just—thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

391 L. M. *Vanity of the World and happiness of Heaven.*

- 1 **H**OW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud—the morning dew—
p The withering grass—the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour!

- 3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
< There is a land, whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

- f 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
> Though passing through a vale of tears.

392 L. M. *Not ashamed of Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee—whom angels praise!
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No!—when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave,
No fears to quell—no soul to save!
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
GERMANY, L. M.

Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest! Come—fix thy mansion in my breast,

Dispel my doubts—my fears control, And heal the anguish of my soul.

393 L. M. *Trusting in Christ.*

- 1 **H**ERE, at thy cross, my gracious Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Oh, cleanse me with atoning blood,
Nor let me from thy feet remove.
- 2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Unmoved and firm this heart should lie:
Resolved—for that's my last defence—
If I must perish, here to die.
- 3 But speak, O Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
- 4 Yes—I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
f Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And loudest praises to his name.

394 L. M. *Existence of God manifest from his works.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Thru' earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

- p 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;—
Bow down before him—and adore.

395 L. M. *Praise to the Creator.*

- 1 **N**ATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known,
f Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.
- 3 Oh! may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

- p 4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name:
—The highest notes that angels raise,
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

396 L. M. *God self-existent and immutable.*

- 1 **A**LL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.

Ye se-raphs, who sit near his throne, Be - gin to make his glo-ries known,

Tune high your harps, and spread the sound Through-out cre-a-tion's ut-most bound.

- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will:
But thou for ever art the same;
"I AM" is thy memorial still.

397 L. M. *Goodness of God.*

- 1 THIS frame, O God—these noble powers,
To thy creating hand I owe;
Thy providence preserves me safe,
And crowns my every wish below.
- 2 Oft in the visions of the night,
My thoughts o'er all thy mercies rove;
And, every midnight wakeful hour,
I trace the wonders of thy love.
- 3 The pleasing, unexhausted theme
Each rising morn my soul pursues—
In fervent prayer ascends to thee,
And still her grateful song renews.
- 4 Thy mercies, Lord, through endless years,
Shall all my raptured powers employ;

- f Yet endless years will only swell
My wonder, gratitude, and joy.

398 L. M. *Invitation to the heavy laden.*

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin oppressed,
Oh come! accept the promised rest:
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt—a painful load,
Oh come, and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt—and heal your woes;
Here's pardon, life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift!—how free the grace!

399 L. M. *Desiring peace and rest in God.*

- 1 Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest!
Come—fix thy mansion in my breast,
Dispel my doubts—my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.
- 3 O God of hope, and peace divine,
Make thou these sacred pleasures mine!
Forgive my sins—my fears remove,
And fill my heart with joy and love

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
BRENTFORD, L. M.

Though now the nations sit be-neath The dark-ness of o'er-spread-ing death, God will a-
rise with light di - vine, On Zi - on's ho - ly towers to shine.

400 L. M. *Prayer for divine protection and guidance.*

- 1 **THOU**, Lord, thro' every changing scene,
Hast to the saints a refuge been;
Through every age, eternal God!
Their pleasing home—their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,
And were with thy protection blest;
Behold their sons, a feeble race!
We come to fill our fathers' place.
- 3 Through all the thorny paths we tread,
Ere we are numbered with the dead,
When friends desert—and foes invade,
Be thou our all-sufficient aid!
- 4 And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell on earth no more,
To thee, great God! may we ascend,
And find an everlasting Friend.
- 5 To thee our infant race we'll leave;
Them may their fathers' God receive;
That voices, yet unformed, may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

401 L. M. *Youth admonished of the Judgment.*

- 1 **YE** sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes—indulge your tongue;
Enjoy the day of mirth—but know
There is a day of judgment too.

- 2 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

- aff 3 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

402 L. M. *Prayer for the Jews.*

- 1 **ARISE**, great God! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
And call them to their native land.
- 2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide—their pardon seal;
O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Say—shall thy wrath for ever burn?
And shall thy mercy ne'er return?
- 4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

LEEDS, L. M.

Lord, how de-light-ful 'tis to see A whole as-sem-bly wor-ship thee!

At once they sing—at once they pray—They hear of heaven and learn the way

403 L. M. *Prevalence of Christianity promised.*

- 1 **T**HOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.
- 2 That light shall glance on distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The power and greatness of his love.
- 3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace;
Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

404 L. M. *The Ministry of divine appointment.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house,
We pay our homage, and our vows,
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' apostle's honoured name,
Sacred beyond all earthly fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

- 4 So shall the bright succession run
Through latest courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

405 L. M. *Pleasing remembrance of the Sabbath.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing—at once they pray—
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below:
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 Oh write upon my memory, Lord,
The truth and precepts of thy word.
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father—God the Son,
And God the Spirit—three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth—and all in heaven.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
SABAOTH, L. M.

Zi-on a-wake!—thy strength renew, Put on thy robes of beau-teous hue;
Church of our God, a-rise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth di-vine!

406 L. M. *Enlargement and glory of the church.*

- 1 **ZION**, awake!—thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine!
- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are,
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too.

407 L. M. *Encouragement to prayer and perseverance.*

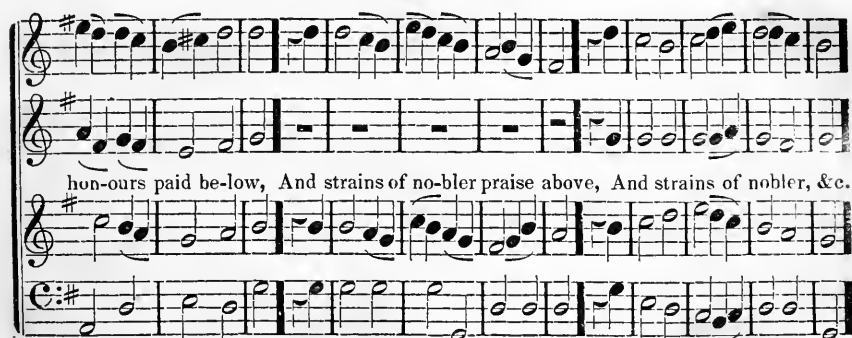
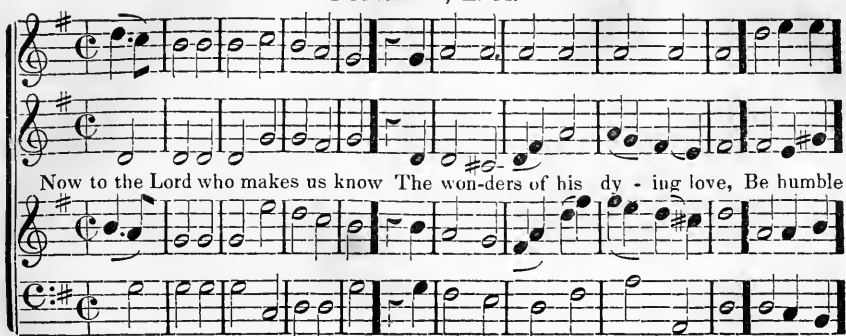
- 1 **SING** to the Lord, who loud proclaims,
His various and his saving names;
Oh may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.
- 2 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain,
That he has sought his God in vain.
- 3 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power—his love the same;
- 4 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
We boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard, where God shall lead.

408 L. M. *Deriving strength from Christ.*

- 1 **LET** me but hear my Saviour say,
'Strength shall be equal to thy day;
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.
- 3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak—then am I strong;
Grace is my shield—and Christ my song.

409 L. M. *The Gospel exemplified in conduct.*

- 1 **SO** let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God:
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.



- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope—
The bright appearance of the Lord---
And faith stands leaning on his word.

410 L. M. *Hope and peace through Christ's intercession.*

- 1 **H**E lives—the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father God,
He pleads the merits of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace!
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts,
Above our fears---above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes---and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart---
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

411 L. M. *Descent of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **B**LEST day! when our ascended Lord
Fulfilled his own prophetic word;
Sent down his Spirit, to inspire
His saints, baptized with holy fire.
- 2 While by his power these signs were wro't,
While divers tongues his wisdom taught,
His love one only subject gave---
That Jesus died the world to save!
- 3 Sure peace with God!--the joyful sound
Pours wide its sacred influence round;
Relenting foes his grace receive,
And humbled sinners hear and live!

412 L. M. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he, who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'Tis he, who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed;
Let every tongue his glory sing.

HAYDN, L. M.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of duty run ; Shake off dull
sloth—and joyful rise, To pay thy morning sacrifice, To pay thy morning sacrifice.

413 L. M. *A Morning Hymn*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth—and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.
- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

414 L. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise ;
Oh let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power
- 3 Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harm :
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his kind, protecting arm ?
- 4 Let this blest hope my eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

415 L. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done :
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep,
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me safe from every ill.

Great God, to thee my even-ing song With hum-ble gra-ti-tude I raise:

Oh let thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

5 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth—'tis heaven above!
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong,
f Hosanna! let the angels sing.

—5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

416 L. M. *On opening a place of worship.*

1 **HERE**, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
Oh choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

417 L. M. *Prayer for the Jews.*

1 **LORD!** visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace
And hail in Christ their promised King.

2 That vail of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
That severed olive-branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

f 3 Hail, glorious day—expected long!
When Jew and Greck one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

WESTON, L. M.

418 L. M. *Returning to God.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its beams unerring dart,
Till all be known and purified.
- 4 Then let the visits of thy love.
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove,
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

419 L. M. *Desiring the influences of the Spirit.*

- aff 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian—thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest:
f Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there!

420 L. M. *Christ the living and Almighty Saviour.*

- 1 **T**HE Saviour lives, no more to die:
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high:
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave:
He lives, eternally to save!
- 2 He lives, to still his servants' fears:
He lives, to wipe away their tears:
He lives, their mansions to prepare:
He lives, to bring them safely there!
- 3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears:
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive!
- 4 His saints he loves—and never leaves;
The contrite sinner he receives:
Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord!

GIARDINI, L. M.



Come hi-ther, all ye wea-ry souls, Ye hea-ry la-den sin-ners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.
They shall find rest, who learn of me: I'm of a meek and low-ly mind,
But pas-sion ra-ges like the sea, And pride is rest-less as the wind.

421 L. M. *Christ's invitation to sinners.*

p 1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest, who learn of me :
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

p 3 Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to the neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

f 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

422 L. M. *Not ashamed of Christ.*

1 AT thy command, O gracious Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast ;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died ;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified. 38

3 What tho' the world pronounce it shame,
And cast their scandals on thy cause ?
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumph in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
'He that was dead hath left his tomb ;
He lives, above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.'

423 L. M. *Returning to Christ.*

1 OH where is now that glowing love,
That marked our union with the Lord ?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known ?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone ?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved ?
The sacred joy—the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved ?

4 Behold, again, we turn to thee ;
Oh cast us not away, though vile !
No peace we have—no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

CORELLI, L. M.

Thy foes in vain de - signs en-gage, A-against thy throne in vain they rage ;

< Like rising waves with angry roar, > That break and die up-on the shore.

424 L. M. *Departure of Missionaries.*

- 1 **Y**E Christian heroes, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire—
With holy zeal your hearts inspire ;
> Bid raging winds their fury cease,
p And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more ;
Meet—with the blood-bought throng to fall,
f And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

425 L. M. *Walking by Faith.*

- 1 **'T**IS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide—and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
< Though lions roar—and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

246 L. M. *Safety of the Church.*

- f 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace ;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength—and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits ;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against thy throne in vain they rage ;
< Like rising waves with angry roar
> That break and die upon the shore.
- f 1 4 **T**hen let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell ;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield—and God our sun ;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

427 L. M. *View of the Saviour's sufferings.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
< Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
— And bids intruding fears depart.

An-oth-er six days' work is done; An-oth-er Sab-bath is be-gun:

Re - turn, my soul—en-joy thy rest; Im-prove the day thy God has blest.

- 2 Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart,
Oh! may my future life declare
The sorrow and the joy sincere.
- 3 Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe—how much I love.

428 L. M. *The Rest of the Sabbath.*

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul—enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast!
The grateful pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares—the end of pains.
- 4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste;

- 5 In holy duties let the day—
In holy pleasures pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

429 L. M. *The presence of God.*

- 1 **L**O, God is here!—let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face!
- 2 Lo, God is here!—him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.
- 3 Lord God of hosts! oh may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

430 L. M. *Grateful Remembrance of Christ.*

- 1 **Y**ES, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends!
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.
- 2 'Tis pleasure, more than earth can give,
Thy glories through these vails to see:
Celestial food thy table yields,
And happy they who sit with thee!

CHARLESTON, L. M.

Now to the pow-er of God su-preme Be ever-last-ing hon - ours giv - en;

He saves from hell—we bless his name, He calls all our wan-der-ing feet to heaven.

431 L. M. *Object of Christ's Advent.*

- 1 **N**OT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- p 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name and live:
- f A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

432 L. M. *Sovereignty of God.*

- 1 **M**AY not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will;
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?
- 2 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
- 3 But, O my soul, if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

433 L. M. *Deity and humanity of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was—the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years?
- 4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth—how full of grace!
When in his eyes the Godhead shone!
- 6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

Let everlasting glories crown Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord; Thy hands have brought sal-

salvation down, and writ the blessings in thy word. And writ the blessings in thy word.

434 L. M. *Salvation by Grace.*

- 1** NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell—we bless his name,
He calls all our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2** Not for our duties, or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3** 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4** Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- p 5** He dies—and in that dreadful night,
— Did all the powers of hell destroy;
f He rose! and brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

435 L. M. *Example of Christ.*

- 1** MAKE us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!

- 2** Oh, how benevolent, and kind!
How mild!—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 3** To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 4** But ah! how blind!—how weak we are!
How frail!—how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

436 L. M. *Praising and trusting in Christ.*

- 1** LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- p 2** In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
— With deep despair—the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3** How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises—how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort stands!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
MORNING HYMN, L. M.

God of my life, to thee be-long The grate-ful heart, the joy-ful song;

Touched by thy love, each tune-ful chord Re-sounds the good-ness of the Lord.

437 L. M. *Praise for God's sparing mercy.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.
- 2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
And chased the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
While God, our great deliverer's nigh.
- p 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?
- 4 Still let the barren fig-tree stand,
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;
< And let its fruit and verdure be
f A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.
- 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life—and in the arms of death,
f My soul, the pleasant theme prolong;
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

438 L. M. *Gratitude for national Blessings.*

- 1 **L**ORD! let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our King.

- 2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.
- 3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

439 L. M. *Monthly Concert of Prayer.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exile captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labour share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days;
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And slave, and freeman—Greek, and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

Wait, O my soul thy Maker's will; Tu-mul-tu-ous pas-sions, all be still!

Nor let a mur-mur-ing thought a-rise— His ways are just—his counsels wise.

440 L. M. *Missionary Meeting.*

- 1 **A**SSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King! we stand:
The voice that marshalled every star
Has called thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along, the line—to either pole—
The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- p 3 Our prayers assist—accept our praise—
f Our hopes revive—our courage raise—
— Our counsels aid—to each impart
The single eye—the faithful heart!
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us, O Lord, within thy house,
Again to pay our thankful vows:
Or, if that joy no more be known,
O may we meet around thy throne.

442 L. M. *Resignation.*

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, Thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise—
His ways are just—his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work—the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat:
'Midst all the terrors of his rod,
Still trust a wise and gracious God.

441 L. M. *God's care of his people.*

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, thou dost make us share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father—and the Son,
And God the Spirit—three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth—and all in heaven.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

DRESDEN, L. M. 2 Stanzas.

1 E - ter - nal Spir - it! we con - fess And sing the won - ders of thy grace;
Thy pow - er con - veys our bless - ings down, From God the Fa - ther, and the Son.

Thine in - ward teach - ings make us know Our dan - ger and our re - fuge too.

2 En - light - ened by thine hea - venly ray, Our shades and dark - ness turn to day;

443 L. M. *Praise to the Sacred Trinity.*

- F**ATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son! incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
p Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
p Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.
- f 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
p Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

444 L. M. *Enlightening and renewing Influences of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **E**THERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day:
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

- f 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- p 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice:
< Thy cheering words awake our joys;
> Thy words allay the stormy wind—
p And calm the surges of the mind.

445 L. M. *The Broad and Narrow Way*

- 1 **B**BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 “Deny thyself, and take thy cross,”
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

BRIGHTON, L. M. 6 Lines.

Now let our faith grow strong, and rise, And view our Lord in all his love;

Look back to hear his dy-ing cries, Then mount, and see his throne a-bove.

Look back to hear his dy-ing cries, Then mount, and see his throne a-bove.

446 L. M. *Desiring the Influences of the Holy Spirit.*

- aff 1 **S**PIRIT of peace! immortal Dove!
Here let thy gentle influence reign:
Come, fill my soul with heavenly love,
And all the graces of thy train.
- 2 Not all the sweets beneath the sky,
Nor corn, nor oil, nor richest wine,
Could raise my tuneful song so high,
Or yield me pleasures so divine.
- 3 Blest with thy presence, I could meet
Death, though in all his terrors dressed;
Nor, while I taste a joy so sweet,
One fear disturb my peaceful breast.
- 4 Spirit of peace! immortal Dove!
Here let thy gentle influence reign:
Come, fill my soul with heavenly love,
And all the graces of thy train.

447 L. M. *Sinners invited to the living waters.*

- 1 **H**O! every one that thirsts—draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters—come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderer's, home,
And find his grace is free to all.

448 L. M. *Dismissal.*

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

449 L. M. *Contemplating the Sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW let our faith grow strong, and rise,
And view our Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount, and see his throne above.
- p 2 See where he languished on the cross!
Beneath our sins he groaned and died:—
- f See where he sits to plead our cause,
By his Almighty Father's side!
- 3 How shall we, pardoned rebels, show
How much we love our Saviour God?
Lord! here we'd banish every foe—
We hate the sins which cost thy blood
- 4 Now shall we, pardoned rebels, show
How much we love our Saviour God?
Lord! here we'd banish every foe—
We hate the sins which cost thy blood
- 4 Now let our faith grow strong, and rise,
And view our Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount, and see his throne above

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
CRUCIFIXION, L. M. NO. 1.

When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glory died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

450 L. M. *The world crucified to us by the cross of Christ.* No. 1.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
< And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood. No. 2.
- 3 See from his head—his hands—his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing—so divine,
af Demands my soul—my life—my all.

451 L. M. *The World crucified to us by the Cross of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OW great the wonders of that cross,
Where our Redeemer bled and died!
Its noblest life our spirit draws
From his deep wounds and pierced side.
- 2 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls, it cost his own;
And all the heavenly joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

- 3 Let sin's delights be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem:
The love of Christ fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him!
- 4 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

452 L. M. *Divinity of Christ proved by his Miracles.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders—and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- p 3 He dies!—the heavens in mourning stood;
f He rises, and appears a God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed—no more to die.
- 4 Hence, and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

Stretched on the cross, the Sa-viour dies; Hark!—his ex-pir-ing groans a - rise!

See from his hands—his feet—his side, De-scends his sa-cred—crim-son tide!

453 L. M. *Christ a pattern for his Followers.*

- 1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth—and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love—and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

- 3 Yes, there's a great physician near;
Look up, my fainting soul, and live!
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give!
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
'Tis only that dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain—and heal thy wo.

454 L. M. *Christ the Physician of the Soul.*

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

455 L. M. *Death of Christ on the Cross.*

- 1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour
Hark!—his expiring groans arise! [dies;
See, from his hands—his feet—his side,
Descends his sacred—crimson tide!
- 2 And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No—he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the morning day.
- 3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,
As not to move with love or pain?
- 4 Come—dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

EATON, L. M.

Awake our souls, a-way our fears, Let ev'-ry trembling thought be gone!

* To be sung at the end of each stanza of this hymn.

Awake, and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on!

456 L. M. *Rejoice in Christ as King and head of the Church.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like that blest hour, when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comforts sink—nor love grow cold.
- 4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise—improve our joys,
f Till we are raised to sing thy name,
And taste the supper of the Lamb

457 L. M. *The Heavenly Race.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls—away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away—and droop—and die.

f 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

458 L. M. *This life a pilgrimage.*

1 **W**E'VE no abiding city here;
We seek a land beyond our sight;
f Zion its name—the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

p 2 Oh! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest!
◀ Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee—and be at rest.

p 3 But hush, my soul—nor dare repine!
Thé time my God appoints is best:
◀ While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

*CHORUS.

EATON—Continued.

Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer-ful courage on!

BEETHOVEN, L. M.

Oh! sweet abode of peace and love, Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd fly to thee—and be at rest.

459 L. M. *This life a pilgrimage.*

1 **ARISE**, my soul! on wings sublime,

Above the vanities of time;
Remove the parting veil—and see
The glories of eternity!

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,

Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,

While I am walking back to God?
Or can I love this earth so well
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God!—to taste his love,

Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

460 L. M. *The presence of God sought in his house.*

1 **WITHIN** thy house, O Lord, our God,

In glorious majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy choicest blessings here.

2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,

Thy Spirit, Lord, to us impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With power divine reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain,

Here give the broken spirit rest;

Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every yielding breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble supplication rise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms of bliss beyond the skies.

461 L. M. *Christ a light in darkness.*

p 1 **BURIED** in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light,

f Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

p 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears:—

f Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing "the Lord our righteousness."

462 L. M. *Hope of Heaven by Christ.*

1 **AND** art thou, gracious Master, gone
A mansion to prepare for me?

Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with thee
f Then, let the world approve or blame
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

—2 What transport, Lord, shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name wilt own!

When shall I see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known!

f From sin, and fear, and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
SALISBURY, L. M.

1 Father of mercies—God of love! Oh! hear thy hum-ble suppliant's cry;

Bend from thy lof-ty seat a-bove, Thy throne of glo-rious ma-jes-ty.

463 L. M. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name!
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, who groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say—Amen.

464 L. M. *Excellence of Christ.*

- 1 **W**HEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What heavenly transport our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!
- 2 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ
I see the King of glory shine;
I feel his love—and call him mine.
- p 3 Yet still, O Lord, my waiting eyes
f To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would I join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

465 L. M. *Trusting in Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS! in whom but thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?
- 2 How soon, O Lord, will life decay!
How soon this world will pass away!
Ah! what can mortal friends avail, [fail?
When heart, and strength, and life shall
- 3 Oh! then be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine.

466 L. M. *Drawing spiritual nourishment from Christ.*

- 1 **H**ERE let us see thy face, O Lord,
And view salvation with our eyes,
And taste and feel the living Word,
The Bread descending from the skies.
- 2 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hath set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.
- 3 Jesus, our light! our morning-star!
Shine thou on nations yet unknown:
The glory of thy people here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

SALISBURY—Continued.

Oh! deign to hear my mournful voice, And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

WATERVILLE, L. M.

What e - qual honors shall we bring To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that an - gels sing Are far in - fe - rior to thy name!

467 L. M. *Coldness of heart lamented.*

- 1 JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!
- 2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
Oh! for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom—sweet delight.
- f 3 Come, dearest Lord—thy love can raise,
My captive powers from sin and death,
f And fill my heart and life with praise,
len And tune my last, expiring breath.

468 L. M. *Expostulation.*

- 1 SINNER, oh why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly!
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sins delusive dreams!
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains!—
For ever telling, yet untold!

469 L. M. *Desiring the influences of the Spirit.*

- aff 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm each mind;
And fit us to approach our God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead us to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to our souls
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame
And fill our heart with pure desire.
- 3 Still brighter faith and hope impart,
And let us now our Saviour see:
Oh! soothe and cheer each burdened heart,
And bid our spirits rest in thee.

470 L. M. *Imploring pardon.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies—God of love!
Thou hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.
- 2 I urge no merits of my own,
No worth, to claim thy gracious smile:
No—when I bow before thy throne—
Dare to converse with God awhile—
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea—
Dearest and sweetest name to me!

Great God! this sacred day of thine Demands the soul's col-lect-ed powers;
With joy we now to thee re-sign These solemn con-se-cra-ted hours:

Oh may our souls a-dor-ing own The grace that calls us to thy throne.

471 L. M. *Trusting in Christ.*

- 1 JESUS, no other name but thine,
Is given by everlasting love,
To lead our souls to joys divine;
No other name will God approve.
- 2 Here let my constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly way depart!
Let thy good Spirit be my guide,
Direct my steps—and rule my heart.
- 3 In thee, my great Almighty Friend,
My safety dwells—and peace divine;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
For life, eternal life is thine.

472 L. M. *Men nor angels not comparable to God.*

- 1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?
- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne:
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 Almighty Power, to thee we bow!
How frail are we!—how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With thee—th' eternal God—compare.

473 L. M. *God incomprehensible.*

- 1 WHAT finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal mind?
Or who th' almighty Three in One,
By searching to perfection find?
- 2 Angels and men in vain may raise,
Harmonious, their adoring songs; [pressed,
Their labouring thoughts sink down op-
And praises die upon their tongues.
- p 3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
<My humble, grateful tribute bring.

474 L. M. *Danger of rejecting Christ.*

- 1 HARK! from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease!—
aff Sinner! that voice of love obey,
From Christ, the true, the living way.
- 2 How else his presence wilt thou bear,
When he in judgment shall appear?
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And all the earth like Sinai burn?
- 3 Now from the cross a voice of peace
<> Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease—
aff O sinner, while 'tis called to-day,
That voice of saving love obey.

p Hark! from the cross a voice of peace Bids Sinai's aw - ful thunder cease!

Sinner! that voice of love o - bey, From Christ, the true, the living way.

475 L. M. *Desiring the influences of the Spirit.*

- aff 1 **COME**, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Oh! turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.
- 2 Speak thou—and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 3 Oh! let a holy flock await,
In crowds around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

476 L. M. *A Hymn for Morning or Evening.*

- 1 **MY** God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

477 L. M. *Ingratitude of rejecting Christ.*

- 1 **OH** stubborn hearts, that could withstand
The efforts of a Saviour's hand!
Oh gracious Saviour, who would'st bleed,
When words and tears could not succeed!
- 2 Dear Lord, in me thy power exert,
Subdue my proud, unfeeling heart,
Then through the earth, in mercy reign,
And reap the fruit of all thy pain.

478 L. M. *Seeking preparation for the duties of the Sabbath.*

- 1 **GREAT** God! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
With joy we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours:
Oh may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.
- 2 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art intrude no more:
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear—and warm the heart,
Then shall the day indeed be thine:
Our souls shall then adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne

BRAINARD, L. M.

Arm of the Lord, a-wake!—a-wake! Put on thy strength—the nations shake!

Now let the world a - dor - ing see Tri-umphs of mercy wrought by thee.

479 L. M. *Triumph of the Gospel.*

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake!—awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake!
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
'I am Jehovah, God alone!'
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Let Zion's time of favour come!
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home!
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!
- 4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim
Through every clime—of every name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

480 L. M. *Triumph of the Gospel.*

- 1 **A**RISE, in all thy splendour, Lord,
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.
- 2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' almighty God;
Make bare thine arm—thy power display,
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.

- 3 Send forth thy messengers of peace,
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own.

481 L. M. *Triumph of the Gospel.*

- 1 **A**SCEND thy throne, almighty King;
Now spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.
- p 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
— Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
< Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 Oh let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
f Let saints and angels praise thy name;
Be thou thro' heaven and earth adored.

482 L. M. *Triumph of the Gospel.*

- 1 **A**RISE! arise!—with joy survey
The glory of the latter day:
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun!
- 2 'Behold the way!' ye heralds, cry:
Spare not—but lift your voices high:
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
'Glad tidings,' to the captive soul.

“Go preach my gospel,” saith the Lord; “Bid the whole earth my grace receive;

He shall be saved, that trusts my word, And he condemned, who'll not believe.

3 ‘Behold the way to Zion’s hill,
Where Israel’s God delights to dwell!
He fixes there his holy throne,
And calls the sacred place his own.’

4 The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store:
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

f 5 Auspicious dawn!—thy rising ray
With joy we view—and hail the day:
Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

483 L. M. *Triumph of the Gospel.*

1 **SOVEREIGN** of worlds! display thy
Be this thy Zion’s favoured hour: [power,
Oh bid the morning-star arise,
Oh point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds, and heathen plains,
Far let the gospel’s sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own;

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice:
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
Bid every nation hail the light.

484 L. M. *The spread of the Gospel.*

1 **NOW** let the angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live—for ever reign!

485 L. M. *Christ’s Commission to his Ministers.*

1 **“GO** preach my Gospel,” saith the Lord;
“Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved, that trusts my word,
And he condemned, who’ll not believe.

2 I’ll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Teach all the nations my commands;
I’m with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands—
I can destroy—and I defend.”

4 He spake—and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:

f They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
NEWCOURT, L. M.

With grate-ful hearts, with joy-ful tongues, To God we raise u - ni - ted songs;

His power and mer-cy we pro-claim: Through every age, oh may we own

486 L. M. *Divine Authority of the Bible.*

- 1 **T**WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
- 3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word—and must endure.

487 L. M. *Christian Fellowship.*

- 1 **B**RETHREN, beloved for Jesus' sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give!
- 2 May He by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise;
We only wish to speak of Him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.

- 4 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then hasten on, the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

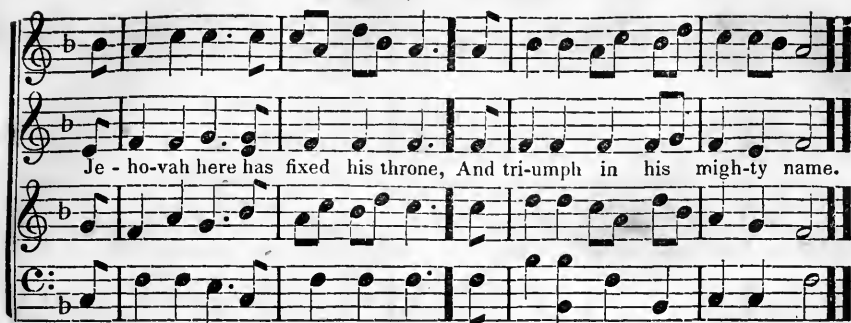
488 L. M. *Providential goodness celebrated.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing.
- 2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
Life, health, and strength thy hands bestow;
The daily good thy creatures share,
Spring from thy providential care.
- 3 At thy command the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winter's gloom
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.
- 4 Let every power of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the majesty divine.

489 L. M. *Looking to Christ*

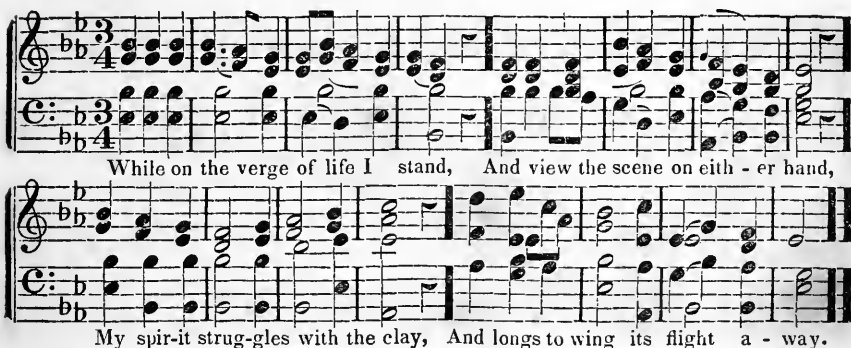
- 1 **G**REAT God of glory show thy face,
And crown our efforts with thy grace;
In heathen lands thy gospel bless,
And here secure its large increase.

NEWCOURT, L. M. Continued.



Je - ho-vah here has fixed his throne, And tri-umph in his migh-ty name.

PORTSMOUTH, L. M.



While on the verge of life I stand, And view the scene on eith - er hand,
My spir-it strug-gles with the clay, And longs to wing its flight a - way.

- 2 Let Jews and Gentiles, bond and free,
Embrace salvation, Lord, by thee;
While those who now in darkness dwell,
Deliverance sing from guilt and hell.
- 3 Millions behold, on heathen ground,
Who never heard the gospel sound;
Oh, send it forth, and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.
- 4 Oh, look on those, who stand to tell
The way that leads from death and hell:
Guide thou their lips, their hearts unite;
Teach them to act as in thy sight.

490 L. M. *Willing to depart and be with Christ.*

- 1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with the clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 3 Yet, with these prospects full in sight
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.

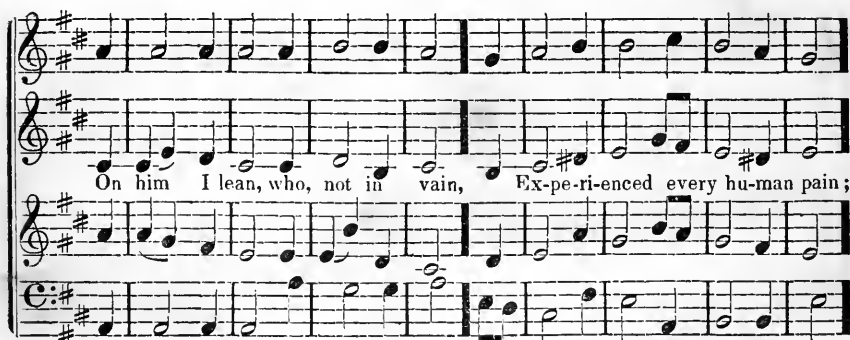
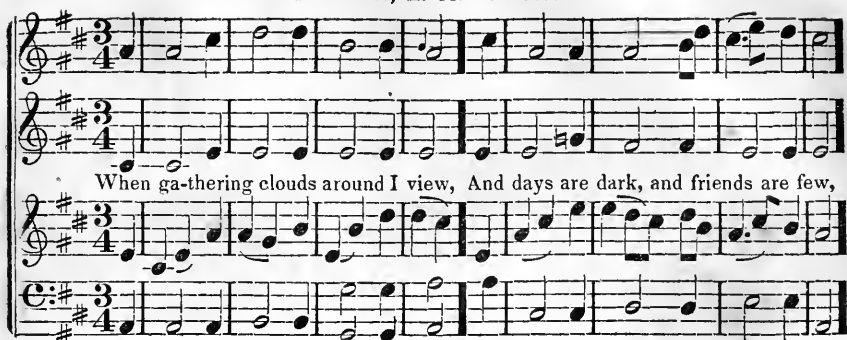
491 L. M. *Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 O FATHER, let thy kingdom come,
Thy kingdom, built on love and grace!
In every nation give it room,
In every heart afford it place:
The earth is thine—set up thy throne,
And claim the kingdoms as thine own.
- 2 Still nature's awful darkness reigns,
And sinners scorn thy holy fear;
Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
Where'er thy messengers appear;
Oh, rise, great God, in love, and bless
All nations with thy righteousness.

492 L. M. *National Prayer and Praise.*

- 1 WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim:
Through every age, O may we own
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.
- 2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
Lord, in our land support thy reign!
Crown her just counsels with success,
With truth and peace her borders bless,
And all thy sacred rights maintain.

MILTON, L. M. 6 Lines.

**493 L. M. 6 Lines. Daily dependence.**

1 **WHEN**, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
O chase the clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When to thy throne all glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Savi-ur, in thy name;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 As ev'ry day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares;
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy pure example mine.

4 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And, from the gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

494 L. M. 6 Lines. Leaning on Christ

1 **WHEN** gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are
On him I lean, who, not in vain, [few,
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I should not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 And, oh! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death—for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

495 L. M. 6 Lines. The Christian Israel.

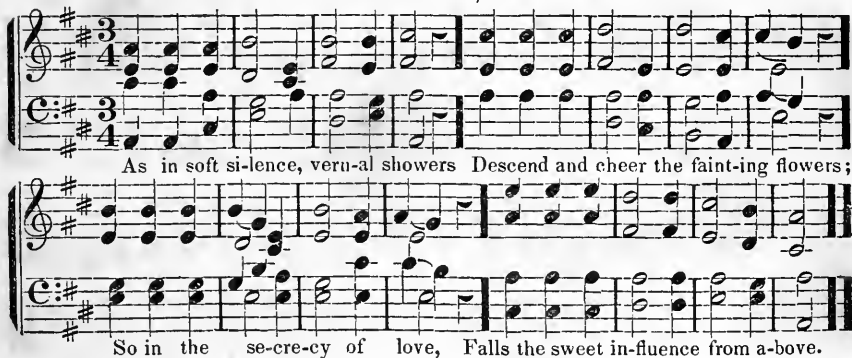
4 **THUS** far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far, thou Lord our steps hast led;
Saved from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharm'd though floods hung o'er our
Like ransom'd Israel on the shore, [head;
Here then we pause, look back, adore.

MILTON, L. M. 6 Lines. Continued,



He feels my griefs, he sees my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

LAMBERTON, L. M.



As in soft silence, vernal showers Descend and cheer the fainting flowers;
So in the secrecy of love, Falls the sweet influence from above.

- 2 Strangers, and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
Lord by thine own appointed way;
Still guide, illumine, and cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.
- 3 Protect us through the wilderness,
From fiery serpents, plague, and foe;
With bread from heav'n thy people bless,
And living streams where'er we go;
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but thine.
When we have number'd all our years,
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though flesh may fail with mortal fears,
O let not then the spirit sink:
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
O raise us to thy courts above.

- 3 And lands beneath the burning sky,
Which now are desolate and dry,
Ere long the blest effusions share,
And sudden green and herbage wear.

497 L. M. *The Mercy Seat.*

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far—by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem almost o'er;
And heaven comes down our souls to meet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 5 Oh let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still;
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the MERCY-SEAT.

496 L. M. *Meditation.*

- 1 AS in soft silence, vernal show'rs
Descend and cheer the fainting flow'rs;
So in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influ'nce from above.
- 2 May we this heav'nly influence find,
In holy silence of the mind,
And every grace maintain its bloom,
Diffusing wide the rich perfume;—

Peace, trou-bled soul, whose plain-tive moan Hath taught these rocks the
notes of wo; Cease thy com-plaint—sup-press thygroan, And
let thy tears for-get to flow; Be-hold the pre-cious
balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

499 L. M. 6 Lines. Returning to Christ.

- 1 **WEARY** of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return;
Jesus, I bow me to thy rod,
And o'er my guilty heart I mourn:
Again dear Lord I seek thy face,
O let me feel thy pardoning grace.
- 2 Thou knowest the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive and let me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart the seat of prayer.
- 3 Give me, dear Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin,
A holy jealousy impart,
Implant, and root it deep within;
That I may fear thy gracious power,
And never dare offend thee more.

500 L. M. 6 Lines Peace and Rest in God.

- 1 **Peace**, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo;
Cease thy complaint—suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburthen here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
For ever love and praise the Lord.

501 L. M. 6 Lines. The voice of Mercy.

- 1 **I HEAR** a sound that comes from far,
It fills my soul with joy and love;
Not seraph's voices sweeter are,
That echo through the courts above:
'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear.
- 2 From Calvary it sounds abroad,
To guilty rebels doomed to die;—
It speaks of pardon bought with blood
Oh! sinners to this refuge fly;—
The precious mercy now implore,
For soon it will be heard no more.

502 8s. & 4s. Forgive us our Sins.

- 1 **FORGIVE** us, Lord—to thee we cry,—
Forgive us through thy matchless grace
On thee alone our souls rely,
Be thou our strength and righteousness;
O hear our cry.
- 2 Forgive us, Lord,—as we forgive—
The ills we suffer from our foes

ISLINGTON, 8s & 4s.

Create O God my powers anew, Make my whole heart sincere and true; O cast me
not in wrath a-way, Nor let thy soul-en-liven-ing ray Still cease to shine.

Restore us, Lord,—and bid us live,
O, let us in thy arms repose;
No more to fall.

- 3 Forgive us, Lord,—our guilt is great,
Our wretched souls no merit claim;
For sovereign mercy still we wait,
And ask but in the Saviour's name;
Who bled and died.

- 4 Forgive us, O thou bleeding Lamb,—
Thou risen, thou exalted Lord:
Thou great High Priest our souls redeem,
O, speak the pardon-sealing word,
And hear our prayer.

503 8s. & 4s. *The Gospel Trumpet.*

- 1 HARK, hark! the gospel trumpet
sounds,
Through earth and heaven the echo
bounds;
Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood!
Sinners are reconciled to God,
By grace divine!

- 2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join,
T' invite you near.

41

- f' 13 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire;
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim—
For ever worthy is the Lamb
Of endless praise.

504 8s. & 4. *Pardon Implored.*

- 1 CREATE, O God, my powers anew,
Make my whole heart sincere and true;
Oh cast me not in wrath away,
Nor let thy soul-enlivening ray
Still cease to shine.

- 2 Restore thy favour, bliss divine!
Those heavenly joys that once were
Let thy good Spirit, kind and free, [mine;
Uphold and guide my steps to thee,
Thou God of love.

- f 3 Then will I teach thy sacred ways;
With holy zeal proclaim thy praise;
Till sinners leave the dangerous road,
Forsake their sins, and turn to God
With hearts sincere.

- p 4 Oh cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain;
Remove the blood-polluted stain;—
< Then shall my heart adoring trace,
My Saviour God, the boundless grace,
f That flows from thee.

ARNE, L. M. 2 Stanzas.

At an-chor laid, re-mote from home, Toil-ing I cry, "Sweet Spirit come!
Ce-les-tial breeze, no long - er stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way!

But I can only spread my sail; Thou, Lord must breathe th' aus-pi-cious gale!"

Fain would I mount, fain would I glow, And loose, my ca-ble from be-low; D. C.

505 L. M. *The Sun of Righteousness.*

- 1 **O** SUN of righteousness, arise,
With gentle beams on Zion shine;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.
On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers;
That we may call our God our friend;
That we may hail salvation ours.

506 L. M. *Desiring a prosperous Gale.*

- 1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way!
Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou Lord must breathe th' auspicious
[gale!"]

507 L. M. *Trusting in God in times of despondency.*

- 1 **A**WAY my unbelieving fear!
Let fear in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear:
He hides the brightness of his face.
— But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?

- f' No, in the strength of Jesus, no
I never will give up my shield.
— 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil—
> The empty stall no herd afford—
And perish all the bleating race;
f' Yet, will I triumph in the Lord!—
The God of my salvation praise!

508 L. M. *Contemplation of Heaven.*

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From those bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns.
2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their
3 There, all the followers of the Lamb [all.
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
O may the joy-inspiring theme .
Awake our faith and warm desire!
4 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
"Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

Thy peo-ple Lord, who trust thy word, And wait the smil-ings of thy face,

As-semble round thy mer-cy - seat, And plead the pro-mise of thy grace.

509 L. M. *Heaven seen by Faith.*

- 1 **A**S, when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still.
- 2 **S**o, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 **T**he hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for sorrows past;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 **O** Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode:
Assured thy love will far o'er pay
The toils and troubles of the road.

510 L. M. *Prayer for the conversion of the world.*

- 1 **T**HY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 **H**ast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
To be a light to gentile lands?
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched prisoner's bands?
- 3 **H**ast thou not said, from sea to sea,
His vast dominion shall extend?

That every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend?

- 4 **N**ow let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banished children home.

511 L. M. *Warning against Slothfulness.*

- 1 **O** ISRAEL to thy tents repair;
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy Lord commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.
- 4 **T**he trumpet gives a martial strain;
O Israel! gird thee for the fight;
Arise, the combat to maintain;
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.
- 3 **O!** sleep not thou as others do;
Awake, be vigilant, be brave;
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of a slave.
- 4 **A** nobler lot is cast for thee,
A crown awaits thee in the skies!
With such a hope shall Israel flee,
And yield through weariness the prize.
- 5 **N**o! let a careless world repose,
And slumber on through life's short day;
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

FUNERAL DIRGE, L. M. or 6 lines.



Unveil thy bosom, faith-ful tomb, Take this new treasure to thy trust ;



And give these sa - cred relics room, To slum - ber in the si - lent dust.



And give these sacred re - lics room, To slumber in the si - lent dust.

CHORUS.



Break from his throne, illustrious morn ; Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word,

512 L. M. *Death and burial of Christians.*

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blest the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ! *Ch*
Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

513 L. M. *Contemplation of the last judgment.*

- 1 **T**HAT day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
p When heaven and earth shall pass away !
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,—
< When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;—
- f2 And louder yet—and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ?

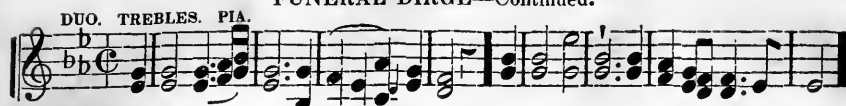
aff Oh ! on that day—that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ ! the sinner's stay,
> Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Chorus.

Oh ! on that day—that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ ! the sinner's stay,
> Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

514 L. M. *The living and the dead.*

- 1 **W**HERE are the dead ?—In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell ;
Their perished forms in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment day.
- 2 Who are the dead ?—The sons of time
In every age, and state, and clime ;
Renowned, dishonoured or forgot,
The place that knew them knows them not.
- 3 Where are the living ?—On the ground
Where prayer is heard and mercy found ;
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.
- 4 Who are the living ?—They whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death ;
Of endless bliss or wo the heirs :
Oh, what an awful lot is theirs !



Restore thy trust—a glo - rious form—Shall then arise to meet the Lord.



Restore thy trust—a glo - rious form, Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

MURRAY, L. M.



Where are the dead? In heaven or hell, Their dis - em - bodied spirits dwell;



Their perished forms in bonds of clay, Reserved un - til the judgment day.

- 5 Then, timely warned, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in him our head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

515 L. M. *Hardness of heart complained of.*

- 1 OH! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake,
The sea can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
Oh! can I read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 But power divine can do the deed,
And much to feel that power I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

516 L. M. *For the blessing of Father, Son and Spirit.*

- 1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here:
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be:

Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

- 3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth! and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide!
One true Eternal God confest;
May naught in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion blest!

517 L. M. *Absent from the body and present with the Lord.*

- 1 ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought,
What unknown joys this moment brings,
Freed from the mischief sin has brought,
From pains and fears and all their springs.
- 2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day,
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.
- 3 Absent from flesh! then rise my soul
Where feet nor wings could never climb,
Beyond the heavens, where planets roll,
Beyond the cares,—and joys of time.
- 4 I go where God and glory shine,
His presence makes eternal day,
My all that's mortal I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
KINGSBRIDGE, L. M.

Ah! wretch-ed, vile, un-grate-ful heart, That can from Je-sus thus de-part;
Thus fond of tri-fles vain-ly rove, For-get-ful of a Sa-viour's love.

518 L. M. *True Happiness to be found only in God.*

- 1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither—ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford.
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here, sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile—one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord! outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life—my joy—my care:
Depart from thee?—'tis death—'tis more—
> 'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells—and peace divine:
- f Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life—eternal life is thine.

519 L. M. *Returning to Christ.*

- 1 AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.
- 2 Dear Lord, to thee I now return,
And at thy feet repenting mourn:
Here let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.
- 3 Oh, let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind every passion of my soul;
Bid every vain desire depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

520 L. M. *Pardon implored.*

- 1 AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep:
Beneath a weight of woes oppressed,
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.
- 2 Now, from thy throne of bliss above,
Shed down a look of heavenly love;
That balm shall sweeten all my pain,
And bid my soul rejoice again.
- 3 By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruined nature now restore;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

A - mid dis-plays of wrath and love, What stubborn creatures, Lord, are we,

No re-lish for the joys of heaven, No dread of end-less mi - sery.

521 L. M. *Coldness and inconstancy lamented.*

- 1 **DEAR** Jesus—when—when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?
- 2 Here I repent, and sin again;
Sometimes revive, sometimes am slain;
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, oh! too often wounds thy heart.
- 3 When, gracious Lord—when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee—
The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love?

522 L. M. *Hardness of heart deplored.*

- 1 **A**MID displays of wrath and love,
What stubborn creatures, Lord, are we!
No relish for the joys of heaven,
No dread of endless misery.
- 2 With what a base contempt we treat
Thy threatenings and thy promises!
Duty neglect—and mercy slight,
Nor fear to sin—nor seek to please.
- 3 Could angels weep—for us they'd mourn:
Break, then, these flinty hearts, O God!
Sure we must melt beneath thy grace,
Or feel the terrors of thy rod.

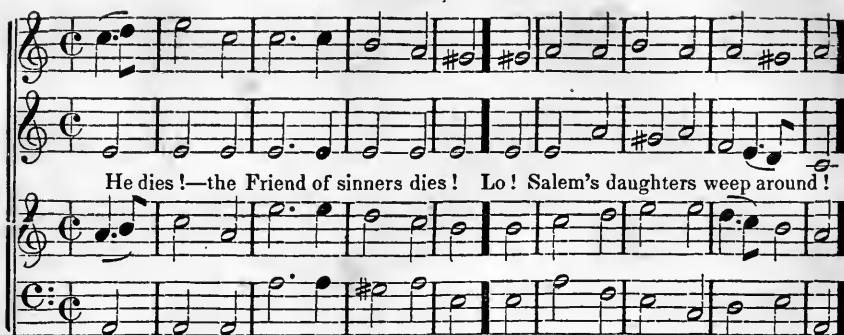
523 L. M. *The Spirit entreated not to depart.*

- aff 1 **STAY**, thou insulted Spirit—stay!
Though I have done thee such de-
Cast not a sinner quite away, [spite;
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;
- 3 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release:
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

524 L. M. *Grieve not the Spirit.*

- p 1 **THE** Spirit, like a peaceful dove, [strife:
Flies from the realms of noise and
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life!
- 2 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults,
Through grace abounding in the Son

*MUNICH, L. M.



* Major Mode by singing to the signature of three sharps. See the end of the staff.

**525 L. M. Death and resurrection of Christ.**

p **H**E dies!—the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Ye saints, approach!—the anguish view
 Of him who groans beneath your load;
 He gives his precious life for you,
 For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
 > The Lord of glory dies for men!
 < But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!

Major.

f 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 Up to his Father's court he flies:
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns:
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the tyrant death in chains!

6 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting!
 And where thy victory, boasting grave!"

526 L. M. Pleading for the return of the Spirit.

1 **O** LORD, and shall our fainting souls,
 Thy just displeasure ever mourn;
 Thy Spirit, grieved, and long withdrawn,
 Will he no more to us return?

2 Great Source of light and peace, return,
 Nor let us mourn and sigh in vain;
 Come, repose these longing hearts
 With all the graces of thy train.

3 This temple, hallowed by thine hand,
 Once more be with thy presence blest:
 Here be thy grace anew displayed,
 Be this thine everlasting rest.

527 L. M. Pleading for the return of the Spirit.

LORD, in the temples of thy grace
 Thy saints behold thy smiling face;
 Here have we seen thy glory shine
 With power and majesty divine.

p 2 Return, O Lord—our spirits cry—
 Our graces droop—our comforts die;
 —Return, and let thy glories rise
 Again to our admiring eyes;

f 3 Thus, filled with light, and joy, and love,
 Thy courts below, like those above,
 'Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
 ff Till heaven and earth resound thy praise.

The rising God forsakes the tomb; Up to his Father's courts he flies:

Che - ru - bic legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies.

528 L. M. *Desiring to be delivered from sin.*

- 1 **A**ND dost thou say, 'Ask what thou wilt?'
Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin's polluting power.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
Oh be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health—or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

529 L. M. *Prayer for quickening grace.*

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Lord—descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
Of thine eternal love and grace. [length,

- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

530 L. M. *The Lord's supper instituted.*

- 1 **'T**WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
aff When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes—
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin:
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blest the wine:
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
CAROLANS, L. M.

E - ter - ni - ty is just at hand, And shall I waste my ebbing sand ?

And careless view depart - ing day, And throw my inch of time a - way.

531 L. M. *Eternity anticipated.*

- 1 **ETERNITY** is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand ?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away
- 2 Eternity !—tremendous sound !—
To guilty souls a dreadful wound !
But oh ! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents !—how divine !
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care—
My high pursuit—my ardent prayer—
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.
- p 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain ;
The rising doubts how sharp their pain !
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord—oh search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

532 L. M. *Prayer for the conversion of the world.*

- 1 **INDULGENT** Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear ?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear ?

- p 2 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolations round ;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
What scenes of wo and crime abound !
- f 3 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar ;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

533 L. M. *Christ ever present with his people.*

- 1 **JESUS**, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

534 L. M. *Giving to Christ.*

- 1 **MY** gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight,
To hear thy dictates and obey.

Indulgent sovereign of the skies, And wilt thou bow thy gra - cious ear,

While fee - ble mor - tals raise their cries, Wilt thou, the great Je - ho - vah, hear?

2 What is my being, but for thee—
Its sure support—its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honour give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love—his glorious power.

535 L. M. *Mourning departed friends.*

1 **T**HE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,—
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought,
Should without mourning passions blend;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty ever-living Friend.

3 Our Father, God, to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our all;
Fixed on thy covenant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall never fall.

536 L. M. *Taking refuge in God.*

1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe, if God is nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand:
That gracious hand, on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wondrous glories of his name, [shine!
How wide they spread! how bright they

4 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave
A present help in times of need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father—God the Son,
And God the Spirit—three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth—and all in heaven.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
GRAZEBROOK, S. M.

Grace! 'tis a charming sound! Harmonious to the ear! Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the
echo shall resound, Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.
echo shall resound,

537 S. M. *Salvation by Grace.*

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

538 S. M. *Heavenly joy on earth.*

- 1 **C**OME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.


- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets
- f 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

539 S. M *Safety and glory of the Church.*

- 1 **H**OW honoured is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!
- 2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell;
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.
- 4 Here taste unmingled joys,
> And live in perfect peace;—
— You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.



"The Lord is risen in-deed!" At-tend-ing an-gels hear;



Up to the courts of heaven with speed, The joy-ful tid-ings bear.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears;
ff ' Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

540 S. M. *Ministers the bearers of glad Tidings.*

' 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
f Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
ff Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

541 S. M. *Redemption completed by the Resurrection of Christ. Chatham.*

' 1 **"THE** Lord is risen indeed!"—
Then justice asks no more;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Then is his work performed;
The mighty captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Then hell has lost his prey:
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear. *Grazebrook.*

ff 5 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
MOUNT EPHRAIM, S. M.

Your harps ye trem-bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;
Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid eve - ry string a-wake!

542 S. M. *Exhortation to praise God and trust in his care.*

- 1** YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.
- 2** Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3** His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things—nor things to come,
Shall quench this spark divine.
- 4** When we in darkness walk
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then will we trust our gracious God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5** Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6** Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!—
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
f Shall thy salvation see.

543 S. M. *Origin and office of Faith.*

- 1** FAITH—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high, celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2** Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3** To him it leads the soul,
> When filled with deep distress;
— Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4** Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

544 S. M. *Now the accepted Time.*

- 1** NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2** Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

Thou gra-cious God and kind, Oh, cast our sins a - way;

Nor call our form-er guilt to mind, Thy jus-tice to dis - play.

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

p 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love:
— Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

545 S. M. *Nativity of Christ.*

1 **BEHOLD!** the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song:

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!"

3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs—

4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!"

546 S. M. *Nativity of Christ.*

f 1 **WE** come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn:
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"

2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing—"The Saviour's born!"

547 S. M. *Rejoicing in Christ.*

1 **NOT** with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we feel thy love,
Diviner joys arise;
On wings of faith we soar above
To mansions in the skies.

A - wake, and sing the song, Of Mo - ses and the Lamb!

Wake every heart, and every tongue, To praise the Saviour's name!

548 L. M. *Praise to the Creator.*

- v 1 **MY** Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring;
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.
- 4 Lord what can I impart,
When all is thine before;
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
'The gift, alas! how poor!
- 5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.
- 6 Oh let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

549 L. M. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

- v 1 **A**WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!
- 2 Sing of his dying love—
Sing of his rising power—
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us, whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
- f 6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim
p < And sweeter voices tune the song
f Of Moses and the Lamb!

PELHAM—Continued.

Sing of his dy - ing love— Sing of his ris - ing power—Sing how he in - ter -

cedes a - bove, For us, whose sins he bore, For us whose sins he bore.

550 L. M. *The Gospel Trumpet.*

- 1 **Y**E trembling captives, hear!—
The gospel trumpet sounds:
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.
- 2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.
- 3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the Jubilee's release,
With eager rapture, claims.
- 4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread;
And Jesus all his willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

551 L. M. *Christian fellowship*

- 1 **O**NCE more, before we part,
Oh bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
His saving grace proclaim.
- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
'That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

- 3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

- 4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Thy saving grace proclaim.

552 L. M. *Prayer for the conversion of the world.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of light, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.
- f 4 Let all on earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore—from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

Oh, cease! my wandering soul, On rest-less wing to roam; All this wide world, to
either pole, Has not for thee a home, Has not for thee a home.

553 S. M. *The way of Sin not the way of Holiness.*

- 1 **C**AN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?
- 2 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?
- 3 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbour wrong?
- 4 O God, thy grace, alone,
Good hopes can e'er afford!
The pardoned and renewed shall see
The glory of the Lord.

554 S. M. *Sinners invited and Warned.*

- 1 **M**Y son, know thou the Lord,
Thy Father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.
- 2 Call, while he may be found,
O seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven;
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

555 S. M. *Rest and Peace in God.*

- 1 **O**H, cease! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
- 4 Then cease! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Can sin - ners hope for heaven, Who love this world so well?

Or dream of fu - ture hap - pi - ness, While on the road to hell?

556 S. M. *Adoption.*

- 1 **BEHOLD!** what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne,
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

557 S. M. *Prayer for quickening Grace.*

- 1 **BEHOLD** the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love:
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 3 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
- 4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

558 S. M. *To day if ye will hear His voice.*

- 1 **ALL** yesterday is gone
To-morrow's not our own;
O sinner come, without delay,
To bow before the throne!
- 2 Oh hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart:
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word—depart.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
DOVER, S. M.

How swift the tor-rent rolls, That bears us to the sea!

The tide which hur-ries thought-less souls To vast e-ter-ni-ty!

559 S. M. *Communion between the Father and the Son.*

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till this communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

560 S. M. *Providence and Grace.*

- 1 **O** THOU, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all!
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.

- 2 Such are thy wondrous works,
And methods of thy grace,
Mysoul may safely trust in thee,
Through all this wilderness.

- 3 'Tis thine all-powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

- 4 For such compassions, Lord!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

561 S. M. *Desiring divine Guidance.*

- 1 **F**ROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.
- 2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe!

Our fa - thers! where are they, With all they called their own?—

Their joys and griefs—Their hopes and cares, Their wealth, and hon - our—gone!

4 Oh let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

562 S. M. *Rapid Flight of Time.*

- '1 **H**OW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers! where are they,
With all they called their own?—
Their joys and griefs—their hopes and cares,
Their wealth and honour—gone!
- 3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.
- 4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 5 God of our Fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

563 S. M. *Time the period to prepare for Eternity.*

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
Oh! be that still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
> Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

Oh where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul? 'Twere vain the ocean's
depths to sound— Or pierce to either pole! Or pierce to either pole!

564 S. M. *In behalf of Charitable Objects.*

- 1 **THY** bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down.
- 2 With joy thy people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.
- 3 Oh may this sacrifice
To thee, the Lord, ascend,
An odour of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.
- 4 Well pleased our God shall view
The products of his grace;
With endless life shall he fulfil
His kindest promises.

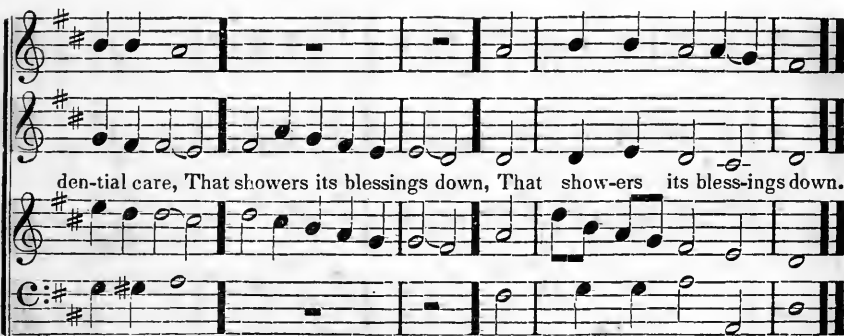
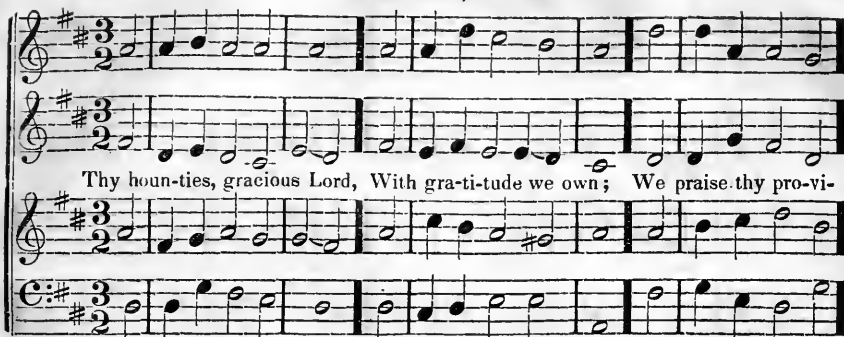
565 S. M. *Goodness of God in the Seasons.*

- 1 **GREAT** God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise:
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 How balmy is the air!
How warm the sun's bright beams!
While, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

- 3 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass, and herbs, and waving corn,
Adorn and bless the land.
- 4 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

566 S. M. *Praise to the Creator.*

- 1 **ALMIGHTY** Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad,
Through all creation's frame!
- 2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays;
And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise;
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
Her great Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King
And pay the homage due.
- 4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days;
And oft to God, my soul, ascend,
In grateful songs of praise



567 S. M. Future Reward and Punishment.

- aff 1 OH where shall rest, be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound—
Or pierce to either pole!
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around the "second death!"
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
For evermore undone.

568 S. M. Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

- 1 GREAT Heir of David's throne!
Thy royal power assume;
Come, reign in faithful hearts alone,
Thou blest Redeemer, come.

- 2 Set up thy throne of grace
In all the heathen's sight—
Thy kingdom of true holiness—
And order it aright.
- 3 Now, for thy promise' sake,
O'er earth exalted be:
The kingdom, power, and glory take,
Which all belong to thee.
- 4 In zeal for God and man,
Thy full salvation bring:
The universal Monarch reign,
The saints' eternal King.

569 S. M. Rejoicing in the reign of Christ.

- 1 NOW living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.
- 2 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again:
Jesus, Jehovah, be our King,
And o'er the nations reign.
- 3 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his word;
By one blest name shall he be known
The Universal Lord.

And shall not Je - sus hear His child - ren when they cry ?

Yes—though he may a - while for - bear, He'll help them from on high.

570 S. M. *The Sabbath welcomed*

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amid the place
Where God my Saviour's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise, and soar away,
To everlasting bliss.

571 S. M. *Rejoicing in the reign of Christ.*

- 1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Ye ransomed saints, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
- 3 The mighty Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he himself had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The sovereign keys of death and hell
Into his hands are given.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And humbly bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his waiting servants up
To their eternal home.

572 S. M. *Encouragement to perseverance in prayer.*

- 1 AND shall not Jesus hear
His children when they cry?
Yes—though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 2 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage him on their side;
When they are grieved, his bowels move;
And can they be denied?
- 3 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer:
He loves our importunity,
And make our cause his care.

Wellcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise ;

Wellcome to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

573 S. M. *All one in Christ.*

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread :
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

574 S. M. *Christian fellowship.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love !
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we are called to part,
It gives us mutual pain ;

- But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- f 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
From sin, we shall be free ;
< And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

575 S. M. *Union to Christ.*

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds :
Our hearts, our souls we would resign,
Entirely to thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head ;
Shall form us to thy image bright
And teach thy paths to tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
INVOCATION, S. M.

Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, come! Let thy bright beams a - rise :

Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark - ness from our eyes.

576 S. M. *Influence of the Holy Spirit.*

- aff 1 **COME**, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis time to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
- f To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- p 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
- f Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

577 S. M. *Influences of the Holy Spirit.*

- aff 1 **COME**, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

- 2 Oh! melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew
- 3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

578 S. M. *Free Grace.*

- 1 **THE** Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, 'Sinner, come;'
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, 'Come!'
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, 'Come!'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, 'I quickly come.'
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

My for - mer hopes are fled, My ter - ror now be - gins;
I feel, a - las! that I am dead In tres - pas - ses and sins.

579 S. M. *Terror and Conviction by the Law.*

- p 1 **MY** former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see—or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
f A beam of day, that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

580 S. M. *Repentance in View of Christ's Compassion.*

- aff 1 **DID** Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears—
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
p He shed those tears—for thee.
- 3 He wept—that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;—
f In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

581 S. M. *Returning to Christ.*

- f 1 **YE** sons of earth, arise!
Ye creatures of a day!
Redeem the time—be bold—be wise,
And cast your bonds away.
- 2 The year of gospel-grace,
With us rejoice to see;
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.
- aff 3 **Blest Saviour—Lord of all!**
Thee help us to receive;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
Oh, bid us turn and live!
- 4 Our former years misspent,
Now let us deeply mourn,
And, softened by thy grace, repent,
And to thine arms return!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
OXFORD, S. M.

Our heaven-ly Fa-ther hear The prayer we of-fer now;

Thy name be hal-lowed far and near, To thee all nations bow.

582 S. M. *The sufferings of Christ for our sins*

- p** 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.
- f** 5 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honours long."

583 S. M. *Hope of the Resurrection.*

- p** 1 **A**ND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

- f** 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And frequent from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face
Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love—
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- p** 5 Accept, O Lord, the praise
Of these our humble songs,
f Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

584 S. M. *Work while it is day.*

- 1 **T**HE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know, its Maker can command
An instant, endless night.

Like sheep we went as - tray, And broke the fold of God ;

Each wandering in a different way, But all the downward road.

-3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere ;
Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through all the horrid gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

585 S. M. *Lord's Prayer.*

aff 1 **O**UR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now ;
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow !

2 Thy kingdom come—thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above !

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive—as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

f 5 Thine shall for ever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

p 6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
' All for his sake be done !'

586 S. M. *The promise to believers and their children.*

1 **L**ORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace ;
Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion's chosen race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine :
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord !
How plenteous is thy grace !
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God ;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

BEREA, S. M.

How gen tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre-cepts are!

Come cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care.

587 S. M. *Humbly waiting on God.*

- aff 1 **A**ND shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear?
To God, my Father, make my moan,
And he refuse to hear?
- 2 If he my Father be,
His pity he will show;
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.
- 3 If still he silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.
- 4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair;
My sins are great—but not so great
As his compassions are.

588 S. M. *Casting our Cares on the Lord.*

- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
f I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

589 S. M. *Submission.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, thy will be done!
To thee I all resign,
The sole disposer of thine own,
Dispose of me and mine:
- f 2 While thou my leader art,
And mak'st me thine abode,
I find the witness in my heart,
That I am born of God
- p 3 The counsels of thy love
Be on my heart impressed,
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.
- 4 At thy command—I go,
Or quietly attend,
'Till all my care and toil below
len In rest eternal end.

And shall I sit a - lone, Op-pressed with grief

To God, my Fa - ther, make my moan, And he re-fuse to hear?

590 S. M. *Christ's unchanging love the safety of his people.*

- 1 **T**O God, the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom with power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

591 S. M. *Embracing the promises.*

- 1 **T**HE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

- 2 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

592 S. M. *Christ's invitation to his Table.*

- 1 **J**ESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour—matchless grace
Of our descending God!
- 3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise:
Let joy and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

593 S. M. *Prayer for the Conversion of the World.*

- 1 **O** GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.
- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise!

We lift our hearts to thee, Thou Day - star from on high;

The sun it-self is but thy shade, Yet cheers both earth and sky.

594 S. M. *Walking by Faith.*

- 1 **I**F, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fostering gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

595 S. M. *Watchfulness.*

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

- 3 Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

596 S. M. *Delight in the Worship of God.*

- v1 **H**OW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 3 To him their prayers and cries
Each contrite soul presents:
And while he hears their humble sighs,
He grants them all their wants.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode;
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
SPARTA, S. M.

350

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

597 S. M. *Departure of Missionaries.*

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way!
- 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage—go.
- 3 Go, spread the Saviour's fame;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation full and free
To Adam's guilty race.
- 4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose:
The cause is God's—and will prevail
In spite of all his foes.

598 S. M. *Watchfulness and Prayer.*

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got thy crown.
- 4 Press on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

599 S. M. *Christ the Sun of Righteousness.*

- aff 1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-star from on high;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 Oh let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love,
Come like the morning light.
- 3 How beauteous nature now!—
How dark and sad before!—
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.
- aff 4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
DUNBAR, S. M.

When gloomy thoughts and fears The trembling heart in - vade,
And all the face of na - ture wears An u - ni - ver - sal shade—

600 S. M. *God acteth in secret.*

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father's eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement he is high,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 Then let that eye survey
Our duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 Oh God! may heavenly fire
The incense still inflame;
While grateful vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 Oh warm my heart with love,
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

601 S. M. *Religion a support in trouble.*

- 1 **W**HEN gloomy thoughts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade,—
- 2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

- 3 Through life's bewildered way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
Its cheering lustre sheds.

- 4 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou, blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid!

- aff 5 O let me feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
f> To cheer my every gloomy hour,
p And calm my every grief.

602 S. M. *Hope from the Gospel only*

- 1 **G**OD'S holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Burdened with guilt—with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works, which we have done;
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

MATHER, S. M.

Ah, how shall fal - len man Be just before his God!

If he con - tend in righteousness, We fall beneath his rod.

4 High lifted on the cross,
 p The spotless victim dies :—
 f This is salvation's only source—
 Hence all our hopes arise.

603 S. M. *Hope from the Gospel only.*

- 1 **A**H, how shall fallen man
 Be just before his God!
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark
 With strict inquiring eyes,
 Could we for one of thousand faults
 A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God!
 Who can with thee contend?
 Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
 Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
 Their ancient seats forsake!
 The trembling earth deserts her place,
 And all her pillars shake!
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man
 Contend with such a God?
 None—none can meet him and escape,
 But through the Saviour's blood.

604 S. M. *Death to Sin by the Cross.*

- 1 **S**HALL we go on to sin,
 Because thy grace abounds,
 Or crucify the Lord again,
 And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
 Nor let it ere be said,
 That we, whose sins are crucified,
 Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
 Since Christ has made us free,
 Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
 And bought our liberty.

605 S. M. *Indwelling Influences of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **'T**IS God the Spirit leads
 In paths before unknown;
 The work to be performed is ours,
 The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,
 We still pursue our way;
 And hope at last to reach the prize,
 Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,
 'Tis he that works to do;
 His is the power by which we act,
 His be the glory too.

AYLESBURY, S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts, On Jewish al - tars slain,
 Could give the guilt - ty conscience peace, Or wash away the stain.

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The last two staves are in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the staves.

606 S. M. *The Atonement the only Ground of Pardon.*

- 1 **NOT** all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away its stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- aff 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- f 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

607 S. M. *Christ the Bread of Life.*

- 1 **BEHOLD** the gift of God!
 Sinners, adore his name,
 Who shed for us his precious blood—
 Who bore our curse and shame.

- 2 Behold the living bread
 Which Jesus came to give,
 By dying in the sinner's stead,
 That he might ever live.
- 3 The Lord delights to give;
 He knows you've nought to buy:
 To Jesus haste—this bread receive,
 And you shall never die.

608 S. M. *The Influences of the Spirit.*

- aff 1 **BLEST** Comforter divine!
 Let rays of heavenly love
 Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
 And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
 Us from each sinful way;
 And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
 Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath
 Make every cloud of care,
 And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear.
- 4 Oh, fill thou every heart,
 With love to all our race!
 Great Comforter! to us impart
 These blessings of thy grace.

Blest Com-fort-er di - vine! Let rays of heavenly love

A - mid our gloom and darkness shine, And guide our souls a - bove.

609 S. M. *Ingratitude deplored.*

- 1 **I**S this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 Turn—turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh! [stone,
!! Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

610 S. M. *Pardon Implored,*

- aff 1 **T**HOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
And for thy mercy cry.
- 2 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

- 3 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Do thou display thy pardoning grace,
And thine unbounded love.
- 4 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast:
Oh! let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

611 S. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And when we early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 4 Lord, when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
ORANGE, S. M.

A - no - ther day is past, The hours for - ev - er fled;

And time is bear - ing me away, To mingle with the dead.

612 S. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **A**NOTHER day is past,
The hours for ever fled;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.
- 2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.
- 3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

613 S. M. *Rapid Flight of Time.*

- 1 **M**Y few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—'tis but a day!—
- 2 **A** dark and cloudy day,
Made up of grief and sin;
A host of dangerous foes without,
And guilt and fear within.
- 3 Lord, through another year,
If thou permit my stay,
With watchful care may I pursue
The true and living way!

614 S. M. *The Last Judgment.*

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
> Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
! < Hark! from the gospel's cheering
What joyful tidings spread! [sound
- aff 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

615 S. M. *Death and Judgment.*

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
- 2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the judge, with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

AFFLICTION, S. M.

My few revolv - ing years, How swift they glide a - way !

How short the term of life ap - pears, When past, 'tis but a day !

The musical score consists of two systems of four staves each. The first system has a treble clef and a common time signature 'C'. The second system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines.

- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?—
With triumph or regret?—
A fearful or a joyful doom—
A curse, or blessing meet?
- 4 I must from God be driven—
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven—
> Or else depart—to hell.
- aff 5 O thou, that would not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who gave thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;—
- 6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

616 S. M. *Peaceful death of the Righteous.*

- 1 OH for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.
- 2 Their bodies, in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
< Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
f Shall call them to the sky.

- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.
- 4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
p Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our friendship and our tears,
- aff 5 Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

617 S. M. *God the portion of the soul.*

- 1 MY God—my life—my love,
To thee—to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Nor earth—nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No—not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- f 3 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle, where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

BETHESDAY, H. M.

O thou that hearest prayer! Attend our humble cry; And let thy servants share

Thy blessing from on high: We plead the promise of thy word, Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

618 H. M. *Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show:
Fulfil thy word, | Let heathens live,
Thy Spirit give; | And praise the Lord.
- 2 Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul
Soon let the Saviour see:
O God of grace! | Fill earth with joy,
Thy power employ; | And heaven with praise.

619 H. M. *Prayer for the Holy Spirit.*

- aff 1 **O** THOU that hearest prayer;
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!
- 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father thou—

We—children of thy grace—
Oh let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

620 H. M. *Prayer for the conversion of the World.*

- 1 **T**HOU, Sun of glory—rise!
And chase those shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide thy sacred light:
Oh chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright millennial day!
- 2 Now send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord!
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word;
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.
- 3 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And all the earth become
The temple of thy grace;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

HEBER, H. M.

The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments he assumes,

Are light and majesty; His glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal eye can bear the sight.

621 H. M. Government and perfections of God.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Still keep the world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs;
Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
And shall fulfil | His sovereign will.

p 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
'My father, and my friend?'—
f I love his name! | Join all my powers,
I love his word! | And praise the Lord.

622 H. M. Resurrection of Christ Celebrated.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand;
< Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

— 2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
> In dark domains confined:
< Th' angelic host around him bends,
And midst their shouts the God ascends.

f 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
'Thy praise responsive sings?'
> "Worthy art thou, who once wast slain—
< Through endless years to live and reign."

< 4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
ff And sin and hell in triumph lead.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
RESURRECTION, H. M.

Yes! the Redeemer rose, The Saviour left the dead, And o'er our hellish foes High raised his conquering head;

In wild dis-may, the guards a-round Fall to the ground, and sink a-way.

623 H. M. *Faithfulness of God.*

- 1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still; Abides more sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears;
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, The promise shines
In radiant lines Through all the flame.
- 3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres;
'Midst all the shock I stand serene,
Of that dread scene, Thy word my rock.

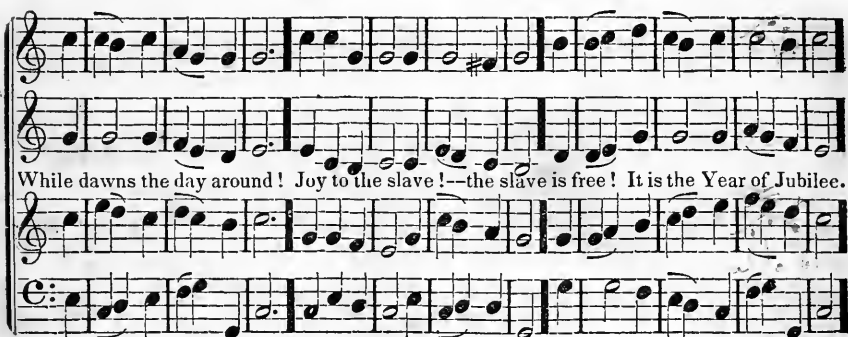
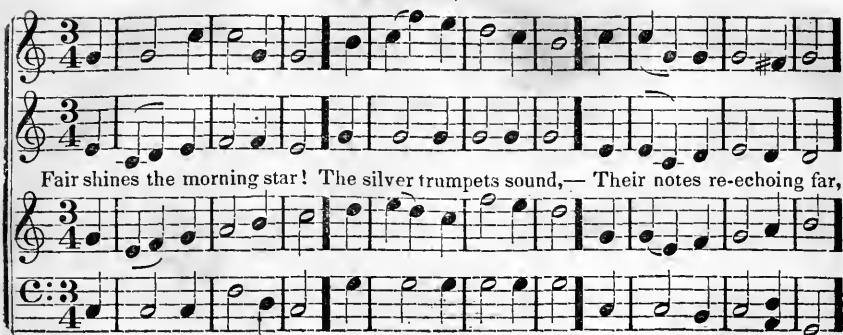
624 H. M. *Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 YES! The Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay, Fall to the ground,
The guards around And sink away.

- 2 Behold th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet.
Joyful they come, From realms of day
And wing their way To Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly
The joyful news to bear—
Hark!—as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say— Hath left the dead—
“Jesus, who bled, He rose to-day.”
- 4 Ye mortals! catch the sound—
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry— Hath left the dead
“Jesus, who bled, No more to die.”

625 H. M. *The Year of Jubilee.*

- 1 FAIR shines the morning star!
The silver trumpets sound—
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around!
Joy to the slave!—the slave is free!
It is the Year of Jubilee,



- 2 Prisoners of hope!—in gloom
> And silence left to die,
< With Christ's unfolding tomb
Your portals open fly;—
f Rise with the Lord!—He sets ye free:—
It is the Year of Jubilee.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
The land your fathers won,
> Behold how God hath wrought,
Redemption through his Son!
< Your heritage again is free,
It is the Year of Jubilee.
- 4 Ye who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransomed, but not with gold,
Christ gave himself for you;—
p His precious blood has made you free,
f It is the Year of Jubilee.
- f 5 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year;—
ff Let Jacob rise, be Israel free,
It is the Year of Jubilee.

626 L. M. *Proclamation of the Gospel.*

- p' 1 HARK—hark—the notes of joy,
Roll o'er the heavenly plains!
And seraphs find employ,
For their sublimest strains.
< Some new delight in heaven is known,
ff Loud ring the harps around the throne.
- p' 2 Hark—hark—the sounds draw nigh,
— The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend,
He comes to bless our fallen race,
f He comes with messages of grace.
- ' 3 Bear—bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
> What pity he can show.—
< Ye winds that blow—ye waves that roll,
f Bear the glad news from pole to pole!
- ' 4 Strike—strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And loud his grace proclaim.
< Angels and men, wake every string,
ff 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
EXHORTATION, H. M.



O Zion, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high! Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh: Cheerful in God, arise and shine, While rays divine stream all abroad.

627 H. M. *Exhortation to Universal praise.*

1 **L**ET every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme:
Let nature raise A general song
From every tongue, Of grateful praise.
2 But oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise, Above the rest
Ye highly blest, Declare his praise.
3 Assist me, gracious God;
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir:
Thy grace can raise And tune my song
My heart and tongue, To lively praise.

628 H. M. *Triumphs of the Gospel.*

1 **O** ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high!
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God, While rays divine
Arise and shine, Stream all abroad.
2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams which cannot fade:

His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head:
The nations round With lustre new
Thy form shall view, Divinely crowned.
3 In honour to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise, In worlds above,
Till sovereign love, The glory raise.

629 H. M. *Christ a Prophet, Priest, and King.*

1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.
2 Great prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued—and peace with heaven
3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died:
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:

Ye dy-ing sons of men, Im-merged in sin and wo! Now mer-cy calls again!

Its message is to you! Ye perishing and guilty, come! In mercy's arms there yet is room.

His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

- 4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror, and our King;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing:
Thine is the power—oh make us sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

630 H. M. *Sinners entreated by the Mercies of God.*

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and wo!
Now mercy calls again,
Its message is to you!
Ye perishing and guilty, come
In mercy's arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
Christ bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready—sinners, come!
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Drawn by his dying love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near!
He calls you from above,
The Shepherd's voice now hear:
To him whoever will may come,
In Jesus' arms there still is room.

631 H. M. *Hymn for Sabbath Schools.*

- 1 COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise.
To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs.
- 2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:
To God alone all praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.
- 3 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:
To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.
- 4 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success!
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy name forever bless!
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
We'll raise throughout eternity.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
TRIUMPH, H. M.

How pleas-ing is the voice Of God our heaven-ly King, Who bids the frosts re-tire,

And wakes the lovely spring! Bright suns arise, the mild wind blows, And beauty glows, thro' earth and skies.

632 H. M. *Delight in the Sabbath.*

1 WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;

I hail thy kind return;

Lord make these moments blest.

< From low delights, and mortal toys,
f I soar to reach immortal joys.

— 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;

Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,

While saints address thy face:

Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

p 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:

f Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

633 H. M. *Victories of Christ.*

1 ALL hail, incarnate God!

The wondrous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,

With joy our eyes behold!

Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 Oh haste, victorious Prince,

That glorious, happy day,

When souls, like drops of dew,

Shall own thy gentle sway:

Oh may it bless our longing eyes,

And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

f 3 All hail! triumphant Lord,

Eternal be thy reign:

Behold the nations wait

To wear thy gentle chain:

When earth and time are known no more,

Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

634 H. M. *On opening a Place of public Wor-ship.*

1 GREAT Father of mankind,

We bless that wondrous grace,

Which could for Gentiles find

Within thy courts a place.

How kind the care | For us to raise

Our God displays, | A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,

We now approach the throne;

For Jesus brings us near,

And makes our cause his own:

Strangers no more, | And find our home,

To thee we come, | And rest secure.

Welcome, delightful morn! Thou day of sa-cred rest; I hail thy kind re-turn;

Lord make these moments blest. From low delights, and mortal toys, I soar to reach immortal joys.

3 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend their song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, To join the choir
Till earth conspire On Zion's hill.

635 H. M. *On opening a place of Public Wor-
ship.*

1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, oh! deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

636 H. M. *Goodness of God in the Seasons.*

1 HOW pleasing is the voice
Of God, our heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!
Bright suns arise, And beauty glows,
The mild wind blows, Thro' earth and skies.

2 The morn, with glory crowned,
His hand arrays in smiles:
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills:
The evening breeze His beauty blooms
His breath perfumes; In flowers and trees.

3 With life he clothes the spring
The earth with summer warms:
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms:
— His gifts divine And round the year
Through all appear; His glories shine.

Lord, thou hast won—at length I yield; My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
A-against thy ter-rors long I strove, But who can stand a-against thy love?—
Sur - ren-ders all to thee:
Love con-quers ev - en me, Love con-quers ev - en me.

637 C. P. M. *Surrendering to Christ.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?—
Love conquers even me.
- 2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now, I hate my sin.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
— 'Thy Maker is thy friend.'
- 4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

638 C. P. M. *Trusting in Christ for Pardon.*

- 1 **O** THOU, that hearest the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.

639 C. P. M. *The Lord's Prayer.*

- 1 **O** UR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
Oh lend a pitying ear!
When on thy awful Name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
Bow down thine ear, and hear!

KEW, C. P. M.

1 The joy-ful morn, my God is come, That calls me to thy honoured dome,

2 What joy, while thus I view the day, That warns my thirst-ing soul a-way.

1 Thy pre - sence to a-dore, My feet the sum-mons shall at - tend,

2 What trans-ports fill my breast; For lo! my great re - deem - er's power,

1 With willing steps thy court as - cend, And tread the hal - lowed floor.

2 Un-folds the ev - er - last - ing door, And leads me to his rest.

2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
And rebels to thy sceptre bend,
Yielding to sov'reign love;
Make it our pleasure to fulfil,
The righteous dictates of thy will,
As angels do above!

3 Our daily bread O Lord supply;
And with a Father's gracious eye,
From sin O set us free;
And if temptation shall assail,
Then let thy mighty grace prevail,
To lead our hearts to thee.

4 Thine is the power: to Thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs:
< All glory to thy Name!
Let every creature join our lays
In one resounding note of praise,
And all thy love proclaim.

640 C. P. M. *Hymn for Sabbath Schools.*

1 GREAT God! our voice to thee we raise;
Tune thou our lips and hearts with
Thy goodness to adore: [praise,
Our life, our health, and every friend,
From thee arise—on thee depend,
Kind Father of the poor!

2 Stretch o'er our heads thy guardian wings,
Secure the weak, O King of kings!
Our shield and refuge be:
Thy Spirit, Lord, conduct our youth,
Through Christ, the life, the way, the truth,
That we may come to thee!

3 While friends their generous aid afford,
Accept the kind intention, Lord,
And crown it with thy love;
Then joy shall tune our humble songs,
Till we shall join immortal tongues
In nobler praise above.

641 C. P. M. *A morning Hymn.*

1 ONCE more my eyes behold the day,
And to my God my soul would pay
Its tributary lays;
O may the life preserved by thee,
With all its powers and blessings be
Devoted to thy praise.

2 Still be thou near, all gracious Lord;
O keep and guide me by thy word
Till thou shalt bid me rise,
Where sin and sorrow never come
Till at my blest eternal home,
I wake in sweet surprise.

When thou, my righteous Judge, shall come To bring thy ran-somed peo-ple home,
Shall such a worth-less worm as I, Who some-times am a-fraid to die,
Shall I a-mong them stand?
Be found at thy right hand, Be found at thy right hand.

642 C. P. M. *The Judgment Anticipated.*

- 1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To bring thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?
- 3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace—
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trumpet shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

643 C. P. M. *The Judgment Anticipated.*

- 1 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell!
- 2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;—
By free and sovereign grace.
- 3 Before me place in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou in clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
O tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy joy, and holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Assist, O Lord, a feeble worm,
Then shall I all thy will perform,
And to the end endure!
- 5 Then, Saviour! then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;

NORTON, 6s & 4.

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Ca-val - ry; Sa-viour di - vine!

Now hear me while I pray; Wash all my sins away; O let me from this day Be wholly thine.

Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

644 6s. & 4s. *Self Consecration.*

- aff **1** MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;—
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Wash all my sins away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2** May thy rich grace impart,
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
Since thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure—warm—and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3** While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4** When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;

Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

645 6s. & 4s. *Worthy the Lamb.*

- 1** COME, all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2** Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- p **3** Hark—how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!—
- aff There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
- f While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

HEBRON, 6s & 4s.

Glo-ry to God on high! Let heaven and earth reply, "Praise ye his name,"
 Angels his love adore, Who all our sorrows bore; Saints sing for evermore, "Worthy the Lamb!"

646 6s. & 4s. *The Trinity.*

- 1 COME, thou almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 Now make them fall!
 Let thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made,
 Our souls on thee be stayed—
 Lord, hear our call!
- 3 Come, thou, incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend!
 Come, and thy people bless,
 Come, give thy word success;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend!
- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour!

— Thou, who almighty art;
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

- f 5 To thee, great ONE in THREE,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

647 6s. & 4s. *Worthy the Lamb.*

- 1 GLORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"
 Angels, his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Saints, sing for evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2 Ye, who surround the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name:
 Ye, who have felt his blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound through the earth abroad
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

ITALIAN HYMN, 6s & 4s.

Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise!

Father all glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

- f** 3 Join all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye his name.
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
< Still will we tribute bring;
Hail him our gracious King;
And through all ages sing,
ff "Worthy the Lamb!"

648 6s. & 4s. *Victories of Christ.*

- 1** **L**ET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing—
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King!"
- 2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame:
What wonders done!

Shout through hell's dark profound:
Let all the earth resound,
'Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Vict'ry is won."

- 3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice!
p His dying love adore—
f Praise him, now raised in power,
Praise him for evermore,
With joyful voice.
- 4 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way
Lo, he shall come!
p While they who pierced him wail—
— His promise shall not fail;
< Saints, see your King prevail:—
f Great Saviour, come,

DOXOLOGY, 6s & 4s.

Now to the one in three
The highest praises be—
For evermore:
Thy glorious majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore,

ERIE, 7s & 6s.

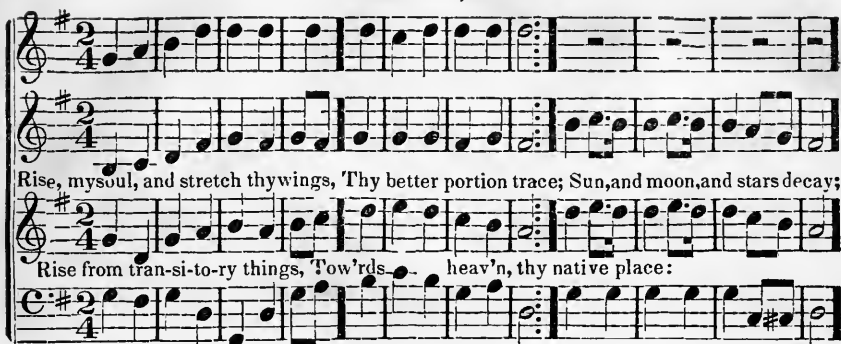
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
 Rise from transitory things, Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place;
 Time shall soon this earth remove: Rise, my soul, and haste away, To seats prepar'd above.

649 7s. & 6s. *Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1** RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place :
 p Sun,—and moon,—and stars decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove:
 f Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source :
 p¹ So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- p 3 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
 f Press onward to the prize;
 Soon thy Saviour will return,
 To take thee to the skies :
 —There, is everlasting peace,
 Perfect peace and rest, in heaven;
 < There, will sorrow ever cease,
 And crowns of joy be given.

650 7s. & 6s. *Exhortation to universal Praise.*

- 1** PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below;
 Praise him for his boundless love,
 And all his greatness show.
 Praise him for his noble deeds;
 Praise him for his matchless power;
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heaven adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around
 The great Immanuel's name :
 Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
 Him Prince of Peace proclaim.
 Praise him, every tuneful string :
 All the reach of heavenly art,
 All the power of music bring,
 The music of the heart.
- 3 Him, in whom they move and live,
 Let every creature sing;
 Glory to our Saviour give,
 And homage to our King.
 Hallowed be his name beneath,
 As in heaven on earth adored;
 Praise the Lord in every breath,
 Let all things praise the Lord.



Rise, mysoul, and stretch thywings, Thy better portion trace; Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Rise from tran-si-to-ry things, Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place:



Time shall soon this earth remove: Rise, my soul, and haste away, To seats prepared above.

651 7s. & 6s. *Desiring the Influences of the Holy Spirit.*

aff 1 SAVIOUR, I thy word believe,
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above:
Show me, Lord, how good thou art;
Now thy gracious word fulfil;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee:
Bid my sin and fear depart,
And, within, oh deign to dwell;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee:
Make me choose the better part;
Oh, do thou my pardon seal;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

652 7s. & 6s. *Pardon Implored through the blood of Christ.*

aff 1 LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us, who think on thee
Every burdened soul release;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray—
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all our sin do thou release;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Through thy blood, by faith applied,
Let sinners pardon feel;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

Vain, de-lu-sive, world adieu, With all of crea-ture good; On-ly Je-sus I pur-sue, Who bought me with his blood—
All thy plea-sures I fore-go— All thy wealth, and all thy pride: On-ly Je-sus will I know, And Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

653 7s. & 6s. Christ and him Crucified.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood;
All thy pleasures I forego—
All thy wealth, and all thy pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more:
Rivers of salvation flow
From his head, his hands, his side:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know, is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend,—
Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favour to abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

654 7s. & 6s. The Rapid flight of Time

1 TIME is winging us away,
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy
Secure in Jesus' love.

655 7s. & 6s. Prevalence of Christianity Promised.

111 HOW wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise!
How just, King of saints,
And true, are thy ways!
Oh, who shall not fear thee,
And honour thy name!
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme!

MORTON, 5s & 6s.

How wondrous and great thy works, God of praise! How just, King of saints, and true are thy ways!

Oh, who shall not fear thee, and hon-our thy name! Thou on-ly art ho-ly, thou on-ly su-preme!

2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne:
Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's ev'ry people
Confess thee their God.

3 When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting
With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,
The Lord will provide.

656 5s. & 6s. *The Lord will provide.*

1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide,

2 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In him our strong tower
For safety we hide,
The Lord is our power,
The Lord will provide.

657 5s. & 6s. *Faith prevailing.*

1 **B**E GONE, unbelief!
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief,
Will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform:
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide:
Though cisterns lie broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken,
Shall surely prevail.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
SUNBURY, P. M.

From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand, Where Africa's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river, from many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver their land from error's chain

658 P. M. *Universal diffusion of the Gospel.*

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

p **2** What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

— 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
f Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters' roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

659 P. M. *Universal Reign of Christ.*

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

They call us to de-liv-er their land &c.

Roll on, thou mighty ocean! And, as thy billows flow,

Bear messengers of mer-cy To every land be-low.

Arise, ye gales! and waft them Safe to the destined shore; That man may sit in darkness, And death's black, &c.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.

aff 2 O thou eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be,
Though far from us who love them—
Still let them be with thee

660 P. M. *Departure of Missionaries.*

1 **ROLL** on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

661 P. M. *Desiring the subjection of the nations to Christ.*

1 **WHEN** shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound!

To thee, my God and Saviour, My heart exulting sings, I'll celebrate thy glo-ry
Re-joic-ing in thy fa-vour, Al-migh-ty King of kings.

With all thy saints a-bove, And tell the joy-ful sto - ry Of thy redeeming love.

662 P. M. *Universal diffusion of the Gospel.*

f **1** NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout hosanna
Re-echo'd thro' the world:
Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till ev'ry tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favour
Each ransom'd captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise

f The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear:
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

By thee, thro' life supported,
I pass the dang'rous road,
With heav'nly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode:
Then cast my crown before thee,
And all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee;
What could an angel more.

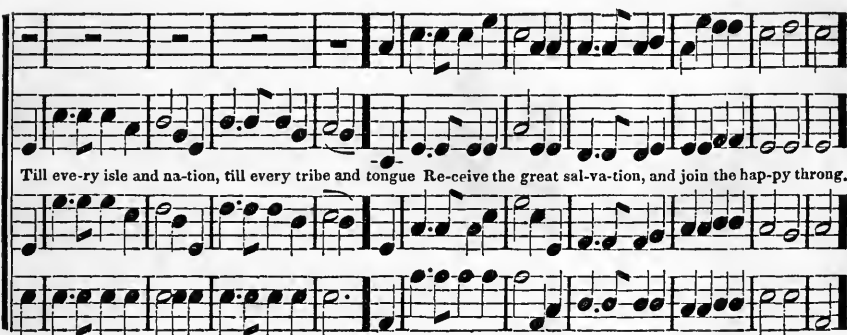
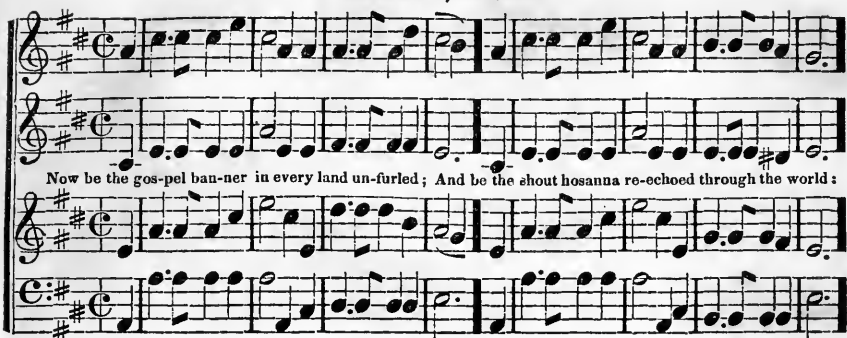
663 P. M. *Praise to the Saviour.*

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings;
Rejoicing in thy favour,
Almighty King, of Kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

664 P. M. *Prayer and Praise.*

1 TO thee, in youth's bright morning,
Father of all we pray;
While thought and fancy dawning,
Lead on the rising day;
To thee, in life's last even,
We'll tune our feeble breath;
Hear all our sins forgiven,
And softly sleep in death.

SMYRNA, P. M.



2 When from death's sleep we 'waken
No fear shall us surprise;
All earthly things forsaken,
What joys shall meet our eyes!
With raptures then increasing,
For ever we'll rejoice;
And praises, never-ceasing,
Shall wake each tuneful voice.

3 Though vine nor fig tree either
Its fruit or leaves should bear;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

665 P. M. *The Sun of Righteousness.*

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
The Lord of Life arises
And his salvation brings.
While comforts are declining,
He sees us in distress;
Then heals us by his shining,
The Sun of righteousness.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Then freed from care and sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring hither what it may.

666 P. M. *Christ the great Physician.*

1 HOW lost was my condition,
'Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can save a ruin'd soul!
Nigh unto death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To show to all around me
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

3 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Then come to this Physician,
For life he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition:
'Tis only—look, and live!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

WESTBOROUGH, 8s 7s & 4s.

Fly a-broad, thou migh-ty gos-pel; Win and cou-quer—nev-er cease! May thy last-ing, wide do-min-ious

Mul-ti-ply, and still in-crease: Sway thy sce-ptre Sway thy scep-tre, Sa-viour, all the world a-round!

667 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Enlargement and Glory of the Church.*

- 1** **1** **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands:
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
p Mourning captive!—
< God himself will loose thy bands.
- **2** Has thy night been long and mournful,
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning—
Zion still is well-beloved.
- 3** Lo! thy sun is risen glory,
God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasted triumphs end.
Great Deliverance—
Zion's King will surely send.
- 4** Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed:
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour blest;
All thy conflicts—
End in an eternal rest.

668 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Invited and Warned*

- 1** **H**EAR, O sinner!—mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls.
p Hear, O sinner!—
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
- 2** See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread;
< Hark! the awful thunders rolling
f Loud, and louder o'er your head;—
p! Turn, O sinner!—
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.
- 1** **3** Haste! O sinner! to the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away;
f **1** Haste, O sinner!
You must perish—if you stay.

669 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1** **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul—be still, and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace!
f Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

PISGAH, 8s 7s & 4s.

On the moun-tain's top ap - pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands;
Wel-come news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hos-tile lands.
Mourn-ing cap-tive!— Mourn-ing cap-tive!— God him-self will loose thy bands.

- 2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
f Loud resound, from pole to pole.
3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day!
f4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer—never cease!
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
ff Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

670 8s. 7s. & 4s. *The light to lighten the Gentiles.*

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
p Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.
2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine—thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!

- Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.
3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
f Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.
4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word—at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land;
p Lord be with them
— Always to the end of time.

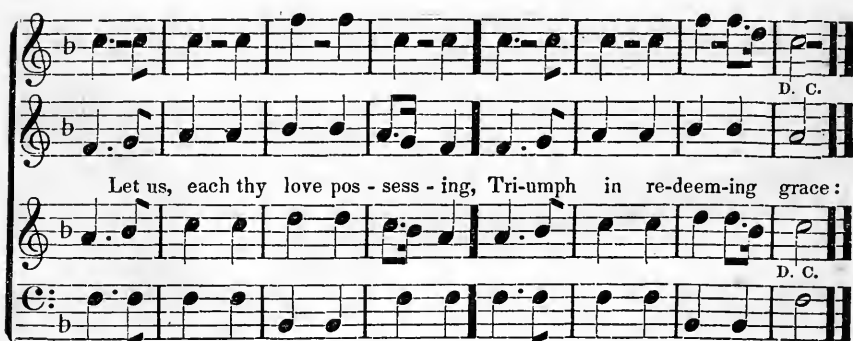
671 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Prayer for the Jews.*

- 1 MAY the glorious day of promise
Come, and spread its cheerful ray,
When the scattered sheep of Israel
Shall no longer go astray;
f When hosannas
With united voice they cry.
p2 Lord! how long wilt thou be angry?
Shall thy wrath for ever burn?
— Rise! redeem thine ancient people;
Their transgressions from them turn.
f King of Israel!
Come, and set thy people free



Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace!

Oh re - fresh us, Oh re - fresh us, Travell-ing through this wil-der-ness.



Let us, each thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace:

D. C.

672 8s 7s. & 4s. *God the Pilgrim's Guide.*

- 1 **GUIDE** me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
p Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
f Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
f Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
ff Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

673 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Speak for thy Servant heareth.*

- 1 **COME**, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak—the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

- 2 Help us all to seek the blessing
Which thou waitest now to give,
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;

f And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

674 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Speak for thy Servant heareth.*

- 1 **IN** thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
Let us give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope—and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory

Without clouds in heaven we see.

- 3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss, for evermore.

675 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Dismission.*

- 1 **LORD**, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace

PLYMOUTH, 8s 7s & 4s.

Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim through this bar-ren land : I am weak—but thou art migh-ty

Hold me with thy pow-er-ful hand; Bread of hea-ven, Bread of hea-ven, Feed me till I want no more.

Let us, each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
Oh refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !
May thy presence
With us evermore be found !

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
f Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey—
p May we ever
p Reign with Christ in endless day !

676 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Dismission.*

1 GOD of our salvation, hear us ;
Bless, oh bless us, ere we go ;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow :
Saviour, keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see thy face ;
Save us from unhallowed leaven,
All that might obscure thy grace ;

Keep us walking
Each in his appointed place

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
f May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come ;
p And, when dying,
< May thy presence cheer the gloom.

677 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Influences of the Holy Spirit.*

1 WHO, but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim ?
Men may preach—but till thou favour,
Heathens will be still the same :
Mighty Spirit !
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days ;
Come, and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise :
Promised Spirit !
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labours
Must be vain without thine aid :
But thou wilt not disappoint us—
All is true that thou hast said :
Faithful Spirit !
O'er the world thine influence shed.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

BETHLEHEM, 8s 7s & 4s.

An-gels! from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
 Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto-ry, Now proclaim - Mes - si-ah's birth ;
 Come and wor-ship— Come and worship,—Wor-ship Christ the new-born King.

678 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Good tidings of Great Joy.*

1 **ANGELS!** from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
 Ye, who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
 p Come and worship—
 — Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 **Shepherds!** in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night ;
 God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the heavenly light :
 p Come and Worship—
 — Worship Christ, the new-born King.

p 3 **Saints!** before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 — Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In his temple shall appear :
 p Come and worship—
 — Worship Christ, the new-born King.

p 4 **Sinners!** wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
 — Justice now revokes the sentence,
 p' Mercy calls you [f'] break your chains:
 p Come and worship—
 — Worship Christ, the new-born King.

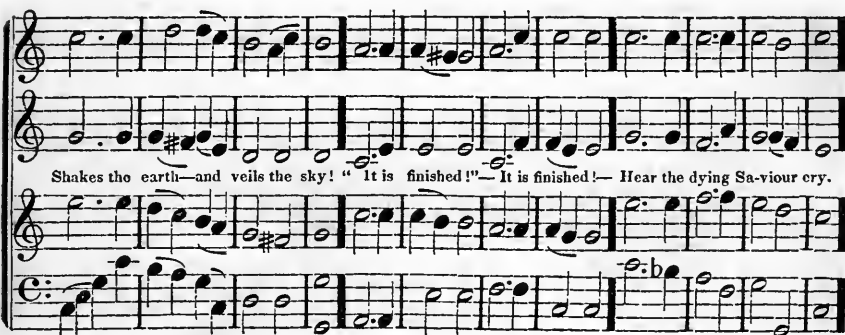
679 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Death of Christ on the Cross.*

1 **HARK!** the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 <See! it rends the rocks asunder—
 Shakes the earth—and veils the sky!
 aff "It is finished!"—
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
 2 "It is finished!"—oh, what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us through Christ the Lord!
 aff "It is finished!"—
 Saints, the dying words record!
 f3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme :
 All in earth and heaven uniting,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name :
 ff! Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

680 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Sinners invited and Warned.*

1 **SINNERS,** will you scorn the message,
 Sent in mercy from above?
 Every sentence—oh how tender!
 Every line is full of love :
 Listen to it—
 Every line is full of love.

CALVARY, 8s 7s & 4s.



- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,—
"Pardon to each rebel sinner!
Free forgiveness in his name."
How important!—
"Free forgiveness in his name!"—
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds!—
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors—grovelling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you—
Take the warnings they afford.
- 5 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?—
Offered to you by the Lord!
- 6 Oh, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:

Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

681 8s. 7s & 4s. *Sinners entreated by the mercies of God.*

- 1 COME, ye sinners—poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able—
He is willing—doubt no more,
- 2 Come, ye thirsty—ye are welcome!
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace which brings us nigh,
Without money—
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- p 3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody cross behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies—
"It is finished!"—
Heaven's atoning sacrifice!
- 4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him—venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus—
Can do helpless sinners good.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

RANDAL, 8s 7s & 4s.

O my soul, what means this sadness? Wherefore art thou thus cast down? Let thy grief be turned to gladness,

Bid thy rest - less fear be-gone: Look to Je-sus, Look to Je-sus, And re-joyce in his dear name.

682 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Cast down yet hoping.*

aff 1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?

Wherefore art thou thus cast down?

Let thy grief be turned to gladness;

Bid thy restless fear begone;

< Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

-- 12 Though ten thousand ills beset thee;

Though thy heart is stained with sin;

Jesus lives; he'll ne'er forget thee;

< He will make thee pure within.
He is faithful

To perform his precious word.

683 8s. 7s & 4s. *Spread of the Gospel.*1 NOW we hail the happy dawning
Of the Gospel's glorious light,

May it take the wings of morning,

And dispel the shades of night;

Blessed Saviour,

Let our eyes behold the sight.

2 Where, amid the desert dreary,

Plant, nor shrub, nor floweret grows,

There refresh the wand'rer weary,

With the sight of Sharon's Rose;

And its beauties

To the longing eye disclose.

3 Where the beasts of prey are prowling,

And the murd'rous serpents hiss,

There exchange the dismal howling

For the pleasing calm of peace;

And for ever

May destruction's empire cease.

4 O, let all the world adore thee—

Universal be thy fame;

Kings and subjects fall before thee,

And extol thy matchless name;

All ascribing

Endless praises to the Lamb.

684 8s. 7s. & 4s. *For he hath said I will never leave thee.*

aff 1 NEVER leave us, nor forsake us,

Thou on whom our souls rely;

Till thou shalt for ever take us

To behold thy glory nigh,

Which, though distant,

Fills thy people's hearts with joy.

2 They are blest, and none beside them,

They who hope, O Lord, in Thee;

They are blest, though all deride them,

They, whom grace and truth make free;

Joys await them,

Where Thou art, they hope to be.

< 3 This the hope that ever charms them

From the love of all below;

f Hope of this, with boldness arms them

To oppose the mighty foe;

WILNA, 8s 7s & 4s.

Nev - er leave us, nor for-sake us, Thou on whom our souls re - ly,
Till thou shalt for - ev - er take us, To be-hold thy glo-ry nigh,

Which though distant, Which though distant, Fills thy peo-ple's hearts with joy.

Hope of glory
Sweetens toil and lightens wo.

685 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Prayer for a Revival.*

- aff 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation :
Grant us, Lord a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance ;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

686 8s. 7s & 4s. *Redeeming Love.*

- 1 HAIL, thou ever blessed Jesus,
Thy redeeming love I sing ;
To my soul thy name is precious ;
Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King
O, how precious,
Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd, in sin I lay ;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
'Till my Saviour pass'd that way
Still pursuing,
'Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
- 3 Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n,
My Redeemer's tenderness !
Love I much ! Ah ! much forgiv'n,
I'm a miracle of grace.
Much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

DOXOLOGY, 8s 7s. & 4s.

Great Jehovah ! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne :
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

HEMSLEY, 8s 7s & 4s.

TUTTI.

Lo! he comes, with clouds de-scend - ing, Once for fa-voured sin-ners slain!
 Thou - sand, thou-sand saints, at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of his train:

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Je-sus comes and comes to reign.

687 8s. 7s. & 4s. Christ's second coming

- 1 DAY** of judgment—day of wonders!
 Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2** See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine!
 You, who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
- aff** Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine!
- f 3** At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee:
- aff** Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee;
- f 4** But to those who have confessed,
 Loved and served the Lord below!
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow:
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."

688 8s. 7s. & 4s. Christ's second coming

- 1 LO!** he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain!
 Thousand thousand saints, attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
- f** Hallelujah!
 Jesus comes—and comes to reign.
- 2** Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty!
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
p Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 — Shall the true Messiah see!
- 3** When the solemn trump has sounded,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the summons of that day—
- p** "Come to judgment!"
 Come to judgment!—come away."
- f 4** Yea, amen!—let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Make thy righteous sentence known!
- aff** Oh come quickly—
- f** Claim the kingdom for thine own!
- 689 8s. 7s. & 4s. Departure of Missionaries.**
- 1 MEN** of God, go take your stations:
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth;

Hark!—those bursts of acclamation— Hark!—those loud, triumphant chords— Jesus takes the highest station :

Oh, what joy the sight affords! Crown him!—crown him! Crown him!—crown him! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

- Go—proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings—
Tidings of the Saviour's worth.
- 2 Of his gospel not ashamed—
'Tis the power of God to save;
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave:
Blessed freedom!—
Freedom Zion's children have.
- 3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
He is with you—
He will guide you to the end.
- 689 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Enlargement and Glory of the Church.*
- 111 YES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God—the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land;
When he chooses—
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:

- Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 3 Oh! 'tis pleasant—'tis reviving
To our hearts to hear, each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way;
Those enlightening,—
Who in death and darkness lay.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world—in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord—at thy command.
- 690 8s. 7s. & 4s. *Christ crowned as Lord of All.*
- 111 LOOK! ye saints—the sight is glorious;
See the man of sorrows now, [ous;
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow:
f! Crown him!—crown him!—
Crowns become the victor's brow.
- 112 Hark!—those bursts of acclamation—
Hark!—those loud, triumphant chords—
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
ff! Crown him!—crown him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

LOVE DIVINE 8s & 7s.

7s

Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing! Joy of heaven, to earth come down:
 Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:
 Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter eve-ry tremb-ling heart.

Je-sus! thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;

693 8s. & 7s. *Christ dwelling in his People.*

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling!
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down:
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown:
 Jesus! thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart!

< 2 Come! almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive!

Now return, dear Lord, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave!

- f Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Give thee praises without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.

694 8s & 7s. *Christ a Friend.*

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly—free—and knows no end.
 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could, or would have shed his blood?—
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God

- 2 When he lived on earth abased,
 FRIEND OF SINNERS was his name;
 Now, upon his throne exalted,
 He rejoices in the same.
 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas!—forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.

695 8s & 7s. *Christ dwelling in his People*

- 1 VISIT, Lord, thy habitation!
 Breathe thy peace on all therein;
 Peace, the foretaste of salvation;
 Peace, the seal of cancelled sin.
 Now thy love-infusing Spirit
 Shed on every heart abroad;
 Raise, through thy redeeming merit,
 Slaves of sin, to Sons of God.

- 2 Prince of Peace, be ever near us
 Fix in every heart thy home:
 In this sweet communion cheer us,
 Quickly let thy kingdom come.
 Answer all our expectation;
 Give our raptur'd souls to prove
 Strong, abiding consolation,
 Heavenly, everlasting love.

WALPOLE, 8s. & 7s.

One there is, above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; Which of all our friends to save us,
His love be-yond a bro-ther's Cost-ly—free—and knows no end.
Could, or would have shed his blood? But this Sa-viour died to have us, Re-con-cil-ed in him to God.

696 8s & 7s. *Sitting at Jesus' feet.*

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinners' dying Friend.
Love and grief my heart dividing
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Still in faith and hope abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

2 O, how blessed is the station!
Low before the cross I'll lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in the Saviour's eye;
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

697 8s & 7s. *This Life a Pilgrimage.*

1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

698 8s & 7s. *Hearing the Truth.*

1 PRAISE the Lord by whose kind favour
Heavenly truth has reached our ears:
May its sweet reviving savour
Cheer our hearts and calm our fears!
TRUTH—how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know:
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.

2 What of truth we've now been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in every heart;
In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's part!
Till thou take us hence for ever,
Saviour, guide us with thine eye;
This our aim, our sole endeavour,
Thine to live, and thine to die!

RUSSIAN AIR, 8s & 7s.

Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love be-stows; Help, O God, my weak en-dea-vour;
For the pardon-ing grace that saves me And the peace that from it flows:

This dull soul to rap-ture raise, Thou must light the flame, or ne-ver Can my love be warned to praise.

699 8s. & 7s. *Grateful acknowledgement of
Divine Compassion.*

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Fill my soul with holy feeling,
Let my life thy praise express.

700 8s. & 7s. *Forsaking all for Christ.*

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;

Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

2 Perish earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When thy face is hid from thee.

3 Soul, then know thy full salvation:
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

MOZART, 8s & 7s.

Peace be to this con-gre-ga-tion, Peace to every soul there-in; Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver;
Peace, the earn-est of sal-va-tion; Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;

Peace, to sor-did minds un-known Peace Di-vine, that lasts for ev-er, Here erect thy glo-ri-ous throne.

701 8s. & 7s. *Happy are they that die in the Lord.*

1 **H**appy soul, thy days are ending,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attending,
To the sight of Jesus, go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
See, the Saviour stands above:
Shows the fulness of his merit;
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign:
Struggle through thy latest passion
To the dear Redeemer's breast;
To his free and full salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

702 8s & 7s. *Weep not for departed Saints.*

1 **O**, YE mourners! cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.
While in darkness ye are straying,
Lonely, in the deep'ning shade;
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.

2 **O**, ye mourners! cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above:
Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

703 8s. & 7s. *The Peace of God.*

1 **P**EACE be to this congregation,
Peace to ev'ry soul therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver;
Peace, to sordid minds unknown;
Peace Divine, that lasts for ever,
Here erect thy glorious throne.

2 Prince of Peace, be present with us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy blessed presence cheer us,
Let thy sacred kingdom come.
Raise to heaven our expectation;
Give our favoured souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

MESSINA, 8s & 7s.

Sa-viour, source of eve-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays;

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise.

704 8s & 7s. *Providence and Grace.*

- 1 **B**LEST be thou, O God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord!
Blest thy majesty for ever!
Ever be thy name adored.
- 2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.
- 3 Riches come of thee, and honour,
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.
- 4 Lord our God! for these, thy bounties
Songs of gratitude we raise;
To thy name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise!

705 8s & 7s. *Missionary Meeting.*

- 1 **W**ITH my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
- 2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

- 3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

- f 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine—victorious love.

706 8s & 7s. *Love of Christ Celebrated.*

- 1 **B**RIGHTNESS of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, each tongue, such guilty silence,
Praise the Lord, who came to die.
- 2 Hosts of angels sang thy coming,
Watchful shepherds learnt their lays—
Shame would cover us, ungrateful,
Should our tongues refuse their praise.
- 3 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest wo,
All to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow our praise—for ever flow!
- 4 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool—take thy throne!
Yet return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thine own!

SICILIAN HYMN, 8s & 7s.

Bright-ness of the Fa-ther's glo-ry! Shall thy praise un-ut-tered lie?

Break, each tongue, such guil-ty si-lence, Praise the Lord, who came to die.

707 8s & 7s. *Christ's intercession and Exaltation.*

- 1 JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
- 2 There for sinners thou art pleading—
There thou dost our place prepare;
Thou for us art interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
- 4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

709 8s. & 7s. *Redeeming Love.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;
And, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

708 8s. & 7s. *Prospect of the Heathen.*

- 1 HARK!—what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
> "Come, and help us, or we die!"
- 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining—
Christians, hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
> Join to help them, ere they die,

710 8s & 7s. *Dismission.*

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

WORTHING, 8s & 7s.

Glo-ri-ous things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, ci - ty of our God ;

He, whose word can not be brok-en, Formed thee for his own a - bode.

711 8 & 7s. *The Church the dwelling place of God.*

- 1 **GLORIOUS** things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the rock of ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
- 3 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
- 4 Who can faint, while such a river,
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 5 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
- 6 Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them, when they pray.

712 8s. & 7s. *Christ the Light of the World*

- 1 **LIGHT** of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thyself revealing,
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.
- 2 Thou, of life and light Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
- 4 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou Prince of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.
- 5 Come and manifest thy favour—
To the ransomed of our race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour
Come and bring the Gospel grace.
- 6 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

RAMAPO, 8s & 7s.



Hark, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise a-bove— Je-sus reigns, and hea-ven rejoy-ces,

Je-sus reigns the God of love; See, he sits on yon-der throne: Je-sus rules the world a-lone.

713 8s & 7s. *Christ enthroned and Worshipped.*

1 HARK, ten thousand harps and voices,
Sound the note of praise above—
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Jesus reigns the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life—thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

f 3 King of glory, reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring—oh bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then with golden harps, we'll sing—
“Glory, glory to our King.”

714 8s & 7s. *An Evening Song*

1 THROUGH the day thy love has spared
Now we lay us down to rest: [us:
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

715 8s & 7s. *A Fountain opened for Sin and Uncleaness.*

1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners! ruined by the fall:
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all;
In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when the Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, seek remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find:
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

LINCOLN, 7s.

Hark!—the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!"

716 7s. *Nativity of Christ.*

- 1 **HARK!** the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.
- 4 Veiled in flesh—the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity;
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
See the great Immanuel here.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

717 7s *Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **CHRIST,** the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say!
Raise your songs of triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens—and earth, reply!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight—the battle won:

Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er—
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King—
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save—
Where thy victory, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him—like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

718 7s. *Resurrection of Christ.*

- f! **ANGELS!** roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey!
See!—he rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour—seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Lift, ye saints—lift up your eyes!
Now to glory see him rise!
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
EASTER HYMN, 7s.

398

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Our tri-um-phantly ho-ly day;
He en-dured the cross and grave, Sin-ners to re-deem and save.
Lo! he ris-es—migh-ty King! Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his na-tive sky! Grave! where is thy vic-to-ry?

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide :
Gracious conqueror, through them ride,
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

ff 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

719 L. M. *Resurrection of Christ.*

11 **CHRIST**, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day :
p He endured the cross and grave,
— Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo! he rises—mighty King!
f Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave! where is thy victory?

3 Sinners! see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made :
With your risen Saviour, rise ;
Claim with him the purchased skies.

f 4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day :
< Loud the song of victory raise ;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

51

720 7s. *Names of Christ.*

- 1 **BRIGHT** and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born ;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty—and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful—names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ th' incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to him the homage meet ;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

721 7s. *Christ's Invitation to Sinners.*

- 1 **COME!** said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home—
Weary pilgrims! hither come.
- 2 Hither come—for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace, which ever shall endure—
Rest, eternal!—sacred—sure!

Sin-ner! rouse thee from thy sleep, Wake—and o'er thy fol - ly weep;

Raise thy spir-it, dark and dead, Je - sus waits his light to shed.

722 7s. *Sinners invited and warned.*

- 1** **SINNER!** rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake—and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2** Wake from sleep—arise from death—
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path—be wise,
Leave thy folly—seek the skies.
- 3** Leave thy folly—cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure, without delay,
Evil is thy mortal day.
- aff 4** Oh! then, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake! and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light

723 7s. *Redeeming Love.*

- 1** **NOW** begin the heavenly theme,
Sing of mercy's healing stream:
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Sing of his redeeming love.
- 2** Welcome all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome all to Jesus' rest.
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

- 3** He subdued th' infernal powers,
His inveterate foes, and ours:
These he from their empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

- f 4** Hither, then, your tribute bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Saints below, and saints above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

724 7s. *Darkness of the Tomb scattered by Christ's Resurrection.*

- 1** **MORNING** breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom!
Day of triumph! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2** Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3** Christians, dry your flowing tears
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

725 7s. *Sinners urged to accept the Invitation of the Gospel.*

- 1** **SINNERS,** turn—why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

SWEDEN, 7s.

Haste, O sin-ner—now be wise, Stay not for the mor-row's sun:

Wis-dom, if you still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.

2 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He who died, that ye might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why—ye ransomed sinners—why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

4 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love;—

5 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh! ye dying sinners, why—
Why will ye for ever die?

726 7s. *Danger of Delay.*

1 **HASTE**, O sinner—now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste—and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
E'er this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner—now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner—now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun.
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

727 7s. *Influences of the Holy Spirit.*

aff 1 **GRACIOUS** Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine:
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

GERMAN, HYMN, 7s.

Depth of mer-cy!—can there be Mer-cy still re-serve for me!

Can my God his wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners spare?

728 7s. *Repentance in view of Christ's compassion.*

- 1 **D**EPTH of mercy!—can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me!
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners spare!
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hear his gracious calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Yet how great his mercies are!
 Me he still delights to spare;
 Cries—"How shall I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 Jesus, answer from above:
 Is not all thy nature love?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget?—
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.
- 5 Now incline me to repent!
 Let me now my fall lament!
 Deeply my revolt deplore!
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

729 7s. *Desiring deliverance from Sin.*

- 1 **L**AMB of God, who thee receive,
 Who in thee desire to live,
 Day and night they cry to thee,
 As thou art, so let us be!

- 2 Fix—oh fix our wavering mind!
 To thy cross our spirits bind:
 Gladly now we would be clean;
 Cleanse our hearts from every sin.
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of guilt and misery;
 Thine we are, thou Son of God;
 Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 Sinners who in thee believe
 Everlasting life receive;
 They with joy behold thy face,
 Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

730 7s. *Living by faith on the Son of God*

- 1 **S**ON of God, thy blessing grant,
 Still supply my every want;
 Tree of life, thine influence shed,
 With thy fruit my spirit feed.
- p 2 Tenderest branch, alas! an I;
 Without thee, I droop and die;
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I every moment need.
- 3 All my hopes on thee depend;
 Love me, save me, to the end!
 Give me thy supporting grace,
 f Take the everlasting praise.

MURRAY, 7s.

Son of God, thy blessing grant, Still sup-ply my eve-ry want;

Tree of life, thine in-fluence shed, With thy fruit my spir-it feed.

731 7s. *Desiring the Influences of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 COME, divine, and peaceful Guest,
Enter each devoted breast;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.
- 2 Bid our sin and sorrow cease;
Fill us with thy heavenly peace;
Joy divine we then shall prove,
Light of truth—and fire of love.

732 7s. *Mourning over indwelling sin.*

- 1 GOD of mercy—God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs,
Oh restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs!
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted—time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent,—
- 3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain,
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—
- 4 These—and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own:
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne!

- 5 God of mercy! God of grace.
Hear our sad, repentant songs,
Oh restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs!

733 7s. *Influences of the Holy Spirit.*

- aff 1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine!
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.
- 2 Let me see my Saviour's face,
Let me all his beauties trace:
Show those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known by thee.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 4 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 5 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.
PREPARATION, 7s.

Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare; Je - sus loves to an-swer pray-er;

He him-self has bid thee pray; Rise and ask with - out de - lay.

734 7s *Sin Bewailed.*

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray:
Rise and ask without delay.
- 2 With my burden I begin;
Lord remove this load of sin:
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast:
Thou thy sovereign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

735 7s. *Delight in the worship of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD of hosts, how lovely, fair,
Ev'n on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven—and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here, we supplicate thy throne;
Here, thy pardoning grace is known;
Here, we learn thy righteous ways—
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

736 7s. *Spiritual nourishment from Christ.*

- 1 **B**READ of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!
- 2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died;
Lord of life! oh let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

737 7s. *Close of public Worship.*

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh may sinners hear thy call!
Let thy people grow in love.
- 2 Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success—
Thine the work—the glory thine.
- 3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice,
Send—oh send thy truth abroad!
Let the nations hear thy voice—
Hear it—and return to God.

WALTON, 7s.

Lord, we come be-fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow:

O, do not our suit dis-dain! Shall we seek thy face, in vain?

738 7s. *Prayer for a blessing on public worship.*

- 1 **T**O thy temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there;
There within the vail we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongues;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads—
Hear—for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening, we may say—
We have walked with God to-day.'

739 7s. *Prayer for a blessing on public worship.*

- aff 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thy face, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend:

Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
f Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart

f Full salvation to each heart.

- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down—lift up,

f Make them strong in faith and hope.

- 6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick—the captive free;
f Let us all rejoice in thee.

740 7s. *An evening Hymn.*

- dol. 1 **S**OFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care—from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

- 2 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

SONG OF JUBILEE, 7s. 2 Stanzas.

Hark!—the song of Ju-bi-lee, Loud as migh-ty thun-ders roar; See Je-ho-vah's bau-ners furled!
Or the ful-ness of the sea, When it breaks up-on the shore—

Sheathed his sword:—he speaks—'tis done! Now the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of his Son.

741 7s. *Rejoicing in the Reign of Christ.*

1 **HARK!**—the song of jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—
See Jehovah's banners furled!
Sheathed his sword:—he speaks—'tis
Now the kingdoms of this world [done!
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

2 He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!
f! Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah!—let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

742 7s. *Christ's second coming.*

1 **HARK!**—that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes!—and through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.
Hark!—the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad, through sea and land:
Let his people now rejoice!
Their redemption is at hand.

2 See! the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly!
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you—
Rise to meet him in the sky.
Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love!
Ever blessing, ever blest.

743 7s. *Goodness of God in the Seasons.*

1 **PRAISE** to God!—immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores,—

2 These, to that dear Source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise,
Lord, to thee my soul should raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for THYSELF alone.

ADULLUM, 7s.

Praise to God!—im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days:

Boun-teous source of eve-ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em-ploy.

744 7s. *Goodness of God in the Seasons.*

1 **P**LEASING spring again is here!
 'Trees and fields in bloom appear!
 p! Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
 — Warble their Creator's praise!
 aff Lord, afford a spring to me!
 Let me feel like what I see:
 Ah! my winter has been long,
 Chilled my hopes, suppressed my song.

2 How the soul in winter mourns,
 Till the Lord, the Sun, returns!
 Till the Spirit's gentle rain
 Bids the heart revive again!
 O beloved Saviour, haste,
 Tell me all the storms are past:
 Speak, and by thy gracious voice
 Make my drooping soul rejoice.

745 7s. *Enlargement and glory of the Church.*

1 **"G**IVE us room that we may dwell,"
 Zion's children cry aloud:
 See their numbers—how they swell!
 How they gather like a cloud!
 Oh how bright the morning seems!
 Brighter from so dark a night:
 Zion is like one that dreams,
 Filled with wonder and delight.

2 Lo! thy sun goes down no more,
 God himself will be thy light:
 All that caused thee grief before
 Buried lies in endless night.
 f Zion, now arise and shine!
 Lo! thy light from heaven is come!
 These that crowd from far are thine;
 Give thy sons and daughters room.

746 7s. *On opening a place of public worship.*

1 **L**ORD of Hosts, to thee we raise
 Here a house of prayer and praise;
 Thou thy people's hearts prepare
 Here to meet for praise and prayer.
 Let the living here be fed
 With thy word, the heavenly bread;
 Here, in hope of glory blest,
 May the dead be laid to rest.

2 Here to thee a temple stand,
 While the sea shall gird the land;
 Here reveal thy mercy sure,
 While the sun and moon endure.
 Hallelujah!—earth and sky,
 To the joyful sound reply;
 Hallelujah!—hence ascend
 Prayer and praise till time shall end.

Rocks of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee:
Be of sin the perfect cure; Save me Lord and make me pure.
Let the wat - er and the blood, From thy wounded side, that flowd,

D. C.

747 7s. *Christ the Rock of Ages.*

1 **ROCK** of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side, that flowd,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know.
This for sin could ne'er atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

748 7s. *Sinners urged to accept the Invitation of the Gospel.*

1 **YE**, who in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View this bleeding sacrifice;
See, in him, your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

749 7s. *The presence of God sought in his House.*

1 **SAFELY** through another week,
God has brought us on our way
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

EDGEFIELD, 7s. 2 Stanzas.

Jesus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide
While the billows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high.

"Till the storm of life be past ; Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

754 7s. *Hymn for the new year.*

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait ;
But how little—none can know.

2 Spared to see another year,
Lord, we raise our souls above ;
Let thy blessing meet us here :
Make this year a time of love,
Now our dying faith revive,
Softened hearts of stone to flesh ;
Bid thy drooping garden thrive ;
Oh ! revive us, Lord afresh.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view ;
Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
When ur life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

755 7s. *Lovest thou me.*

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought ;
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?
Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove ;
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?

2 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord !

3 Lord, decide my doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's sun ;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
Let me love thee more and more
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

MOUNT CALVARY, 7s. 6 Lines.

Hearts of stone, relent, relent, Break by Jesus' cross subdued; See his body mangled, rent,

Covered with a gore of blood: Sinful soul, what hast thou done! Crucified th' incarnate Son!

756 7s *Confession and Prayer.*

1 **SOVEREIGN** Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall!
Hear, oh, hear my earnest cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die!
Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners I have been.

2 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Soothe, oh, soothe my troubled breast,
Give thy weary wanderer, rest.

757 7s. *In darkness.*

1 **ONCE** I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power:
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel my stormy hour.
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turned my day to night,

3 Saviour, shine, and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word, and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

758 7s *Repentance at the Cross.*

1 **HEARTS** of stone, relent, relent,
Break by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood:
Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
Crucified th' incarnate Son!

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there;
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Plunged into his side the spear
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again?
And the shameful cross renew?
No! with all my sins I'll part:
Break, O break my bleeding heart.

UTICA, 7s & 6s.

Drooping souls, no longer mourn; Jesus still is precious: If to him you now return,

Heaven will be propi - tious, Je - sus now is pass - ing by, Calling wanderers near him

Droop - ing souls, you need not die; Go to him and hear him.

759 7s & 6s. Mourning Penitents.

1 **D**ROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
 Jesus still is precious;
 If to him you now return,
 Heaven will be propitious.
 Jesus now is passing by,
 Calling wand'ers near him:
 Drooping souls, you need not die;
 Go to him, and hear him.

2 He has pardons, full and free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Still he cries, "Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy laden."
 Though your sins like mountains high
 Rise and reach to heaven;
 Soon as you on him rely,
 All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
 Dear to all that love him:
 He to save the dying came;
 Go to him and prove him.
 Wand'ring sinners, now return:
 Contrite souls, believe him!
 Jesus calls you; cease to mourn:
 Worship him; receive him.

760 7s 6s. Convinced of Sin.

1 **D**YING souls, fast bound in sin,
 Trembling and repining,—
 With no ray of light divine
 On your pathway shining,—
 Why in darkness wander on,
 Filled with condemnation?
 Jesus lives: in Him alone
 Can you find salvation.

2 Prostrate bow; confess your guilt;
 Own your lost condition;
 Yield to Him whose blood was spilt,
 Unreserved submission.
 Then no more in anguish groan:
 See his meditation!
 Jesus lives: in Him alone,
 Can you find salvation.

3 Linger not in all the plain;
 Vengeance is pursuing:
 'Mid the dying and the slain,
 Save your souls from ruin.
 Flee to Him who can atone;
 Flee from condemnation!
 Jesus lives: in Him alone
 Can you find salvation.

NORFOLK, 8s.

Ye an-gels who stand round the throne, And view my Immanuel's face,
In rap-tur-ous songs make him known, Oh, tune your soft harps to praise.

SPRING, 8's.

The win-ter is o-ver and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The tur-tle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and war-bles a-way.

761 8s. *Spring.*

- 1 THE winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.
- 2 Shall every creature around
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favoured, be found,
In praising, to take less delight?
- 3 Awake, then, my harp, and my lute!
Sweet organs, your notes softly-swell!
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell!
- 4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
My graces shall bloom as the spring;
This temple, his Spirit's abode,
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

762 8s. *Panting for Heaven.*

- 1 YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
Oh, tune your soft harps to his praise:
- 2 He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

- 3 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
- 4 He snatched you from hell and the grave—
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 5 Oh, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
- 6 I want—Oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder, and worship with you!

763 8s. *The blessed estate of the Righteous departed.*

- 1 OH, blessed estate of the dead,
The dead who have died in the Lord;
From trouble and sin they are freed,
And sure of their endless reward.
- 2 By sorrow no longer oppressed,
United to spirits above;
With Jesus in glory they rest,
They rest in the arms of his love.

They have gone to the land where the pa-tri-archs rest, Where the bones of the pro-phets are laid,

Where the cho-sen of Israel the pro-mise pos-sess-ed, And Je-ho-vah his won-ders dis-play-ed:

To the land where the Sa-vi-our of sin-ners once trod, Where he 'la-boured, and languished, and bled:

Where he triumphed o'er death and as-cended to God, As he cap-tive cap-tiv-i-ty led.

764 Mission to Palestine.

- 1 **THEY** have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest,
Where the bones of the prophets are laid,
Where the chosen of Israel the promise possessed,
And Jehovah his wonders displayed:
- p To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod,
Where he laboured, and languished, and bled;
- f Where he triumphed o'er death and ascended to God,
As he captive captivity led.
- 2 They have gone to the land where the Gospel's glad
Sweetly tuned by the angels above, [sound,
Was re-echoed on earth, through the regions around,
In the accents of heavenly love:
Where the Spirit descended, in tokens of flame,
The rich gifts of his grace to reveal:
Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's name,
The truth of their mission to seal.
- 3 They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy have gone
To the land where the martyrs once bled:
Where the "Beast and False Prophet" have since trod—
The fair fabric that Zion had laid: [den down
Where the churches once planted, and watered, and
With the dews which the Spirit distilled, [flest
Have been smitten, despoiled, and by heathen possessed;
And the places that knew them defiled.
- 4 They have gone—O, thou Shepherd of Israel—have
The glad mission in love to restore; [gone
Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them alone;
Thy blessing we humbly implore.
Thy blessing go with them—O, be thou their shield
From the shafts of the fowler that fly;
O, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be revealed
In mercy, in might, from on high

HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

Head of the church triumphant, We joy - ful - ly a-dore thee; Till thou appear, thy members here.

Shall sing like those in glo - ry. We lift our hearts and voi - cea In blest an - ti - ci - pa - tion.

And cry a - loud—and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.

765 *Rejoicing in hope of the rest of Heaven.*

f 1 **H**ead of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear,—thy members here,
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud—and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,—that knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We lift our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour;
The love divine,—that made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,—while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By thee we will—break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 Faith now beholds the glory,
To which thou wilt restore us,
And earth despise,—for that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand—at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE.

SOLO

Come ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan - guish, Come to the mer - cy seat, fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, Here tell your anguish, Earth has no sor-rows that Heaven can -not heal.

CHORUS For the close of each verse.

Here bring your wounded hearts, Here tell your anguish, Earth has no sor-rows that Heaven cannot heal.

766 The mercy seat.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 COME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot heal.</p> <p>2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;</p> | <p>Here speaks the Comforter in mercy saying
Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot cure.</p> <p>3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast prepared—come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrows but Heav'n can remove.</p> |
|--|--|

THE WARNING, 7s & 6s.

Si-ner, stop! O stop and think, Before you farther go; On the verge of ruin stop; Now the timely warning take;
Will you sport upon the brink Of everlasting wo.

Stay your footsteps ere you drop Into the burning lake.

D. C.

767 Warning to the impenitent.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>aff 1 SINNER, stop! O stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo.
On the verge of ruin stop;
Now the timely warning take;
Stay your footsteps ere you drop
"Into the burning lake.</p> | <p>2 Stay, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day
Which his justice shall proclaim;
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?</p> |
|--|--|

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness, Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;

Bright o'er thy hills dawns thy day-star of gladness, Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

Chorus for the end of each Stanza.

Sym.

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness! Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;

Coda for the close of the Hymn.

Shall oppress thee no more, no more, no more.

768

Daughter of Zion.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far; [them;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

STAR OF THE EAST.

Brightness of glory, thou God of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid! Shine, like the star, the ho-

ri-zon adoring; Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid, Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

769

Star of the East.

- 1 BRIGHTNESS of glory, thou God of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Shine, like the star, the horizon adorning;
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Sages adore him in slumbers reclining:
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

- 3 Say, shall they yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly they offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure,
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

Lift up your heads in joyful hope, Salute the happy morn, Salute the happy morn, Each heavenly power,—
Pro-claims the glad hour,—Lo! Jesus the Sa-viour is born, Lo! Je-sus the Saviour—is born.

770

Nativity of Christ.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn;
Each heavenly power—
Proclaims the glad hour,—
Lo! Jesus the Saviour is born.</p> <p>2 All glory be to God on high;
To him all praise is due:—
The promise is sealed,—
The Saviour's revealed,—
And proves that the record is true.</p> | <p>3 Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on and still increase;
Messiah is come—
To ransom his own,—
And save them by infinite grace.</p> <p>4 Then let us join the notes above,
Where saints and angels sing;
Join all the glad powers,
For their Lord is ours,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.</p> |
|--|---|

BE JOYFUL IN GOD.

Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, Oh serve him with gladness and fear;
Ex-ult in his pre-sence with mu-sic and mirth, With love and de-vo-tion draw near.
The Lord he is God—and Je-ho-vah a-lone, Cre-a-tor, and ru-ler o'er all;
For the last verse.
And we are his people, his sceptre we own, His sheep, and we follow his call, And shall to eternity stand.

771

Universal Praise.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
Oh serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.
The Lord he is God—and Jehovah alone,
Creator, and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.</p> | <p>2 Oh enter his gates with thanksgiving and
Your vows in his temple proclaim; [song,
His praise with melodious accordance pro-
And bless his adorable name. [long,
For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.</p> |
|---|---|

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

Our Fa-ther In heaven, we hal-low thy name, May thy king-dom ho-ly on earth be the same!

O give to us dai-ly our - - - portion of bread; It is from thy boun-ty that all must be fed.

772

Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name!
 May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same!
 O give to us daily our portion of bread;
 It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
 That humble compassion which pardons each foe:
 Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
 And thine be the glory for ever—Amen.

GOD OF EVENING.

God of Is-ra-el we a-dore thee! Thou hast kept us through the day; Safely keep us through the night,
 Thus preserved we come before thee, Ours the new and living way!—Guard us till the morning light;
 Nor forsake us, Till thou take us,—Far from earth to dwell with thee, Through a bright e-ter-ni-ty.

773

Early will I seek thee.

1 GOD of evening and of morning,
 Boundless source of light and love;
 Now the light is sweetly dawning,
 Shine upon us from above:
 Deign to hear us while we pray;
 Chase the clouds of sin away;
 Saviour keep us, and be near us,
 Where we go, or where we be,
 Till we rise to dwell with thee.

774

Neither shall any Plague come nigh their dwelling.

1 GOD of Israel we adore thee!
 Thou hast kept us through the day
 Thus preserved we come before thee,
 Ours the new and living way!—
 Safely keep us through the night,
 Guard us till the morning light;
 Nor forsake us, till thou take us,
 Far from earth to dwell with thee,
 Through a bright eternity.

ERE I SLEEP.

Ere I sleep, for eve - ry fa-vour, This day showed—By my God, I do bless my Sa - viour.

775

An Evening Hymn.

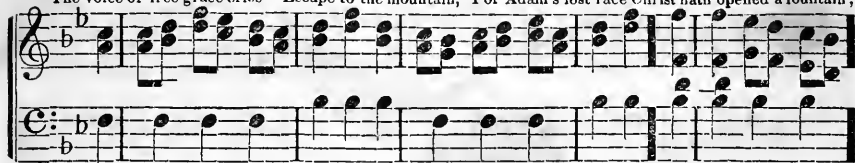
1 ERE I sleep, for every favour,
 This day showed—by my God,
 I do bless my Saviour.
 2 Leave me not, but ever love me;
 Let thy peace—be my bliss,
 Till thou hence remove me.

3 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
 Safely keep,—while I sleep,
 Me, with all thy power.
 4 Lord, when e'er in death I slumber,
 Let me rise—with the wise,
 Counted in their number.

THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE



The voice of free grace cries 'Escape to the mountain,' For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;



For sin and un - clean-ness,—for eve - ry trans - gres-sion, His blood flows most



free-ly in streams of sal-va-tion, His blood flows most free-ly in streams of sal-va-tion. Hal-le-



lu - jah to the Lamb! he hath pur-chased our par-don, We'll praise him a - gain, when we



pass o - ver Jor - dan, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

776 *Free Grace.*

1 THE voice of free grace cries "Escape to the mountain,"

For Adam's lost race, Christ hath opened a fountain;

For sin and uncleanness—for ev'ry transgression,

His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb! he hath purchased our pardon;

We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, O, flee to the Saviour!

He calls you in mercy; 'tis infinite favour!

Your sins are increasing; escape to the mountain—

His blood can remove them, which flows from the fountain.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 O, Jesus ride on, triumphantly glorious,

O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art more than victorious,

Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,

While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.

Hallelujah, &c.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

COME LET US DRAW NEAR.

Come, let us draw near, The Saviour to hear, As he speaks in the accents of love; He that cometh to me, Shall from sin be set free, And be welcomed to man-sions a-bove, And be welcomed to mansions a-bove.

777 *Come let us draw near.*

- 1 COME, let us draw near,
The Saviour to hear,
As he speaks in the accents of love;
"He that cometh to me,
Shall from sin be set free,
And be welcomed to mansions above.
- 2 "Who in me confide,
Shall safely out-ride
All the tempests that lower beneath:
With the ransomed shall soar
To eternity's shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.
- 3 "Through me they shall come
To their permanent home,
The fruition of heaven to prove;
By love they shall rise
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

778 *First Love.*

- 1 HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
O! what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 'Tis heaven below,
My Redeemer to know:
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.
- 3 Yes, all the day long
Is my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his name;
O, that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

IMMORTALITY, C. M. D.

I love to steal a - while a-way From every cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of setting day,
In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer: I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore,
And all my cares and sor-rows cast On - him whom I a - dore.

779 C. M. D. Evening Meditation.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer :
I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect does my strength renew
While here by tempests driven :
Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

780 C. M. D. *They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.*

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares opprest,
Where sighs and sorrowing tears shall
And all be hushed to rest : [cease,
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts that here annoy :
Then they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

2 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more,
The streams of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore :
There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
There, they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap eternal joy.

781 C. M. D. *In Darkness.*

1 O HOW can praise my tongue employ,
While darkness reigns within ?
How can my soul exult for joy,
Which feels this load of sin ?
If falling tears and rising sighs
In triumph share apart ;
Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,
And search this bleeding heart.

2 My soul forgets to use her wings ;
My harp neglected lies ;
For sin has broken all its strings
And guilt shuts up my joys.
The power, the sweetness of thy voice
Alone my heart can move ;
Make me in Christ, my Lord, rejoice,
And melt my soul to love.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ;
What more could his mercy and goodness have said, To those who for refuge to Jesus have fled ?

782 The Promises.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ;
What more could his mercy and goodness have said,
To those who for refuge to Jesus have fled ?
Fear not, he is with thee, O, be not dismayed ;
For he is thy God, and will give thee his aid :
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by his gracious, omnipotent hand.

2 When through the deep waters he calls thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er overflow ;
His presence shall guide thee, his mercy shall bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,
His grace all-sufficient shall lend thee its aid ;
The flame shall not hurt thee : He does but design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

3 His people, through life, shall abundantly prove
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love :

When age with gray hairs shall their temples adorn
Like lambs they shall still in his bosom be borne.
The soul on his bosom that leans for repose,
Is safe from th' assaults of its bitterest foes :
That soul—though all Hell should in tumult awake,
He'll never—no never—no never forsake.

783 Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace.

1 ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road ;
And peace, like the dew drops, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad ;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

WORTHY THE LAMB.

Wor-thy the Lamb of bound - less sway, In earth or hea - ven the Lord of all;

Let all the powers of earth o - bey, And low be-fore his foot - stool fall.

Let all the powers

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hallelujah, A-men, A - men

784 L. M. *Worthy the Lamb.*

1 **W**ORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth or heaven the Lord of all;
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

<2 Higher—still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice, the note prolong;

Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign—
ff Let hallelujahs crown the song. Hallelujah, Amen.

Doxology.
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Hallelujah, Amen.

THE LORD IS GREAT.

The Lord is great! ye hosts of hea-ven, a-dore him, And ye who tread this earth - ly ball;

For the last verse. ADAGIO.

In holysongs rejoice aloud before him, And shout his praise who made you all, The King of kings, and Lord of lords

785 P. M.

Praise to the Redemer.

1 **T**HE Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven, adore him,
And ye who tread this earthly ball;
In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,
And shout his praise who made you all.

2 The Lord is great—his majesty how glorious!
ff Shout his praise from shore to shore;

O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious,
af He rules and reigns for evermore.

3 The Lord is great—his mercy how abounding!
Ye angels, strike your golden chords!
O praise our God! with voice and harp resounding
af The King of kings, and Lord of lords!

SING HALLELUJAH.

Sing - Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord! Sing with a cheerful voice; Sing with a cheer-ful voice;

Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in his name re - joice.

Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in his name re - joice;

Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host, Ne'er cease to sing, &c. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Till in the realms of eud-less light, Your praises shall unite, Your praises shall u - nite.

786 P. M. *Humble Adoration and Praise.*

1 SING hallelujah! praise the Lord!
 Sing with a cheerful voice;
 Exalt our God with one accord,
 And in his name rejoice:
 Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Till in the realms of endless light,
 Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
 Shall join the angelic lays,
 And sing in perfect harmony
 To God our Saviour's praise;
 p He hath redeemed us by his blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God;
 For us, for us the Lamb was slain.
 ff Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

787

The Omniscience of God. (Tune FENN, See the end of the Psalms.)

p 1 O THOU, to whose all-seeing eye,
 My inmost thoughts and actions lie,
 Exposed in every part;
 — All that I am, or e'er have been,
 My going out and coming in,
 My love of self, and love of sin;
 p Thou searchest all my heart.

2 Where from thy Spirit can I flee?
 Or from thy presence cease to be—
 Encircled in thy hand?
 — Had I the power to upward rise,
 Above the stars—beyond the skies,
 There should I meet thy piercing eyes,
 And in thy presence stand.

3 Should I descend to depths below,
 Or flee beyond the waves that flow,
 Or seek the darkest shade;—
 No darkness can obscure thine eye,
 No distance where my thoughts may fly,
 No place in ocean, earth, or sky,
 p Thy notice can evade.

p 6 Lord search my ways and try my heart,
 Thy favour and thy love impart,
 And all my sins forgive:
 < Redeem my feet whenever I stray
 And guide me in that perfect way,
 f Which leads to life and endless day—
 There may I ever live.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

TREBLE SOLO. WATCHMAN TELL US OF THE NIGHT. (Dialogue and Chorus.)

Watch-man! tell us of the night, What its signs of pro-mise are.—
 Watch-man! tell us of the night, High-er yet that star as-cends.—
 Watch-man! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn.—

TENOR SOLO.

Tra-veller! o'er yon moun-tain's height, See that glo-ry beam-ing - star!—
 Tra-veller! bless-ed - ness and light, Peace and truth, its course por-tends!—
 Tra-veller! dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn.—

TREBLE SOLO.

Watch-man! does its beau-teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?—
 Watch-man! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
 Watch-man! let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy qui-et home.—

TENOR SOLO.

Tra-veller! yes; it brings the day— Pro-mised day of Is-ra-el.
 Tra-veller! a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
 Tra-veller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

CHORUS.

For the two last lines.

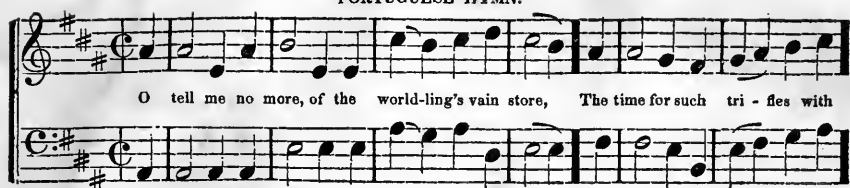
Traveller! yes; it brings the day— Promised day of Is-ra-el.
 Traveller! ages are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth,
 Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come

788 8s. Watchman, what of the night?

- 1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.—
 Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star!—
 Watchman! does its besutious ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
 Traveller! yes; it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 Higher yet that star ascends.—
 Traveller! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends!—

Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveller! ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

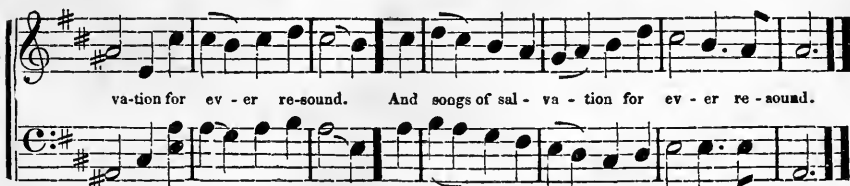
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.—
 Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
 Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!



O tell me no more, of the world-ling's vain store, The time for such tri - fles with



me now is o'er; A coun-try I've found, where true rich-es a - bound, And songs of sal-



va-tion for ev - er re-sound. And songs of sal - va - tion for ev - er re -ound.

789

Heavenly Riches.

- 1 **T**ELL me no more, of the worldling's vain store
The time for such trifles, with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true riches abound,
And songs of salvation for ever resound.
- 2 The souls that believe, and pardon receive,
Are thitherward travelling for ever to live.
Then let us not stray in the tempter's dark way;
But follow our Saviour to regions of day.

790

Blessings of the Gospel.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Lord, thy name be adored,
For all the rich blessings conveyed thro' thy word.
In spirit we trace the wonders of grace;
And joyful unite in a concert of praise.
- 2 Thrice happy are they, who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.
This blessing is mine through favour divine,
But O, my Redeemer, the glory be thine.
- 3 The trumpet of God is sounding abroad,
In language of mercy through Jesus the Lord.
Ye sinners draw nigh: O why will ye die?
Despise not the riches of glory on high.

791

Delay not.

- 1 **D**ELAY not, delay not, O sinner draw near.
The waters of life are now flowing for thee,
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free,
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
For mercy and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened, how can'st thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood.
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race.
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner! shall lend thee its aid!

792 C. P. M. "And he went out and wept bitterly."

TUNE, AITHLONE.

- 1 **C**ONVICTION came in Jesus' glance,
His spirit starting from its trance
Awoke to sense of sin,
He fled from Pilate's judgment hall.
For mercy on his God to call
And pardoning grace to win.
- 2 His awful sins in lengthened train,
To scorch and sear his anguished brain
Before him sternly passed;

And Peter bending to their power,
In bitterness bewailed the hour
His hope he from him cast.

- 3 Save me O God in peril's hour
Lest sinking 'neath temptation's power,
I too like Peter fall:
By grace alone I stand secure,
And by that grace alone endure
My God, my strength, my all.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

THERE IS AN HOUR.

There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn - ing wander - ers given : There is a tear for

souls dis-tressed, A balm for eve - ry wounded breast— 'Tis found a-lone—in heaven.

793 *The Heavenly Rest.*

- > 1 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found alone—in heaven.
- > 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven ;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven.

- < 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart with anguish riven ;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.
- < 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
 Appears the dawn—of heaven.

DORTMUND. L. M.

Tri - um-phant Zi - on lift thy head, From dust, and dark-ness, and the dead.

Thou hum-bled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Sa-viour's strength.

794 L. M. *Casting our care upon the Lord.*

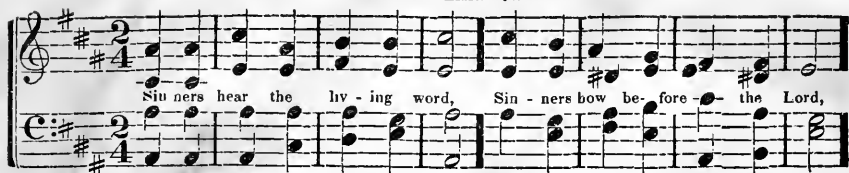
- 1 **W**HEN struggling on the bed of pain,
 And earth and all its joys are vain,
 How sweet, my God, to know, thy power
 Sustains me in the trying hour.
- 2 How rich and precious sounds that love
 That tells of rest and joys above,
 And lulls my troubled heart to rest
 Upon my blessed Saviour's breast.
- 3 There, still while life's warm currents rush,
 My soul would all her sorrows hush.

Nor ever yield to dark despair,
 For light and life and peace are there

- 4 Helper and hope thou ever art—
 To heal the wounded, broken heart,
 O let me hear thy pardoning voice
 And bid my broken bones rejoice.

- 5 Then shall my cheerful, grateful tongue
 In rapturous strains thy praise prolong,
 My ransomed soul adore thy grace,
 And swifter run the heavenly race.

SINNERS HEAR. 7s.



795 7s. To day if ye will hear his voice.

- 1 SINNERS hear the living word;
Sinners bow before the Lord;
Seek his face without delay,
Seek him while it yet is day,
2 Floods of wrath are swelling high,
Storms of vengeance lowering high:
Pierce destruction waits your stay,
Seek him while it yet is day.—

- 3 Shades of night are falling fast,
Day of grace will soon be past,
Jesus calls you—while you may
Seek him, for it yet is day.—
Ah, the day of grace may close
Ere thy rebel spirit bows—
Then thy schemes for ever crossed,
Heaven and Christ and soul are lost,

THOU WHO SLEPT 7s, 2 Stanzas, Or 6 Lines by omitting the repeat.



796 8s. 7s. Desiring the presence of the Saviour. D.C.

- 1 THOU who slept in Bethlehem's manger,
On thy virgin mother's knee;
Blessed Jesus, heav'nly stranger,
Here we wait to worship thee:—
Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
May thy presence with us be.

- 2 Tho' on earth, when sad and lonely,
Thou couldst find no place of rest:
Here Thou'rt welcome, and thou only,
To each longing, waiting breast:
Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Come and make thy children blest.

- 3 Thou who once on Calvary's mountain,
Died thy chosen ones to save;
Op'ning thus a healing fountain,
Where our sin sick souls we have.
Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Now thy pard'ning love we crave

- 4 Thou who now art interceding,
On thy Father's throne on high;
Jesus hear our humble pleading,
To each longing heart draw nigh:—
Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Never from our bosoms fly

797 8s. 7s. 2 Stanzas. Light shining in darkness.

- 1 SAVIOUR, hast thou fled for ever,
From my tempest-riven breast?
Will thy gracious Spirit never
Come and cheer and make me blest?
Long, dear Lord, in silent sorrow,
I have sighed to taste thy love;
Hoping on some sweet to-morrow,
Thou wouldst all my guilt remove.

- 2 Peace, my soul, thy Saviour hears thee,
He will chase thy fears away;
'Tis his gracious presence cheers thee,
Turning darkness into day.
Precious Saviour have I found thee?
Wilt thou then my portion be?
Spread thy sheltering arms around me,
Let me lean alone on thee.

- 3 Thro' this world, so dark and dreary,
Be my constant friend and guide;
Hungry, thirsty, faint and weary,
Keep me ever near thy side.
Blessed be his name for ever,
For his pardoning grace to me;
Sinners doubt his promise never,
Jesus' love is full and free.

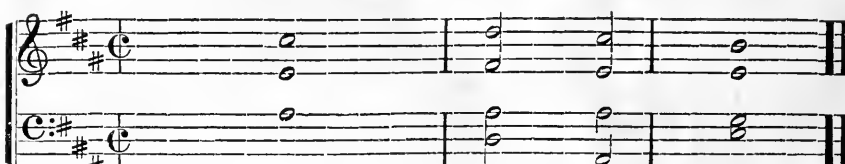
MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

BENEDICTUS.



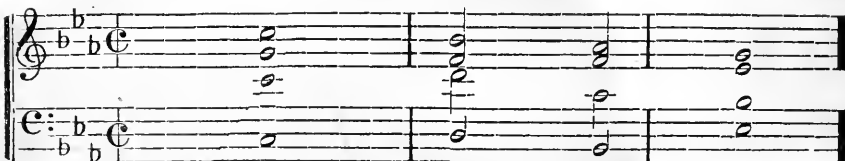
1. Blessed be the - - - - - Lord God - - of - - - Israel;
2. And hath raised up a mighty sal - - vation - - - for - - - us,
3. As he spake by the mouth of his - - ho - - - ly - - - prophets,
4. That we should be saved from our - - en - - - e - - - mies,
5. Glory be to the Father, and - - - to - - - the - - - Son,
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - - - er - - - shall be,

BONUM EST CONFITERI.



1. It is a good thing to give - - - - - thanks - - to the - - Lord,
2. To tell of thy loving kindness - - - early - - in the - - morning,
3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up on - - the - - lute;
4. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad - - through - thy - - works,
5. Glory be to the Father, and - - - to - - the - - Son,
6. As it was in the beginning, is now and - ev - - er - - shall be,

DEUS MISEREATUR.



1. God be merciful unto - - - - - us - - - and - - - bless us,
3. Let the people - - - - - praise thee, O - - - God;
5. Let the people - - - - - praise thee, O - - - God;
8. Glory be to the Father, and - - - to - - the - - Son,

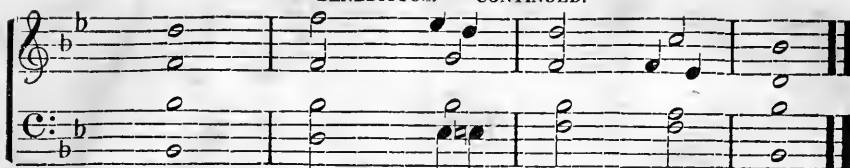


2. That thy way may be - - - - - known - - upon - - earth,
4. O let the nations re - - - - - joice - - and be - - glad;
6. Then shall the earth bring - - - - - for - - her - - increase;
7. God - - - - - shall - - - - - bless us,
9. As it was in the beginning, - - - is - - - - - now,

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

430

BENEDICTUS. CONTINUED.



For he hath - - - visited and - re - - deemed - his - people; 2.
 In the - - - house - - - of his - ser - - vant - David; 3.
 Which have been - since - - - the - world - be - gan, 4.
 And from the hand of all - - - that - hate - - - us. 5.
 And - - - to - - - the - Ho - - ly - Ghost: 9.
 World - - - with - - - out - end. - A - men.

BONUM EST CONFITERI. CONTINUED.



And to sing praises unto thy - name - - - O - - Most - Highest. 2.
 And of thy - - - truth - in the - night - - - season, 3.
 Upon a loud instrument, - - - and - up - - on - the - harp; 4.
 And I will rejoice in giving } ra - - tions - of - - thy - hands. 5.
 - - - praise for the ope- }
 And - - - to - - the - Ho - - ly - Ghost. 6.
 World - - - with - out - end. - A - men.

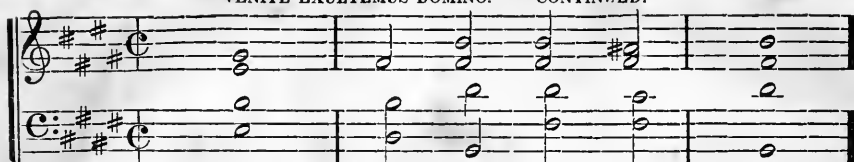
DEUS MISEREATUR. CONTINUED.



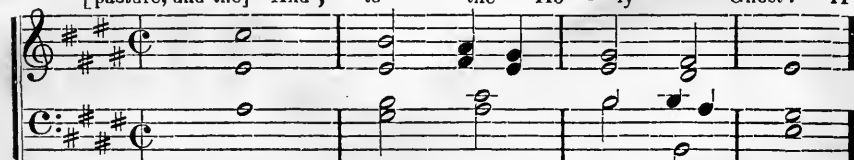
And show us the light of his coun- } mer - ci - - ful - - unto - - us. 2.
 - - - tenance, and be }
 Yea, let - - - all - the - peo - - ple - praise thee 4.
 Yea, let - - - all - the - peo - - ple - praise thee 5.
 And - - - to - the - Ho - - ly - Ghost: 9.



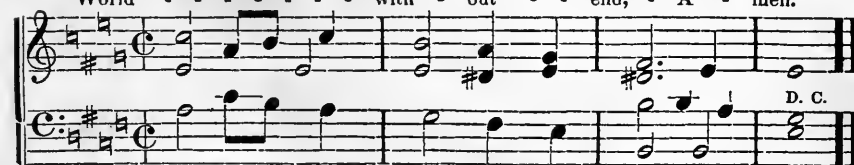
Thy saving - - - health - a - - mong - all - nations. 3.
 For thou shalt judge the folk right- } na - - tions - up - - on - earth. 5.
 - - - eously, and govern the }
 And God, even our own - - - God, - - shall - give - us his blessing 7.
 And all the - - - world - shall - fear - - him. 8.
 And ever - - - shall - be, - world - without end. - A - men



Let us heartily rejoice in the - strength - of - our - sal - - vation. 2.
And a great - - - - King - a - bove - all - - gods. 4.
And his hands - - - - prepared - the - dry - - - land. 6.
And we are the people of his } sheep - - - of - his - - - hand. 8.
[pasture, and the] And } to - - - the - Ho - ly - - Ghost : 11

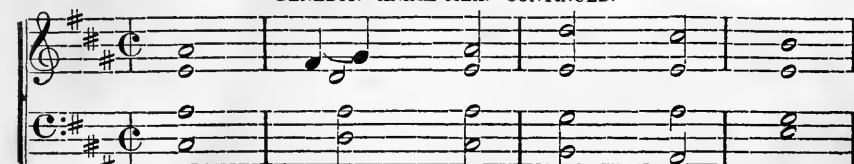


And show ourselves - - - glad - in - - - him - with - psalms. 3.
And the strength of the - - hills - is - - - his - al - so. 5.
And kneel be - - - fore - the - Lord - our - Maker. 7.
Let the whole earth - - - stand - in - - - awe - of - him. 9.
World - - - with - out - - - end, - A - men.

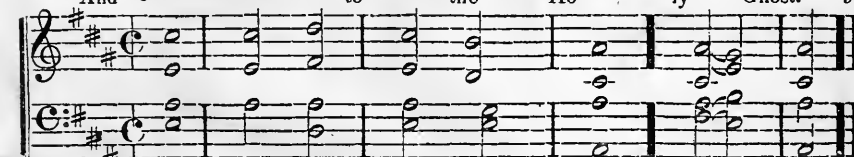


World and the - - - - - peo - ple - - with his - truth. 10.

BENEDIC. ANIMA MEA. CONTINUED.



And all that is within me, praise - his - - ho - - - ly - name 2.
And - - - healeth - - all - - thine - - in - firmities. 4.
Ye that fulfil his com- } to - - the - - voice - -of his - word. 6.
mandment and hearken un- } to - - the - - Ho - - ly - Ghost. 9.



And for - - get - not - all - his - - benefits 3.
And crowneth } mercy and - lov - ing - - kindness. 5.
thee with }
Ye servants of - his - that - do - his - - pleasure. repeat. 7.
Praise thou the - Lord - - - O - my - - soul. 8.

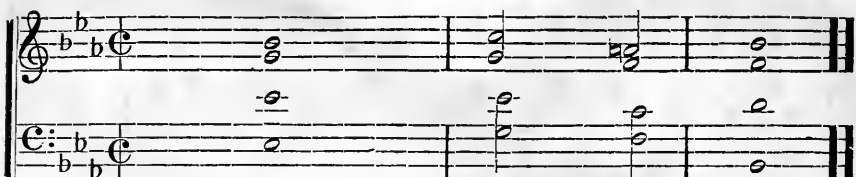
And ever - - shall - be - world without - end, - - A - ment.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

JUBILATE DEO.

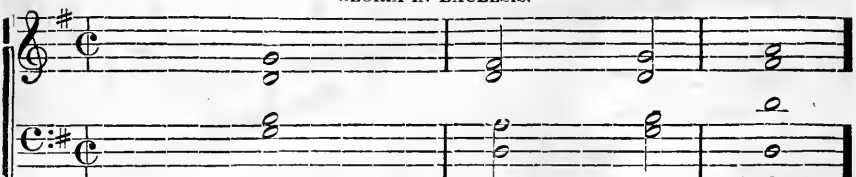


1. O be joyful in the Lord, - - - all - - - ye - - - lands;
 3. O go your way into his gates with }
 - - - thanksgiving, and into his } courts - - - with - - - praise;
 5. Glory be to the Father, and - - - to - - - the - - - Son,

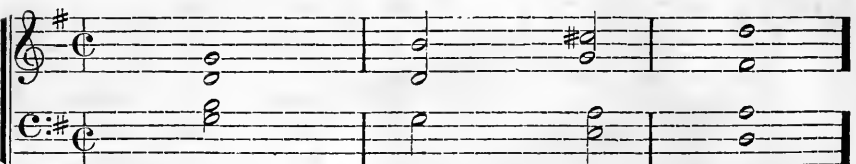


2. Be ye sure that the Lord he is God; it is he } we - - - our - - - selves;
 - - - that hath made us, and not }
 4. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is - ev - - - er - - - lasting,
 6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and - ev - - - er - - - shall be,

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



1. Glory be to - - - God - - - on - - - high,
 2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we - wor - - - ship - - - thee,
 9. For thou only art - - - ho - - - ly;
 10. Thou only, O Christ, with the - - - Ho - - - ly - - - Ghost,

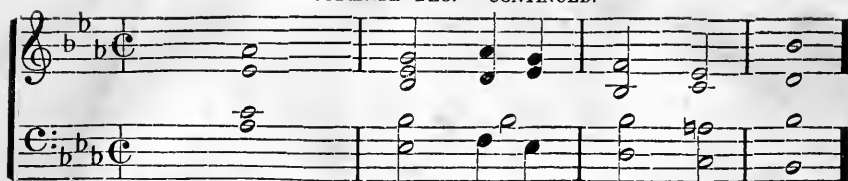


3. O Lord God, - - - Heaven - - - ly - - - King,
 4. O Lord, the only begotten Son, Je - - - sus - - - Christ,



5. That takest away the - - - sins - - - of the - - - world,
 6. Thou that takest away the - - - sins - - - of the - - - world,
 7. Thou that takest away the - - - sins - - - of the - - - world,
 8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God - - - the - - - Father,

JUBILATE DEO. CONTINUED.

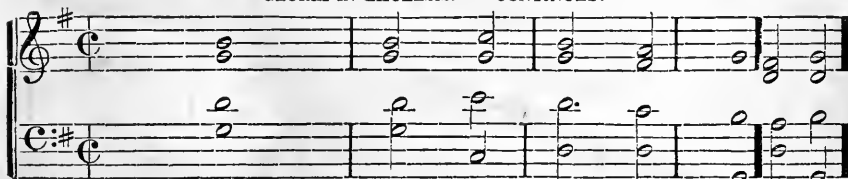


Serve the Lord with gladness, } pre - - sence - - with - a - song. 2.
 - - - and come before his }
 Be thankful unto him, and - - speak - good - - of - his - name; 4.
 And - - - to the - - Ho - ly - Ghost. 6.



We are his people, and the - - sheep - - of his - pas - - - - - ture. 3.
 And his truth endureth from gene - ration - - to - - ge - ne - ration. 5.
 World without - - - - end. - - A - - men, - A - men.

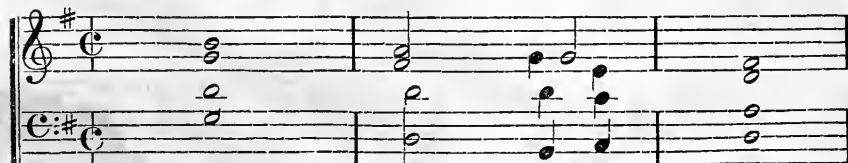
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. CONTINUED.



And on earth - - - - peace, - good - will - toward men. 2.
 We glorify thee, we give thanks to thee - for - thy - great - glory. 3.
 Thou - - - - on - ly - art - the - Lord; 10.
 Art most high in the - - - - glory - of - God - the - - Father. A-men.



God the - - - - Fa - - ther - Al - - - - - mighty. 4.
 O Lord God, Lamb of - - - - God, Son - of - the - Father. 5.



Have mercy - - - - up - - - - on - - - - us; 6.
 Have mercy - - - - up - - - - on - - - - us; 7.
 Re - - - - ceive - - - - our - - - - prayer; 8.
 Have mercy - - - - up - - - - on - - - - us; d. c. 9.

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

CANTATE DOMINO.



1. O sing unto the - - - - - Lord a - - - new - - - song :
 3. The Lord declared - - - - - his - - - sal - - - vation ;
 5. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all - - - ye - - - lands,
 7. With trumpets - - - - - also - - - and - - - shawms,
 9. Let the floods clap their hands and } fore - - - the - - - Lord ;
 let the hills be joyful together be- }
 11. Glory be to the Father, and - - - to - - - the - - - Son,

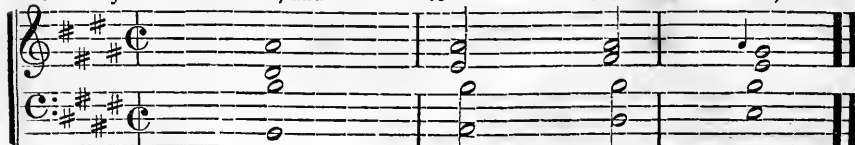


2. With his own right hand and with his - - ho - - - ly - - - arm
 4. He hath remembered his mercy and } - Is - - - ra - - - el ;
 truth towards the house of }
 6. Praise the Lord up - - - - - on - - - the - - - harp ;
 8. Let the sea make a noise and all that - - there - - - in - - - is,
 10. With righteousness shall he - - - judge - - - the - - - world,
 12. As it was in the beginning, - - - is - - - - - now,

JUBILATE DEO



1. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, - all - - - ye - - - lands,
 3. With trumpet, and - - - - - sound - - - of - - - cornet,
 5. Let the floods clap their hands, and } fore - - - the - - - Lord,
 let the hills be joyful together, be- }
 7. Glory be to the Father, and - - - to - - - the - - - Son,



- 2 Sing unto the Lord - - - - - with - - - the - - - harp ;
 4 Let the sea roar, and the - - - - - fulness - - - there - - - of
 6 With righteousness shall he - - - - - judge - - - the - - - world,
 8 As it was in the beginning - - - - - is - - - - - now

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.



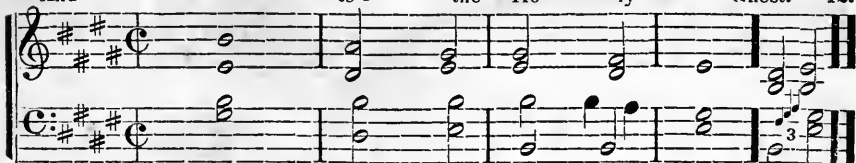
The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence, Let all the earth, let

CANTATE DOMINO. CONTINUED.



For he hath - - - done - mar - ve! - lous - things. 2.
 His righteousness hath he openly showed - in the sight - of the - heathen. 4.
 Sing, re - - - joyce - - - and - give - thanks. 6.
 O show yourselves joyful be - fore - the Lord - the - King. 8.

For he - - - cometh - to - judge - the - Earth. 10.
 And - - - to - the Ho - ly - Ghost. 12.



Hath he gotten him - self - the vic - to - ry. 3.

And all the ends of the world } self - the vic - to - ry. 3.
 have seen the sal- } va - tion - of - our - God. 5.

Sing to the harp with a - Psalm - of - thanks - giving 7.

The round world and - they - that - dwell - there - in. 9.

And the - people - with - e - qui - ty. 11.

And ever - shall - be, - world without end. A - men. 11.

JUBILATE DEO. CONTINUED.



Make a loud noise, and re - joyce, - and - sing - praise. 3.
 Make a joyful noise be - fore - the Lord - the - King, 5.

For he - - - cometh - to - judge - the - earth, 7.

And - - - to - the Ho - ly - Ghost, 9.



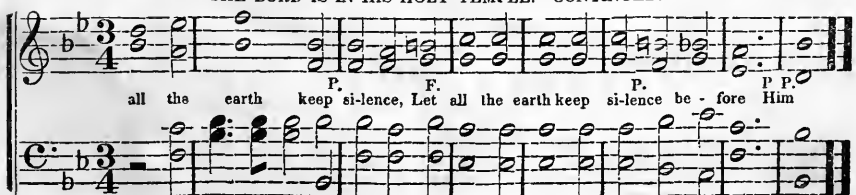
With the - - - harp, - and the voice - of a - Psalm. 3.

The world and - they - that - dwell - there - in. 5.

And the - people - with - e - qui - ty. 7.

And ever shall be - world without end. A - men. 9.

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE. CONTINUED.



all the earth P. keep si-lence, F. Let all the earth keep si-lence be - fore Him P P.

Let all the earth

MELODIES OF THE CHURCH.

THE LORD WILL COMFORT ZION.

The Lord will com-fort Zi-ou, he will com-fort her waste pla-ces, and make her like E-den, like the

garden of the Lord—Joy and gladness, Joy and gladness Shall be found therein, Thanksgiving, and the voice of

me-lo-dy; Thanksgiving, and the voice of me-lo dy, the voice of me - lo - dy, voice of me - lo - dy.

INST. VOICE. INST. VOICE.

WE PRAISE THEE O GOD.

We praise thee O God; we ac-know- ledge thee to be the Lord, All the earth doth wor-ship thee,

the Fa-ther ev - er - last - ing, To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein,

To thee, Che-ru-bim, to thee, Ser-a-phim, con-tin-u-al-ly do cry, To thee Che-ru-bim

Che-ru-bim, and Ser-a-phim con-tin-u-al-ly, do cry, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God of Sa-ba-oth.

VOICE. INST. VOICE. INST. VOICE.

Hea-ven and Earth, are full, Heaven and earth are full, are full of the majesty of thy great glory, Amen, Amen.

GLORIA PATRI. NO. I.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly, Ho-ly Ghost.

As it was in the be-gin-nig, is now, and ev-er shall be,

world with-out end, world with-out end, world without end, Amen, Amen.

GLORIA PATRI. NO. II.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, Glo-ry be to the Son, and Glo-ry be to the Ho-ly Ghost,

As it was in the be-gin-nig, as it was in the be-gin-nig,

Is now and ev-er shall be world with-out end, A-men, world with-out end, A-men.

SENTENCE.—Pages 435, 6.

The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.

SENTENCE.—Page 437.

The Lord will comfort Zion, he will comfort her waste places, and make her like Eden, like the garden of the Lord—Joy and gladness shall be found therein. Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.

TE DEUM.—Page 437.

We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord; All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting; To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein;

To thee, Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, Heaven and Earth are full of the majesty of thy great glory, [Amen.]

BENEDICTUS.—Pages 429, 30.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel,
For he hath visited and redeemed his people;
And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us,
In the house of his servant David;
As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets,
Which have been since the world began;
That we should be saved from our enemies,
And from the hand of all that hate us,
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

BONUM EST CONFITERI.—Pages 429, 30.

It is a good thing to give thanks to the Lord,
And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most Highest:
To tell of thy loving kindness early in the morning,
And of thy truth in the night season;
Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the lute;
Upon a loud instrument, and upon the harp;
For thou, Lord, hast made us glad through thy works,
And I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of thy hands.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

DEUS MISEREATUR.—Pages 429, 30.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us,
And show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us.
That thy way may be known upon earth,
Thy saving health among all nations.
Let the people praise thee, O God;
Yea, let all the people praise thee:
O let the nations rejoice and be glad;
For thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.
Let the people praise thee, O God;
Yea, let all the people praise thee.
Then shall the earth bring forth her increase;
And God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.
God shall bless us,
And all the world shall fear him.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO.—Pages 431, 32.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord;
Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And show ourselves glad in him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.
In his hand are all the corners of the earth;
And the strength of the hills is his also.
The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands prepared the dry land.
O come, let us worship and fall down,
And kneel before the Lord our Maker;
For he is the Lord our God.
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness:
Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.
For he cometh, for he cometh, to judge the earth, and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

BENEDIC. ANIMA MEA.—Pages 431, 32.

Praise the Lord, O my soul;
And all that is within me, praise his holy name.
Praise the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits.
Who forgiveth all thy sin,
And healeth all thine infirmities;
Who saveth thy life from destruction,
And crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness.

O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that excel in strength
Ye that fulfil his commandment and hearken unto the voice of his word.

O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts;
Ye servants of his that do his pleasure.
O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his dominion;
Praise thou the Lord, O my soul.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

JUBILATE DEO.—Pages 433, 34.

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands;
Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.
Be ye sure that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and now we ourselves;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise;
Be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name;
For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting,
And his truth endureth from generation to generation.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.—Pages 433, 34.

Glory be to God on high,
And on earth peace, good will toward men.
We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee,
We glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory
O Lord God, Heavenly king,
God the Father Almighty.
O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ,
O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
That takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy upon us;
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy upon us;
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
Receive our prayer;
Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father,
Have mercy upon us;
For thou only art holy;
Thou only art the Lord;
Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost,
Art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

CANTATE DOMINO.—Pages 435, 36.

O sing unto the Lord a new song,
For he hath done marvelous things.
With his own right hand, and with his holy arm,
Hath he gotten himself the victory.
The Lord declared his salvation; [the heathen,
His righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of
He hath remembered his mercy and truth towards the
house of Israel; [our God,
And all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of
Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands,
Sing, rejoice, and give thanks.
Praise the Lord upon the harp;
Sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.
With trumpets also and shawms.
O show yourselves joyful before the Lord the King.
Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is,
The round world, and they that dwell therein.
Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful
together before the Lord;
For he cometh to judge the earth:
With righteousness shall he judge the world,
And the people with equity.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

JUBILATE DEO.—Pages 435, 36.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands,
Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.
Sing unto the Lord, and praise him, and sing praise.
With the harp, and the voice of a psalm.
With trumpet, and sound of cornet,
Make a joyful noise before the Lord the King.
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful
together before the Lord,
For he cometh to judge the earth:
With righteousness shall he judge the world,
And the people with equity.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

GLORIA PATRI. NO. I & II.—Page 438.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

798. S. M. *Object of Christ's Advent.*

- 1 **RAISE** your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons
down
To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

799. 8s. & 7s. *Christ welcomed as a Saviour.*

- 1 **HAIL**, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

800. S. M. *Christ a light in darkness.*

- 1 **HOW** heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
— Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
— But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
— His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
— He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thy atoning blood.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

TO God the Father—God the Son,
And God the Spirit—three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth—and all in heaven.

2. C. M.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him
known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

3. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father—love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

4. H. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

5. 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love.
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6. 8. 7. 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

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ERRATA.

Psalm 265, second verse, the first word should be *for*, instead of *from*. Psalm 168, first verse, the third word in the first line should be *not*, instead of *nor*. Hymn 700, second verse, the last word should be *me*, instead of *thee*. Hymn 760, second verse, the last word of the sixth line should be *mediation*, instead of *mediation*.



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Ponghwa 5-1

Thick

white

on the

bottom

of the

river

This is really a N.Y.
City Presbyterian book:
The R Mc Carter of
Canal St Ch, &
Bardonia Spring of the
Brick Ch, The Wm
D Lundyman of Murray
St Ch, The E. W.
Baldwin of 7th ~~St~~
Ch, & Dr Krebs
of Rutgers Church,
apprising the Editor
(iv) The Mc Carter
his wife each con-
tributed 2 (poor) hymns,
marked with a +
in Index 47B

